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THE
Port Folio
VOL VIII

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TO

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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1812.

No. 1.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, illustrated with plates, engraved and coloured from original drawings, taken from nature, by Alexander Wilson, vol. v. p. 122. Bradford and Inskeep.

THE appearance of this fifth volume is an honourable proof of the zeal and perseverance of the author, to whom our country is under singular obligations. Before his residence among us, our Ornithology was abandoned to foreign naturalists, in whose meagre descriptions we scarcely recognised any of the objects with which we are most familiar. But Mr. Wilson has not only introduced to our notice and domesticated as it were, a number of birds hitherto imperfectly known, but he has revealed the wonderful riches of our country, which till now had been hidden in obscurity. The American Ornithology is indeed almost a literary phenomenon. The author did not sit down in the leisure of his cabinet, to systematize the labours of other travellers; he was not aided by scientific friends, nor patronised by the munificence of government. He came among us, a solitary, unprotected individual, and carried by an enthusiastic ardour

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A

for his favourite studies, traversed almost the whole of the United States:—on foot, alone, under every inconvenience and privation, he explored the hidden recesses of the forests; he sought the birds in their native haunts; he studied their natural character and habits before they degenerate into civilization, and uniting the skill of an artist, to the science of a naturalist, drew on the spot the most exact delineations of the feathered tribes. This rich collection he is now communicating to the public, in a manner equally honourable to himself and to our country. If, indeed, there be any American desirous of proving the progress of the arts in this new region, he could not carry with him to Europe, a more emphatic proof than the American Ornithology. Wherever it has been seen in Great Britain, it has excited the highest approbation among the most competent judges, mingled with surprise that a production so exquisite should issue from the American press. These ample testimonies which we happen to have had an opportunity of witnessing, render us the more desirous of making the work generally known among our readers, and of contributing to its universal circulation.

With respect to the mere mechanical execution, this work stands, we believe, at the very head of all that has yet appeared in America: and, with the exception of the great work of Bewick, has scarcely an equal among the Ornithological publications of England. So faithful, indeed, are the delineations; so happy has Mr. Wilson been in seizing the peculiarities of every bird in his collection, that not only the colour, the plumage, and the figure, but the physiognomy, the gestures, the characteristic movements, and positions, are preserved with an accuracy, which, at a glance, renders us familiar with its character. These traits are transmitted with equal elegance by the engravers; and the paper, the type, and every thing connected with the impression, reflects the highest honour on those concerned in it. These are, however, subordinate considerations in comparison with the stock which Mr. Wilson has added to our knowledge of the birds of the United States; for, his work will, when completed, form the best, and the only collection on that subject. The four previous volumes have been filled with descriptions and en-

gravings of a great number of birds, which, as the circumstances under which the work was published, did not permit a general arrangement, it would exceed our limits to enumerate. There will yet remain for the sixth volume, the woodcock, snipe, partridge, rail, pheasant, a number of hawks, owls, vultures, and other new and interesting subjects. With the seventh will commence the order of grallæ or waders, and the work will be extended to ten entire volumes, which will complete the American Ornithology. The contents of the volume more immediately before us, do not yield, either in variety or interest, to any of the preceding. Besides engravings and descriptions of several species of swallows, the beautiful turtle-dove, the plaintive whip-poor-will, and several hawks, the passenger-pigeon, the brown lark, different warblers, the hermit and tawny thrush, the little sand-piper, the purple finch, red owl, ringed-plover, red start, and purple martin, are all introduced. Of these, we shall, at present, extract some of the history of the barn-swallow, not only as a good specimen of the style of Mr. Wilson, but because we are anxious to preserve the testimony of so narrow an observer, as to the hibernation of this bird, which has been a subject of great controversy.

Barn Swallow.—Hirundo Americana.

“ There are but few persons in the United States unacquainted with this gay, innocent, and active little bird. Indeed the whole tribe are so distinguished from the rest of small birds, by their sweeping rapidity of flight, their peculiar aerial evolutions of wing over our fields and rivers, and through our very streets, from morning till night, that the light of heaven itself, the sky, the trees, or any other common objects of nature, are not better known than the swallows. We welcome their first appearance with delight, as the faithful harbingers and companions of flowery spring, and ruddy summer; and when, after a long, frost-bound and boisterous winter, we hear it announced, that “ *The swallows are come,*” what a train of charming ideas are associated with the simple tidings!

“ The wonderful activity displayed by these birds forms a striking contrast to the slow habits of most other animals. It may be fairly questioned whether among the whole feathered tribes which heaven has formed to adorn this part of creation, there be any that, in the same space of time, pass over an equal extent of surface with the swallow. Let a person take his stand on a fine summer evening by a new mown field, meadow or river shore for a short time, and among the numerous individuals of this tribe that flit before him, fix his eye on a particular one, and follow, for a while, all its circuitous labyrinths—its extensive sweeps—

its sudden, rapidly reiterated zig-zag excursions, little inferior to the lightning itself, and then attempt by the powers of mathematics to calculate the length of the various lines it describes. Alas! even his omnipotent fluxions would avail him little here, and he would soon abandon the task in despair. Yet, that some definite conception may be formed of this extent, let us suppose, that this little bird flies, in his usual way, at the rate of one mile in a minute, which, from the many experiments I have made, I believe to be within the truth; and that he is so engaged for ten hours every day; and further, that this active life is extended to ten years (many of our small birds being known to live much longer even in a state of domestication), the amount of all these, allowing three hundred and sixty-five days to a year, would give us two million one hundred and ninety thousand miles; upwards of eighty-seven times the circumference of the globe! Yet this little *winged seraph*, if I may so speak, who, in a few days, and at will, can pass from the borders of the arctic regions to the torrid zone, is forced when winter approaches to descend to the bottoms of lakes, rivers, and mill ponds to bury itself in the mud with eels and snapping turtles; or to creep ingloriously into a cavern, a rat hole, or a hollow tree, there to doze with snakes, toads, and other reptiles until the return of spring! Is not this true ye wise men of Europe and America, who have published so many *credible* narratives on this subject! The geese, the ducks, the catbird, and even the wren which creeps about our outhouses in summer like a mouse, are all acknowledged to be migratory, and to pass to southern regions at the approach of winter;—the swallow alone, on whom heaven has conferred superior powers of wing, must sink in torpidity at the bottom of our rivers, or doze all winter in the caverns of the earth. I am myself something of a traveller, and foreign countries afford many novel sights: should I assert, that in some of my peregrinations I had met with a nation of Indians, all of whom, old and young, at the commencement of cold weather, descend to the bottom of their lakes and rivers, and there remain until the breaking up of frost; nay, should I affirm, that thousands of people in the neighbourhood of this city, regularly undergo the same semi-annual submersion—that I myself had fished up a whole family of these from the bottom of Schuylkill, where they had lain *torpid* all winter, carried them home, and brought them all comfortably to themselves again. Should I even publish this in the learned pages of the transactions of our Philosophical society, who would believe me? Is then the organization of a swallow less delicate than that of a man? Can a bird, whose vital functions are destroyed by a short privation of pure air and its usual food, sustain for six months, a situation where the most robust man would perish in a few hours or minutes? Away with such absurdities!—They are unworthy of a serious refutation. I should be pleased to meet with a man who has been personally more conversant with birds than myself, who has followed them in their wide and devious routes—studied their various manners—mingled with and marked their peculiarities more than I have done; yet the miracle of a resuscitated swallow, in the depth of winter, from

the bottom of a mill pond, is, I confess, a phenomenon in ornithology that I have never met with.

“What better evidence have we that these fleet-winged tribes, instead of following the natural and acknowledged migrations of many other birds, lie torpid all winter in hollow trees, caves and other subterraneous recesses? That the chimney swallow, in the early part of summer, may have been found in a hollow tree, and in great numbers too, is not denied; such being in some places of the country (as will be shown in the history of that species,) their actual places of rendezvous, on their first arrival, and their common roosting place long after; or that the bank swallows, also, soon after their arrival, in the early part of spring, may be chilled by the cold mornings which we frequently experience at that season, and be found in this state in their holes, I would as little dispute; but that either the one or the other has ever been found, *in the midst of winter*, in a state of *torpidity*, I do not, cannot believe. Millions of trees of all dimensions are cut down every fall and winter of this country, where, in their proper season, swallows swarm around us. Is it therefore in the least probable that we should, only once or twice in an age, have no other evidence than one or two solitary and very suspicious reports of a Mr. Somebody having made a discovery of this kind? If caves were their places of winter retreat, perhaps no country on earth could supply them with a greater choice. I have myself explored many of these in various parts of the United States both in winter and in spring, particularly in that singular tract of country in Kentucky, called the *Barrens*, where some of these subterraneous caverns are several miles in length, lofty and capacious, and pass under a large and deep river—have conversed with the saltpetre workers by whom they are tenanted; but never heard or met with one instance of a swallow having been found there in winter. These people treated such reports with ridicule.

“It is to be regretted that a greater number of experiments have not been made, by keeping live swallows through the winter, to convince these believers in the torpidity of birds, of their mistake. That class of cold-blooded animals which are *known* to become torpid during winter, and of which hundreds and thousands are found every season, are subject to the same when kept in a suitable room for experiment. How is it with swallows in this respect? Much powerful testimony might be produced on this point; the following experiments recently made by Mr. James Pearson of London, and communicated by sir John Trevellyn, bart. to Mr. Bewick, the celebrated engraver in wood, will be sufficient for our present purpose, and throw great light on this part of the subject.*

“Five or six of these birds were taken about the latter end of August, 1784, in a bat fowling net at night; they were put separately into small cages, and fed with nightingale's food: in a about a week or ten days they took food of themselves; they were then put altogether into a deep cage, four feet long, with gravel

* See Bewick's *British Birds*, vol. i. p. 254.

at the bottom; a broad shallow pan with water was placed in it, in which they sometimes washed themselves, and seemed much strengthened by it. One day Mr. Pearson observed that they went into the water with unusual eagerness, hurrying in and out again repeatedly with such swiftness as if they had been suddenly seized with a frenzy. Being anxious to see the result, he left them to themselves about half an hour, and going to the cage again found them all huddled together in a corner apparently dead; the cage was then placed at a proper distance from the fire, when only two of them recovered and were as healthy as before—the rest died. The two remaining ones were allowed to wash themselves occasionally for a short time only; but their feet soon after became swelled and inflamed, which Mr. P. attributed to their perching, and they died about Christmas. Thus the first year's experiment was in some measure lost. Not discouraged by the failure of this, Mr. P. determined to make a second trial the succeeding year, from a strong desire of being convinced of the truth of their going into a state of torpidity. Accordingly the next season having taken some more birds he put them into the cage, and in every respect pursued the same methods as with the last; but to guard their feet from the bad effects of the damp and cold he covered the perches with flannel, and had the pleasure to observe that the birds thrived extremely well; they sung their song during the winter, and soon after Christmas began to moult, which they got through without any difficulty, and lived three or four years, regularly moulting every year at the usual time. On the renewal of their feathers it appeared that their tails were forked exactly the same as in those birds which return hither in the spring, and in every respect their appearance was the same. These birds, says Mr. Pearson, were exhibited to the society for promoting natural history, on the fourteenth day of February, 1786, at the time they were in a deep moult, during a severe frost, when the snow was on the ground. Minutes of this circumstance were entered in the books of the society. These birds died at last from neglect, during a long illness which Mr. Pearson had: they died in the summer. Mr. P. concludes his very interesting account in these words: January 20th, 1797, I have now in my house, No. 21, Great Newport street, Long Acre, four swallows in moult, in as perfect health as any birds ever appeared to be when moulting.”

“The barn swallow of the United States has hitherto been considered by many writers as the same with the common chimney swallow of Europe. They differ however considerably, in colour, as well as in habits; the European species having the belly and vent white, the American species those parts of a bright chesnut; the former building in the corners of chimneys, near the top, the latter never in such places; but usually in barns, sheds, and other outhouses, on beams, braces, rafters, &c. It is difficult to reconcile these constant differences of manners and markings in one and the same bird; I shall therefore take the liberty of considering the present as a separate and distinct species.

“The barn swallow arrives in this part of Pennsylvania from the south, on the last week in March, or the first week in April, and passes on to the north

as far, at least, as the river St. Lawrence. On the east side of the great range of the Alleghany, they are dispersed very generally over the country, wherever there are habitations, even to the summit of high mountains; but, on account of the greater coldness of such situations, are usually a week or two later in making their appearance there. On the sixteenth of May being on a shooting expedition on the top of Pocano mountain, Northampton, when the ice on that and on several successive mornings was more than a quarter of an inch thick, I observed with surprise a pair of these swallows which had taken up their abode on a miserable cabin there. It was then about sun-rise, the ground white with hoar frost, and the male was twittering on the roof by the side of his mate with great sprightliness. The man of the house told me that a single pair came regularly there every season, and built their nest on a projecting beam under the eaves, about six or seven feet from the ground. At the bottom of the mountain, in a large barn belonging to the tavern there, I counted upwards of twenty nests, all seemingly occupied. In the woods they are never met with; but as you approach a farm they soon catch the eye, cutting their gambols in the air. Scarcely a barn, to which these birds can find access, is without them; and as public feeling is universally in their favour, they are seldom or never disturbed. The proprietor of the barn last mentioned, a German, assured me, that if a man permitted the swallows to be shot his cows would give bloody milk, and also that no barn where swallows frequented would ever be struck with lightning; and I nodded assent. When the tenets of superstition "lean to the side of humanity," one can readily respect them. On the west side of the Alleghany these birds become more rare. In travelling through the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, from Lexington to the Tennessee river, in the months of April and May, I did not see a single individual of this species; though the purple martin, and, in some places, the bank swallow was numerous."

This specimen will convey an idea of Mr. Wilson's manner of writing, which, although sometimes not very fastidious, and occasionally perhaps too colloquial for a work of science, has about it an originality and a stamp of truth, which is of far greater importance. He tells his story without any affectation, and always speaks with the strong convictions of an actual observer. There is, moreover, a strain of enthusiasm for his science, and a warmth of feeling and affection for the objects of it pervading his work, which has struck us with great pleasure. Such indeed is the fascination which surrounds all the works of Nature, that we cannot long study her productions without acquiring a sort of fondness for them. The very plants become acquaintances; we gradually love what we are accustomed to protect, and when

the animated creation are grateful for our attentions, and demonstrate their attachment, it would be strange if we did not return their affection. In the feathered tribes particularly, there is so much of beauty, of grace, and of delicacy to admire, that the passion for ornithology is not only pardonable, but in the highest degree laudable, since, while it supplies us with useful or innocent occupation, it fills us with amiable feelings for an interesting class of beings, to whom it secures also kindness and affectionate treatment. This partiality for the feebleness of animals is at all times with us, an unequivocal proof of goodness of heart, and we confess that we have been more seduced by Mr. Wilson's affectionate manner of describing his favourites, the interest he seems to have taken in every thing which concerns them, his little characteristic stories, intermingled with his own adventures, than by all the pomp and dignity of scientific investigation. We shall close this short notice by an extract from the account of a bird which, though familiar to most of us, has not before been so well described; and conclude with our best wishes for the successful continuation of Mr. Wilson's labours.

Whip-poor-will.—Caprimulgus Vociferus.

"This is a singular and very celebrated species, universally noted over the greater part of the United States for the loud reiterations of his favourite call in spring; and yet personally he is but little known, most people being unable to distinguish this from the night-hawk, when both are placed before them; and some insisting that they are the same. This being the case, it becomes the duty of his historian to give a full and faithful delineation of his character and peculiarity of manners, that his existence as a distinct and independent species may no longer be doubted, nor his story mingled confusedly with that of another. I trust that those best acquainted with him will bear witness to the fidelity of the portrait.

"On or about the twenty-fifth of April, if the season be not uncommonly cold, the whip-poor-will is first heard in this part of Pennsylvania, in the evening, as the dusk of twilight commences, or in the morning as soon as dawn has broke. In the state of Kentucky I first heard this bird on the fourteenth of April, near the town of Danville. The notes of this solitary bird, from the ideas which are naturally associated with them, seem like the voice of an old friend, and are listened to by almost all with great interest. At first they issue from some retired part of the woods, the glen or mountain; in a few evenings perhaps we hear them from the

adjoining coppice—the garden fence—the road before the door, and even from the roof of the dwelling-house, long after the family have retired to rest. Some of the more ignorant and superstitious consider this near approach as foreboding no good to the family, nothing less than sickness, misfortune, or death to some of its members; these visits, however, so often occur without any bad consequences, that this superstitious dread seems on the decline.

“He is now a regular acquaintance. Every morning and evening his shrill and rapid repetitions are heard from the adjoining woods, and when two or more are calling out at the same time, as is often the case in the pairing season, and at no great distance from each other, the noise, mingling with the echoes from the mountains, is really surprising. Strangers, in parts of the country where these birds are numerous, find it almost impossible for some time to sleep; while to those long acquainted with them, the sound often serves as a lullaby to assist their repose.

“These notes seem pretty plainly to articulate the words which have been generally applied to them, *whip-poor-will*, the first and last syllables being uttered with great emphasis, and the whole in about a second to each repetition; but when two or more males meet, their whip-poor-will altercations become much more rapid and incessant, as if each were straining to overpower or silence the other. When near, you often hear an introductory *cluck* between the notes. At these times, as well as at almost all others, they fly low, not more than a few feet from the surface, skimming about the house and before the door, alighting on the wood pile, or settling on the roof. Towards midnight they generally become silent, unless in clear moonlight, when they are heard with little intermission till morning. If there be a creek near, with high precipitous bushy banks, they are sure to be found in such situations. During the day they sit in the most retired, solitary and deep shaded parts of the woods, generally on high ground, where they repose in silence. When disturbed, they rise within a few feet, sail low and slowly through the woods for thirty or forty yards, and generally settle on a low branch or on the ground. Their sight appears deficient during the day, as, like owls, they seem then to want that vivacity for which they are distinguished in the morning and evening twilight. They are rarely shot at, or molested; and from being thus transiently seen in the obscurity of dusk, or in the deep umbrage of the woods, no wonder their particular markings of plumage should be so little known, or that they should be confounded with the night-hawk, whom in general appearance they so much resemble. The female begins to lay about the second week in May, selecting for this purpose the most unfrequented part of the wood, often where some brush, old logs, heaps of leaves, &c. had been lying, and always on a dry situation. The eggs are deposited on the ground, or on the leaves, not the slightest appearance of a nest being visible. These are usually two in number, in shape much resembling those of the

night-hawk, but having the ground color much darker, and more thickly marbled with dark olive. The precise period of incubation I am unable to say.

“Early in June, as soon as the young appear, the notes of the male usually cease, or are heard but rarely. Towards the latter part of summer, a short time before these birds leave us, they are again occasionally heard; but their call is then not so loud—much less emphatical, and more interrupted than in spring. Early in September they move off towards the south.

“The favourite places of resort for these birds are on high dry situations; in low marshy tracts of country, they are seldom heard. It is probably on this account that they are scarce on the sea coast and its immediate neighbourhood; while towards the mountains they are very numerous. The night-hawks on the contrary, delight in these extensive sea marshes; and are much more numerous there than in the interior and higher parts of the country. But no where in the United States have I found the whip-poor-will in such numbers as in that tract of country in the state of Kentucky called the Barrens. This appears to be their most congenial climate and place of residence. There, from the middle of April to the first of June, as soon as the evening twilight draws on, the shrill and confused clamors of these birds are incessant, and very surprising to a stranger. They soon, however, become extremely agreeable, the inhabitants lie down at night lulled by their whistlings; and the first approaches of dawn is announced by a general and lively chorus of the same music; while the full-toned *tooting* as it is called of the pinnated grouse, forms a very pleasing bass to the whole.

“I shall not, in the manner of some, attempt to amuse the reader with a repetition of the unintelligible names given to this bird by the Indians; or the superstitious notions generally entertained of it by the same people. These seem as various as the tribes, or even families with which you converse; scarcely two of them will tell you the same story. It is easy however to observe, that this, like the owl and other nocturnal birds, is held by them in a kind of suspicious awe, as a bird with which they wish to have as little to do as possible. The superstition of the Indian differs very little from that of an illiterate German, a Scots highlander, or the less informed of any other nation. It suggests ten thousand fantastic notions to each, and these, instead of being recorded with all the punctilio of the most important truths seem only fit to be forgotten. Whatever, among either of these people, is strange and not comprehended, is usually attributed to supernatural agency; and an unexpected sight, or uncommon incident, is often ominous of good, but more generally of bad fortune, to the parties. Night, to minds of this complexion, brings with it its kindred horrors, its apparitions, strange sounds and awful sights; and this solitary and inoffensive bird being a frequent wanderer in these hours of ghosts and hobgoblins, is considered by the Indians as being by habit and repute little better than one of them. All those people, however, are not so credulous: I have conversed with Indians who treated these silly notions with contempt.

"The whip-poor-will is never seen during the day, unless in circumstances such as have been described. Their food appears to be large moths, grasshoppers, pismires, and such insects as frequent the bark of old rotten and decaying timber. They are also expert in darting after winged insects. They will sometimes skim in the dusk within a few feet of a person, uttering a kind of low chatter as they pass. In their migrations north, and on their return, they probably stop a day or two at some of their former stages, and do not advance in one continued flight. The whip-poor-will was first heard this season on the second day of May, in a corner of Mr. Bartram's woods, not far from the house, and for two or three mornings after in the same place, where I also saw it. From this time until the beginning of September there were none of these birds to be found, within at least one mile of the place; though I frequently made search for them. On the fourth of September, the whip-poor-will was again heard for two evenings, successively, in the same part of the woods. I also heard several of them passing, within the same week, between dusk and nine o'clock at night, it being then clear moonlight. These repeated their notes three or four times, and were heard no more. It is highly probable that they migrate during the evening and night.

"On the question is the whip-poor-will and the night-hawk one and the same bird, or are they really two distinct species, there has long been an opposition of sentiment, and many fruitless disputes. Numbers of sensible and observing people, whose intelligence and long residence in the country entitle their opinion to respect, positively assert that the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will are very different birds, and do not even associate together. The naturalists of Europe, however, have generally considered the two names as applicable to one and the same species; and this opinion has been also adopted by two of our most distinguished naturalists, Mr. William Bartram, of Kingessing,* and professor Barton, of Philadelphia.† The writer of this, being determined to ascertain the truth by examining for himself, took the following effectual mode of settling this disputed point, the particulars of which he now submits to those interested in the question.

"Thirteen of those birds usually called night-hawks, which dart about in the air like swallows, and sometimes descend with rapidity from a great height, making a hollow sounding noise like that produced by blowing into the bung-hole of an empty hogshead, were shot at different times, and in different places, and accurately examined both outwardly and by dissection. Nine of these were found to be males, and four females. The former all corresponded in the markings and tints of their plumage; the latter also agreed in their marks, differing slightly from the males, though evidently of the same species. Two others were shot as they rose from the nests, or rather from the eggs, which in both cases were two in number, lying on the open ground. These also agreed in the markings of their plumage with the four preceding; and on dissection were found to be fe-

* *Caprimulgus Americanus*, Night-Hawk or Whip-poor-will. Travels, p. 292.

† *Caprimulgus Virginianus*, Whip-poor-will or Night-hawk. Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, p. 3. See also Amer. Phil. Trans. vol. IV. p. 208, 209, note.

males. The eggs were also secured. A whip-poor-will was shot in the evening, while in the act of repeating his usual and well known notes. This bird was found to be a male, differing in many remarkable particulars from all the former. Three others were shot at different times during the day, in solitary and dark shaded parts of the woods. Two of these were found to be females, one of which had been sitting on two eggs. The two females resembled each other almost exactly; the male also corresponded in its markings with the one first found; and all four were evidently of one species. The eggs differed from the former both in color and markings.

"The differences between these two birds were as follow: the sides of the mouth in both sexes of the whip-poor-will were beset with ranges of long and very strong bristles, extending more than half an inch beyond the point of the bill; both sexes of the night-hawk were entirely destitute of bristles. The bill of the whip-poor-will was also more than twice the length of that of the night-hawk. The long wing quills, of both sexes of the night-hawk, were of a deep brownish black, with a large spot of white nearly in their middle; and when shut the tips of the wings extended a little *beyond* the tail. The wing quills of the whip-poor-will, of both sexes, were beautifully spotted with light brown, had no spot of white on them, and when shut the tips of the wings did not reach to the tip of the tail by at least *two inches*. The tail of the night-hawk was handsomely *forked*, the exterior feathers being the longest, shortening gradually to the middle ones; the tail of the whip-poor-will was *rounded*, the exterior feathers being the shortest, lengthening gradually to the middle ones.

"After a careful examination of these and several other remarkable differences, it was impossible to withstand the conviction that these birds belonged to two distinct species of the same genus, differing in size, color, and conformation of parts.

"A statement of the principal of these facts having been laid before Mr. Bartram, together with a male and female of each of the above mentioned species, and also a male of the Great Virginian bat, or *chuck-will's-widow*, after a particular examination, that venerable naturalist was pleased to declare himself fully satisfied; adding that he had now no doubt of the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will being two very distinct species of *Caprimulgus*.

"It is not the intention of the writer of this to enter at present into a description of either the plumage, manners, migrations, or economy of these birds, the range of country they inhabit, or the superstitious notions entertained of them; his only object at present is the correction of an error, which, from the respectability of those by whom it was unwarily adopted, has been but too extensively disseminated, and received by too many as a truth."

TRAVELS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[A correspondent has favoured us with the following sketch of a Journal, kept by him during a residence in Asia Minor, in the winter of 1810. Our readers will, we are certain, read with much satisfaction the remarks of a countryman on that interesting and delightful region.]

JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH ASIA MINOR.

SMYRNA is a capacious and safe harbour, capable of containing the largest navy in the world. The city is built at the bottom of the bay, and might easily be defended against any force.

Of the seven churches in Asia, mentioned in the *Apocalypse*, that at Smyrna is the only one whose remains are visible; and this may be fairly ascribed to the zeal and talents of St. Polycarp, to whom St. Paul wrote by divine command, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The other cities St. John *counselled*, are reduced to miserable ruins. The illustrious city of Sardis, so renowned for the wars of the Persians and Greeks—Pergamos, once the capitol of a fine kingdom—Ephesus, the metropolis of Asia, are now wretched hovels, consisting of pitiful houses, built of clay and brush, and the inhabitants almost as ignorant and uncultivated as the beasts of the forest. *Philadelphia*, *Laodicea*, and *Thyatira*, are almost lost to the searching eye of the antiquarian—defaced names on pieces of marble, *aid* in ascertaining where those cities are supposed to have stood.

The situation of Smyrna is admirable; and it may deservedly be called the finest *magazine* in this part of the world. Its situation is central, being eight days slow journey from Constantinople by land, four hundred miles by sea, twenty-five days journey from Aleppo by the caravans, and not very distant from Cogni, Cutaye, and Satalia.

I examined, with much attention, the ancient citadel, the tomb of St. Polycarp, venerated to this day by the Greeks, the remains of the amphitheatres, &c. &c.

The citadel has the appearance of having been, at one time, very strong; and in the wall is the head of a beautiful Amazon. You perceive decay and ruin, not only in the citadel, but in all the strong fortifications throughout the country.

I viewed the tomb of St. Polycarp with respect and awe, because he was made a bishop by the apostles themselves. His life was irreproachable, and he suffered martyrdom at the advanced age of ninety-five or ninety-six, under Aurelius, or Antoninus Pius. The circus, &c. can scarcely be traced; but from it you have a fine view of Smyrna and the gardens around.

Strabo positively asserts, that Homer was born on the borders of the Meles, a small stream that runs through the gardens of the city. A spring is now shown to you surrounded with orange trees, called Homer's spring; and where, it is said, he actually wrote many of his verses. Scio contends for the honour of having given him birth; and it is worthy of remark, that so distinguished a character should have concealed his place of nativity so carefully, that no evidence remains to enable us to say what place gave him birth.

The Meles is so inconsiderable a stream, that you can scarcely believe it the same so renowned in ancient history.

The streets of Smyrna are narrow, filthy, and seem every way calculated to generate any disease that can be produced from putrefaction. Frank street, inhabited principally by Europeans, is wider, cleaner, and more comfortable than any other in the town; and the Franks generally live in large fine houses, with terraces leading down, in most instances, to the sea. These terraces serve to walk on when the plague rages; and the Franks assert, that you cannot produce an instance of a death with the plague, at Smyrna or Constantinople, unless you come in actual contact with a diseased person.

The climate is mild, the food cheap, and the Europeans enjoy life as pleasantly as in any part of the world.

Having remained a considerable time in Smyrna, a party of gentlemen made such preparations as were judged necessary for a journey to the ancient city of *Ephesus*. A sufficiency of food was prepared, and a *janizary*, as our guard, with horses to carry us and our baggage, attended at our service. We commenced our journey at six o'clock in the morning, and rode all day through a country, which had the appearance of having been, at one period of time, well cultivated, and thickly inhabited.

Extensive grave-yards, the solitary abodes of the dead, were the only emblems remaining of where villages once stood. We alighted to breakfast at a miserable *hut* by the side of a fine stream, when coffee, in the Turkish style, was offered to us; and not far distant we passed a pleasant hour in viewing an extended wall, with elevated pillars interspersed, which we concluded was the remains of a splendid aqueduct.

We arrived, about four o'clock, at a village inhabited entirely by Turks, and after some delay, to account for ourselves and the object of our journey, we were permitted to alight at a coffee-house, as it was termed—a pitiful hovel, and rendered very uncomfortable by filth and vermin. Having furnished ourselves with carpets for beds, we soon made the necessary preparations for our lodging, and we passed the night by a good fire, without molestation from our neighbours.

We continued our journey very early the next morning, and passed over a bridge with nine arches, most of them, however, had been filled up by the changes of the river *Castre*, mentioned, I believe, by Virgil; and at twelve o'clock, we safely arrived at the once celebrated and renowned city of Ephesus;—but now reduced to a contemptible village, inhabited by a few Greek and Turkish families. As you approach the centre of the village, an elevated aqueduct is seen through the ruins. After taking some refreshments, we were desirous to gratify our curiosity without delay; and as soon as guides could be obtained, we rode over the remains of the Temple of Diana, and examined fragments, and ruins of shattered buildings and edifices—once the pride of the East—but now exhibiting an awful scene of desolation to the observing spectator. A shepherd's boy, with a numerous flock, occupied the dreary hills and valleys, where once stood the Temple of *Diana*, the largest and most magnificent building in Asia Minor, and which has always passed for one of the wonders of the world. This Temple was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and two hundred and twenty feet wide. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars of marble, each sixty feet high; and the expense of the building was defrayed by the most wealthy citizens of Asia. It has been robbed

of almost all its venerable remains; which have been transported to Constantinople for sale. You now only discover some of the large granite columns, beautifully worked, and which serve to give you some idea of its former grandeur. As far as I could compare the relics of architecture in Asia, with the numerous specimens of modern workmanship at all times to be found in Italy, I have reason to think this art has greatly degenerated. A large arch, supposed to have been built to contain wild beasts, adjoining the amphitheatre, and the cave of the seven sleepers, were deserving my attention. Many caverns along side of the mountain, have become obscured, and are nearly filled up by the washing of the earth over them. I also was much interested in examining the gate of the persecution. The temple or church of St. John, now converted into a Turkish mosque, and bereft, in a great measure, of its fine marble: for it is annually robbed of a portion of it by travellers, who take it to Constantinople to sell to Europeans. There are yet remaining some large and beautiful pillars of granite; and the building bears marks of former elegance and grandeur. The marble of Delos and Peros was principally used in its construction, which has always been considered the most white and beautiful in the world. It is believed that St. John retired to live at Ephesus after the death of *Jesus Christ*. As soon as Domitian died, St. John took charge of the church; although St. Timothy, its former bishop, has suffered *martyrdom*. Hannibal went to Ephesus to concert measures with Antiochus relative to the destruction of the Roman forces. An immense Roman army was destroyed there by order of Mithridates. Manlius, after the defeat of the Galatians, passed the winter at Ephesus. Lucullus gave there splendid feasts; and Pompey and Cicero did not fail to see so magnificent a city.

Constantine ordered all heathen edifices to be destroyed, and his order was rigidly executed. It cost much labour and money and time, to overthrow the temple; and in many places you discover that fire was resorted to, the more effectually to obey the commands of so powerful a potentate.

To be continued.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REVIEW OF THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE second annual exhibition of the Society of Artists, and the Pennsylvania Academy united, is now about to close. The lovers of the fine arts have anxiously looked to our journals and literary periodical publications, for some critical remarks on an establishment not only novel in this country, but also extremely important, both as it relates to the improvement of public taste, and advancement of the arts; combining at the same time, useful instruction with the most refined, and rational amusement.

The subject has been indeed taken up by a writer in one of the morning papers; but the few numbers that have yet appeared, are better calculated to convey the information that the arts flourish amongst us, than to point out the merits and defects of the different artists, with a view to their improvement.

An indiscriminate praise is rather productive of evil than good; as it places artists of very unequal talents, on nearly the same footing. The time necessary to acquire even a tolerable knowledge of any of the branches of the fine arts, is very considerable, and the tedious studies necessary to attain superior excellence, fills up nearly the whole life of an artist. It is neither fair nor reasonable to expect that those who are justly entitled to distinguished notice should be confounded with others of very inferior talents in a *general* and undistinguishing eulogium.

Hume has remarked, that "No criticism can be very useful which descends not to particulars, and is not full of examples and illustrations."

I have not the least doubt that the writer in question had the best intentions in bringing the subject of the exhibition before the public; at the same time, I differ with him as to the manner and effect of his remarks. He has observed in his introduction, that "all artists expect praise, although, all may not deserve it." He mentions also the evil effects produced by a criticism on the exhibition of last year. From a personal knowledge of the author of that criticism, I am very well satisfied, that it was given with the best intentions, and proceeded from the most

liberal motives, and I am certain that his remarks (with one or two exceptions) were also just. It has been observed, that the strictures on Mr. Guy's pictures, have been productive of evil, by depriving the public of the pleasure of viewing the works of that very meritorious and industrious artist, in the present exhibition. That was not the cause—Mr. Guy has long been making preparations for a splendid exhibition of American scenery at Baltimore, and I have every reason to believe that he has been roused to that undertaking by the remarks made last year, "*that some of his pictures appeared to be copied from English prints:*" and from a knowledge which I have of Mr. Guy, I am convinced that his talents, independence, and proper pride as an artist, would have prevented him from dreading the effects of any remarks that could be made on the pictures he might have found it convenient to have sent here to the present exhibition; and the only reason, I believe, that prevented him, was that already mentioned. The criticism of last year had also the happy effect of bringing forward some meritorious landscape painters, that appeared before but little known.

The establishment of a public exhibition of the works of American artists, annually at Philadelphia, was one of the principal objects which led to the formation of the Society of Artists. The founders of that institution were certain that the state of the arts in this country was such, as to leave no doubt that a sufficient number of pictures, and other works of art, could be collected to commence such an exhibition; and the experience of last year has realized their most sanguine expectations.

A periodical exhibition of the works of art, fairly displayed to an enlightened and liberal public, cannot fail of producing the most happy effects. It will have an equal tendency to improve artists, to correct public taste, to call forth talents from obscurity, to promote a laudable emulation, and finally, to give a character to the fine arts in America, and prevent the emigration of young artists to foreign countries.

A fair and liberal investigation of the merits and defects of the principal articles in the present exhibition, will, it is presumed, not be unproductive of some good in promoting the advancement of the arts.

The task is indeed a difficult one: few are capable of giving a just criticism on works of art, except professional artists, and they are too often actuated by interested motives, frequently prejudiced in favour of particular schools, and are very often apt to lay more stress on what may in fact be termed the *trickery* of art, than on the faithful and natural representation of real objects.

Artists, from the nature of their studies, are seldom able to attain those literary acquirements, necessary to express their ideas to the best advantage: and literary men deal too much in technical terms, which they seldom understand, and often misapply; their criticisms on the fine arts are frequently too learned for general comprehension. *Italian* and *French* terms are no doubt proper in *Italy* and *France*, but in this country it is believed the English language will be found copious enough to express every idea on the subject.

In this country the great mass of the people are well informed. The basis of taste and criticism is *common sense*. It only therefore, requires sufficient opportunities and the free exercise of a sound understanding, to make fair and just comparisons between the works of nature and art. The general diffusion of wealth and independence among our citizens, creates a freedom of opinion on every subject, the exercise of which is very favourable to the advancement of the fine arts. There is no doubt that the rapid rise and progress of the arts in Greece, and the superlative degree of excellence to which they arrived in so short a period, in those little republics, was owing more to the general good sense, polished manners, and unbiassed opinions of the citizens in general, than to the extraordinary talents and wealth of individuals; a circumstance that gives us every reason to hope, that the good sense and natural unvitiated taste of *our citizens*, are not liable to be corrupted by affected connoisseurs; and that our artists, instead of servilely imitating the works of European masters, will boldly pursue the same course as the ancient Grecians, who had nature only for their model, and genius for their guide.

In reviewing the present exhibition, it is not considered necessary to enter into a detailed criticism of all the various ar-

ticles that compose this very extensive collection, but to notice such only as appear of the most importance, and

“ Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.”

The number and excellence of the various original articles which compose this exhibition, exceed far that of last year, and the arrangement is much better. The antique saloon, forty-five feet diameter, contains various articles of sculpture, drawings, engravings, pieces in needle-work, models in wax, &c. &c.

The picture gallery, a room fifty feet by thirty-five, is entirely filled with new pictures, with the exception of three or four, which could not be removed, conveniently, on account of their size; and it may not be improper to remark, that the greatest part are painted in this country, and a large proportion since the last exhibition. The rooms below (now occupied as school-rooms and library) contain the pictures, prints, books, &c. belonging to the academy.

PICTURE GALLERY.

On entering this room, the picture that first attracts the notice of visitors, is the *Roman Daughter*, (No. 42.) painted by *Rembrandt Peale*.

In the design and execution of this picture, Mr. Peale has displayed a very considerable knowledge of his art. Great breadth is preserved in the light and shadow, united with a harmony of colouring, which produces a grand, natural, and very striking effect; the passions are also well expressed, and the drawing is generally correct. The female figure, however, is far from being graceful, and conveys but a faint idea of that extreme delicacy and beauty so perceivable in the female figures of the ancients. We would recommend to the artist to look at the works of Cipriani, and other Italian artists, particularly as it regards the flowing elegance and easy disposition of drapery. The drapery of the female figure seems to stick to the body. The father does not appear in a famished state; on the contrary, he seems to be in the full vigor of health. This picture, however, is certainly upon the whole a very meritorious production, and it is only to be regretted, that the artist had not chosen a sub-

ject, wherein he could have displayed his talents to more advantage, and better fitted for public exhibition.

No. 43. *The Lady of the Lake*, by T. Sully. The composition and general arrangement of this picture, falls rather short of what we had reason to expect from an artist of so much celebrity as Mr. Sully. It is more pleasing to praise than censure, but a love of truth obliges us to notice faults as well as beauties.

The figure of the lady is by far too large; the size of it destroys entirely the grandeur of the scene, which conveys but a faint idea of stupendous rocks and mountains. The figure in the background, evidently intended to appear at some considerable distance, according to the rules of perspective is too large: and the water represents better a mill-race than a lake. The stooping attitude of the lady, and the feet being hid by the boat, takes away that ease which the artist intended, and impresses us with a fear of her falling forward. The light in the background is by far too glaring, and destroys in a degree the harmony of the colouring, which ought to have been preserved throughout the whole. The sun is intended to be represented setting behind a mountain of immense height, yet by the directions of the rays of light, we are led to believe, that he is at least thirty degrees above the horizon. The light on the figure is brought in in another direction from that of the sun, but from what it proceeds we are unable to determine. This picture does not appear to have been painted from a close observance of nature, and those who have seen the grand and romantic scenery in the highlands of Scotland, cannot perceive any resemblance to the rugged wildness of the Caledonian mountains. The figure of the lady is certainly very beautifully painted, and the execution of the whole is extremely good. It is, however, to be regretted, that so much labour and pains have been bestowed on so indifferent a composition.

No. 48, is a whole length portrait of the celebrated Mr. Cooke, in the character of Richard III. by T. Sully. This picture deserves much praise, as far as relates to the composition and general arrangement. The painting of the drapery is exquisitely fine, and the colouring and effect of the whole is good:

the expression of the countenance is also good; but the artist has not been so fortunate in preserving the likeness; indeed it is hardly fair to expect a correct likeness of any celebrated actor in character, because the best performers, possess so much command of features as to appear altogether different persons in different characters. There is something peculiarly striking in the figure of Cooke; in this I think the artist defective; but I believe that he deviated from nature with a view to improve his picture, a circumstance that has rather operated against him, as far as it regards a faithful resemblance of this admirable and well known actor.

No. 15. *Capture of Major Andre. T. Sully.* This picture is a very excellent production, and certainly does much credit to the artist. The composition and grouping of the figures, general expression, and character, are all good; and those parts that appear defective can easily be remedied, as the subject is to be engraved.

The person who is reading the papers expresses great earnestness, which conveys immediately the idea of their vast importance. The expression in the countenance of Paulding is uncommonly fine; on viewing Andre, he shows a proper dignity, and at the same time exhibits a contempt, for a man, however elevated, that would attempt to seduce the honest man from his duty and purchase the honour of a soldier, by a paltry bribe.—There does not however, appear sufficient anxiety expressed in the countenance of Andre; if the eyes were more animated and directed to Paulding, more interest would be excited. The effect of the picture could be much improved, part of the sky is too blue and appears like a spot. The background, particularly behind the figure, is rather too dark. The whole of the figure of Paulding would be improved by drapery of a lighter colour. There is too much glare about some parts of the fore ground, particularly the bank and root of the tree; and which have much the appearance of water having been dashed up against them and falling again in small streaks.

It is extremely gratifying to the lovers of the fine arts in this country, to see a taste and disposition to encourage historical

painting and engraving, by introducing among us a taste for subjects from our own history. It is certainly the most proper method to establish schools of art in America.

The works of West, Coply, Smirke, and many others, have been made known and multiplied by good engravings: Bartolozzi, Wollet, Sharp, Heath, Anker Smith, and other eminent engravers, have, by their labours and exquisite talents, contributed much to the establishment of the arts in England, upon a proper basis; and the English painters have actually received more encouragement from a general circulation of their works through the medium of engraving, than they have done from the power, wealth, and patronage of rich individuals.

From a knowledge of the talents and laudable ambition of the young artist, who has undertaken the engraving and publishing a print from this picture; we have every reason to believe that the execution will be such as will do credit to himself, the painter, and our country.

No. 5. *Mr. Wood, in the character of Charles de Moor, by T. Sully.* This is a very spirited sketch, and a tolerable likeness of the actor. The grouping and character of the figures is much in the style of Salvator Rosa.

No. 95. *Tribute Money. By Rubens. From the cabinet of J. Sansom, Esq.* This picture represents Christ, surrounded by the scribes and pharisees, and questioned as to the propriety of paying tribute to Cæsar.

The person who presents the piece of money bearing the image and superscription of Cæsar, expresses a malignant disappointment at the justness of the reply, "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's;" others are astonished and confounded; some appear to show even remorse for having attempted to entrap a person of so much wisdom, dignity and meekness, (all those attributes being strongly marked in the countenance of our Saviour.) The fine composition, diversity of the passions, natural and easy attitudes of the figures, correctness of

* It was not contemplated to enter into any criticism on the works of the old masters; but this production is so exquisitely fine, as to plead an excuse for deviating something from our plan.

drawing, flowing elegance of drapery, harmony of colouring, judicious disposition of light and shade, render this picture one of the most perfect productions of art that we have ever seen. It does not appear to possess a single fault, and really seems to be the *ne plus ultra* of painting.

No. 68, *is a view of the Centre Square on the fourth of July, by Krimmel.* There are few people (if any) who visit the Academy, who are not perfectly acquainted with the scene of which this is so familiar and pleasing a representation. It is truly *Hogarthian*, and full of meaning, the figures are amply varied, and the character highly diversified. The artist has proved himself no common observer of the tragi-comical events of life that are daily and hourly passing before us, many of which leave impressions upon the *few* and pass unmarked by the *million*. This picture is crude in its colouring, and deficient in effect, and disposition of light and shade. In fact, this artist is greatly wanting in the mechanical part of his art, which, by the by, he has yet had but little opportunity of acquiring, and which can only be gained by unremitting industry and application.

Nos. 6, 20, 32, 33, 47 and 51, *are portraits by Stuart.* The works of this celebrated artist are so well known, and so highly appreciated, that any criticism on them is altogether unnecessary. They appear like diamonds of the first water, and we are sorry to see so few pictures of this distinguished painter in the present collection.

No. 133, *is a frame, containing four miniatures, by B. Trott,* which, although *small* in size, are notwithstanding *large* as regards their intrinsic merit. The works of this excellent artist are justly esteemed for truth and elegance of expression. In examining his miniatures, we perceive all the force and effect of the best oil pictures, and it is but fair to remark, that Mr. Trott is purely an American artist—he has never been either in Paris or London; and we venture to say, that his pictures are equal to any, and superior to most, that we have seen painted in either of those cities; and we do not hesitate farther to assert, that as far as respects likeness, dignity of character, expressions and harmony of colouring, the pictures of Trott, approach nearer to the exquisite productions of Stuart, than those of any other artist in America.

Nos. 4, 41, 52 and 73, *are portraits by Rembrandt Peale*. The portraits of this artist are well known and highly appreciated for a faithful delineation of character, but are considered by some to fall rather short of the works of some other painters in dignity and grace.

No. 192, *by the same artist*, is a portrait of a Princeton student, and excites much interest.

Nos. 22, 23, 50, 70, 72, 88 and 31, *are portraits by Sully*. This artist is also well known and much admired as a portrait painter; his pictures are rendered very interesting, by the ease and elegance of attitude which they generally possess; there is also a richness and delicacy of colouring in them, and although he sometimes deviates from nature, he seldom displeases: among the number of excellent portraits exhibited by Mr. Sully, we are particularly delighted with that of a lady and child.

No. 193, *is a portrait of the late vice president, by Ames of Albany*. In reviewing this picture we are equally pleased and astonished, as well at the excellence of the picture, and the correctness of the likeness, as that it was painted by a person little known as an artist, and who has never had any regular instructions in his art, and but few opportunities of even seeing the works of others. The genius and strength of his own mind have, however, produced a picture that no artist need be ashamed of: and it may not be improper to remark, that he only exhibits this as an earnest of what he intends to do hereafter. This artist adds one star more to the constellation of American genius.

Nos. 1, 21, 46, 53 and 54, *are portraits by Otis*, a young painter of very promising talents. We perceive in his works a strength of character, force of effect, and correctness of likeness, that certainly would do credit to artists of more experience: and there is no doubt that, with proper application, Mr. Otis will become a very distinguished portrait painter.

Nos. 19, 25, 29 and 30, *are portraits by J. Peale*. The portraits of this artist have considerable merit, and show great patience and industry. His paintings would appear, however, to much better advantage, if the colouring was not so red.

Nos. 186, 194, *are portraits by Raphael Peale*. These pictures have considerable expression and character, but the colouring is

by far too cold. No. 11, a bread and cheese picture, by the same artist is a masterly production, and is certainly not inferior to many works of the Flemish School.

No. 189, *is a frame, containing sundry miniatures, by Henard.* The pictures of this artist are certainly specious, but do not gain by close examination, and comparison with the works of some other artists who have paid more attention to nature: we perceive throughout the whole of his paintings, too much of a manner, his attitudes are too prim and formal, the expression of his portraits is wanting in dignity, and in some parts they are rather incorrectly delineated; but we have no doubt that with the knowledge which he has evidently displayed in the mechanical execution, with more attention to *nature*, and less to *manner*, he will soon become a very distinguished artist.

There is a single miniature without any No. by Isabey, although not one of the best pictures of that justly celebrated artist in it we can easily perceive a close attention to nature, truth, character and dignity of expression, combined with exquisite taste.

Nos. 44 and 139, *are two landscapes, painted by T. Birch,* This artist exhibited many more pictures the last year than he has done the present, and in a stricture made on that exhibition received his full meed of praise: we would by no means infer that he is undeserving; his pictures of this year are equal if not superior to those of last, he has bestowed much more care and labour on them than we have witnessed in any other of his works, and had that pains been bestowed from a closer observance of nature in the individual parts of the particular views he has meant to represent, we will make free to affirm that, with less labour, they would have been superior to what they are. On the whole they deserve great praise, and we feelingly recommend to him never to leave sight of nature in practising the *trickery* of art.

Nos. 197 and 198, *are two landscapes by T. Lawrence, views near Burlington.* Mr. Lawrence is a very young man, and young artist, bred, as we presume he was, in a country village, and where he still continues to reside, he has had little opportunity of seeing works of art and less of conversing with artists from whom he might have received much useful and necessary information; he has, therefore, been obliged to study from what is *literally* the

great school of nature, it is a good school, but difficult to get into without an introduction; or in other words, it has been thought easier for a painter to obtain a knowledge of nature by first studying the works of art. To those who from the study of nature and art, have become in some measure acquainted with both, it is easy to be seen in a picture when the attempt has been made from nature (I say attempt, for it can be considered nothing more in a young artist, as it must in a great measure prove abortive,) or whether it has been produced in a garret in the city, excluded from the sight of every thing that is green around, save perhaps a scanty piece of baize that is put up partially to exclude the light from the artist's window. This city production then, must be made up partly from *sketches*, (*scratches* might be a better term) for we have seen many of them with less the appearance of a picture than a common map, partly from recollection, imagination, &c. but principally taken by scraps from engravings, and the works of others. In fine, the whole taken together, may not be improperly termed an *Olio*.

In regard to the pleasure arising to us from viewing a picture *made up* in this way, as an imitation of *nature*, we should receive nearly as much satisfaction from the patch-work of the parsimonious housewife, which in early life she had industriously collected in pieces of various shapes and colours, from every quarter and acquaintance, and which she has ingeniously put together as much in picture form as possible.

There is a charm in nature, a fascination of which he who arduously tries to imitate it, must seize some portion; and it is, I believe, as certain, that the spectator will himself feel an irresistible sensation of pleasure when he looks on the imitation. Such at least are the sensations that we feel at looking on the pictures of young Lawrence, and which at the same time brings forcibly to our recollection, the expression of the facetious Peter Pindar, "that there is very little landscape in a garret." We had rather see a simple stump of a tree, with whatever weeds may happen to surround it, painted faithfully from nature, than the sublime garret views of cataracts, clouds, and mountains, painted by the trading artist or the travelling amateur.

The pictures of young Lawrence appear to be strong resemblances of the places he has meant to represent; he has painted nature, not as she is, but as he saw her. To the young painter, who contemplates nature with delight, she unfolds her beauties by degrees, and it is not till after long study and close attention, that she displays herself to him in all her charms. Mr. Lawrence's pictures are hard; the colouring is monotonous, his trees and the foliage altogether is too formal, and touched with too heavy a hand. We would recommend him to study some of the best pictures he can find of the old masters, endeavouring at the same time to compare their productions with the appearance of nature, and apply them together to his purpose. We would not have said so much about Mr. Lawrence, did we not think that by application on his part, and proper encouragement on the part of the public, he will no doubt make an excellent landscape painter.

June 15, 1812.

G. M.

To be continued.

[We very cheerfully comply with the request of the Society of Artists in giving publicity to the following letters which afford an honourable proof of the respectability and progress of that institution.]

At a meeting of the Society of Artists of the United States, resolved unanimously that the following letters be published in The Port Folio.

London, August 25, 1810.

SIR,

YOUR letter, inclosing a copy of the Constitution of the Society of Artists of the United States, sent to me, by request of the Academy, was delivered to me by your friend, Mr. King, some days ago. I am obliged to the gentlemen of the Academy for their remembrance of me, and shall be proud of having my name entered on their books, as an "Honorary Member."

With thanks to you, for the trouble you have taken, and sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

JNO. TRUMBULL

THOMAS SULLY, Esq.

No. 33, Gerrard Street, London, 18th Sept. 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely flattered by the compliment you pay me in thinking me worthy to be proposed as an "Honorary Member" of the Society of Artists of the United States, an honour which will be courted by the highest professors of art in every country, and for whom such distinction ought always to be reserved. If, however, the humble department to which I have been obliged chiefly to confine myself, should be thought worthy of a place in the recollection of a body, which, in all probability, will keep pace with, and rise in greatness with the nation of which it forms a part, and which has produced so much genius for the Fine Arts, you may be assured such an honour conferred on me will be most highly prized: having always taken a most lively interest in what relates to America, more particularly the Fine Arts of that country, from the circumstance of having two brothers, now American artists, settled in Newyork.

Fully aware that, should such an event take place, I am indebted to you for being made known in Philadelphia; I am, dear sir, with most ardent wishes for the prosperity of the institution, your much obliged and very sincere friend,

A. ROBERTSON.

THOMAS SULLY, Esq.

Cavendish Square, London, Oct. 2d, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I BEG you will accept my thanks for your obliging communication, and the mark of friendly recollection on your part, of which it is so flattering a proof. It must be agreeable to every friend of the Arts to observe the spirited exertions for their cultivation, which are now made at your side of the Atlantic. When we consider how much the interests of taste in Europe have been indebted to the production of American genius, there is every reason to believe that the sons of Columbia will soon be equally celebrated on her own shores.

I accept, with much gratification, the compliment paid me by the artists of Philadelphia, (which I of course, ascribe to your partial representation in my favour) and shall be happy to have my name connected, in any way, with a society whose views appear to be as honourable to themselves, as I trust they will prove advantageous to their country. With every cordial wish for their success and permanent establishment, and with many acknowledgments for your polite attention, I remain, dear sir, your highly obliged, and obt. hum. servt.

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

THOMAS SULLY, Esq.

Washington, June 11th, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been favoured with your letter, wherein you intimate the request of the Society of Artists of the U. S. that I would become a member of their body; and I present to the society and you, my thanks for this flattering mark of attention.

No one who reflects can doubt as to the propriety of such an institution; and even the most sanguine will scarcely be able to estimate justly the beneficial effects of it, if properly conducted, in a country, circumstanced as ours is, and where native genius is superabundant, and waits only the direction which science and munificence may afford it, to cause it rapidly to surpass, in both the sublime and the useful, all the productions of the old world,—of these truths no man is more thoroughly convinced than I am; and I believe that there is no one whose happiness is more inanced by witnessing the progress which, even by individual effort, the Arts and Sciences are making amongst us. To their advancement, the patronage of the society must contribute greatly, and if the aid of government is added, for which we ought strongly to hope, as soon as the present political gloom is dispelled, in a very short time the United States will rival, in works of utility and taste, any nation of antiquity.

Be pleased, sir, to announce my wish to become a member, and inform me of the result—and also let me know in what manner I may, at this distance, be in any degree, useful to the society.—The constitution also I have received and think it judicious.—I have the honour to be, with great respect and esteem, yours,

PAUL HAMILTON.

ROBERT MILLS, Esquire.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE WATER WORKS.

THIS public walk, one of the most pleasant in our city, was originally among the squares which the proprietary wisely designed to leave vacant for the benefit of the health of the citizens. When the water works were begun, its central position recommended it as a proper scite for one of the buildings, which has been accordingly placed in the middle of the square. It contains a double steam engine, the cylinder of which has a diameter of thirty-two inches, and which is irregularly worked, so as to fill alternately the reservoir and stop, while the water is discharged from it. The inclosure around the building is handsomely ornamented by rows of trees, under the shade of which the citizens enjoy the cool air during the afternoon, and on days of leisure. To this has been recently added a fountain, which has a very fine and refreshing effect. The figure of the nymph is well executed; but there is, we think,



a peculiar awkwardness and want of grace in the stiff and formal attitude of the bird, through the throat of which the water passes. This walk deserves to be much more frequented than it is at present; and we would therefore recommend, as an agreeable accommodation, that some one should furnish visitors with seats, which a small sum for hire might render profitable; a practice common in public walks in Europe.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

[The following authentic list of the Members of the Imperial Institute of France, as it stood on the first of January, 1812, has just reached us from Paris; and as it represents the state of the learned world abroad more faithfully than any thing which we could give in so small a compass, we publish it entire.]

FIRST CLASS.

Mathematical and Physical Sciences.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES.

The emperor,
Named a member of this class, section of mechanics, the 26th December, 1797.

Section 1.—*Geometry.*

The count Lagrange.
Laplace.
Bossut.
Chevalier Legendre.
Lacroix.
Biot.

Section 2.—*Mechanics.*

The count de Peluse.
De Prony.
Perier.
Carnot.
The baron Sané.

Section 3.—*Astronomy.*

Messier.
Cassini.
Lalande.

Bouvard.
Burekhardt.
Arago.

Section 4.—*Geography & Navigation.*

Buache.
Beautemps-Beaupre.
De Rossel.

Section 5.—*General Physics.*

Charles.
Rochon.
The chevalier Lefevre-Gineau.
Leveque.
Gay-Lussac.
Malus.

PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

Section 6.—*Chemistry.*

The count Berthollet.
The baron Guyton-Morveau.
The chevalier Vauquelin.
Deyeux.
The count de Chanteloup.
Thenard.

Section 7.—*Mineralogy.*

Haüy.

Desmarest.
 Duhamel.
 Lelievre.
 Sage.
 The baron Ramond.

The baron de Humboldt, at Berlin.
 Jenner, at London.
 Werner, at Freyberg.

CORRESPONDENTS.

Section 8.—*Botany.*

Lamarck.
 Desfontaines.
 De Jussieu.
 Labillardiere.
 Palisot de Beauvois.
 Mirbel.

Section 1.—*Geometry.* (6).

Lallemand, at Bruxelles.
 Tedenat, at Nimes.
 Newport, at Bruxelles.
 Genty, at Orleans.
 Gauss, at Brunswick.
 Paoli, at Pisa.

Section 9.—*Rural Economy and the Veterinary Art,*

Thouin.
 Tessier.
 Parmentier.
 Huzard.
 Silvestre.
 Bosc.

Section 2.—*Mechanics.* (6).

Marescot, at Brest.
 The count Thevenard, at L'Orient.
 Fabre, at Draguignan.
 Wiebeking, at Munich.
 Watt, at Birmingham.
 Betancourt, at St. Petersburg.

Section 10.—*Anatomy and Zoology.*

The count de Lacepede.
 Tenon.
 Richard.
 Olivier.
 Pinel.
 The chevalier Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

Section 3.—*Astronomy.* (16.)

Dangos, at Tarbes.
 Duc-Lachapelle, at Montauban.
 Flaugergues, at Viviers.
 Sepmanville, at Evreux.
 Vidal, at Toulouse.
 Melanderhielm, at Stockholm.
 Duvaucel, at Evreux.
 Bernard, at Trans.
 Bugge, at Copenhagen.
 Cagnoli, at Verona.
 Piazzzi, at Palermo.
 The count Oriani, at Milan.
 The baron de Zach, at Gotha.
 Schroeter, at Liliental.
 Olbers, at Bremen.
 Harding, at Gottingen.

Section 11.—*Medicine and Surgery.*

The chevalier Portal.
 The chevalier Halle.
 Pelletan.
 The baron Percy.
 The baron de Corvisart.
 Deschamps.

PERPETUAL SECRETARIES.

The chevalier Delambre, for the mathematical sciences.
 The chevalier Cuvier, for the physical sciences.

FOREIGN MEMBERS.

The chevalier Banks, at London.
 Herschell, at London.
 The count de Rumford, at Munich.
 The count Volta, at Pavia.
 Klaproth, at Berlin.

Section 4.—*Geography and Navigation.* (8).

The baron Lescalier, at Newyork.
 The baron Coquebert de Montbret, at Amsterdam.
 Genet, at Newyork.
 De Guignes, at Canton.
 Mendoza, at London.
 The baron de Krusenstern, at St. Petersburg.
 De Krayenhoff, at Amsterdam.
 Dalrymple, at London.

Section 5.—*General Physic.* (6).

Loisel, at Vaureal.
 The chevalier Pietet, at Geneva.
 De Luc, at London.
 Cotte, at Montmorency.
 Van Swinden, at Amsterdam.
 Van Marum, at Harlem.
 The chevalier Blagden, at London.
 Vassali Eandi, at Turin.

PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

Section 6.—*Chemistry.* (12).

Seguin, at Sevres.
 Van Mons, at Bruxelles.
 Nicolas, at Nancy.
 Chaussier, at Dijon.
 Welter, at Valenciennes.
 Landriani, at Vienna.
 De Crell, at Helmstadt.
 Gosse, at Geneva.
 Proust, at Madrid.
 Fabbroni, at Florence.
 De Saussure, at Geneva.
 Kirwan, at Dublin.

Section 7.—*Mineralogy.* (8).

Schreiber, at Pezay.
 Patrin, at Lyons.
 Gillet-Laumont, at Daumont.
 Palassou, at Pau.
 Reboul, at Pezenas.
 Brongniart, at Sevres.
 Cordier, at Piedmont.

Section 8.—*Botany.* (10).

Villars, at Strasburg.
 Gouan, at Montpellier.
 Gerard, at Cotignac.
 Pigot-Lapeyrouse, at Toulouse.
 Boucher, at Abbeville.
 Sonnerat, at Pondichery.
 Ortega, at Madrid.
 Thunberg, at Stockholm.
 The baron de Jacquin, at Vienna.
 Decandolle, at Montpellier.

Section 9.—*Rural Economy and the Veterinary Art.* (10).

The baron Rougier-la-Bergerie, at Auxerre.
 Lafosse, at Montaterre.

VOL. VIII.

Chabert, at Alfort.
 Dumont, at Courset.
 Leblond, at Mazille.
 Larochevoucauld-Liancourt, at Liapcourt.
 Morel de Vinde, at Celle-Saint-Cloud.
 Yvart, at Maisons-Alfort.
 Decubieres, senr. at Versailles.
 Brugnone, at Turin.

Section 10.—*Anatomy and Zoology.* (10).

Launonier, at Rouen.
 Latreille, at Tulle.
 Jurine, at Geneva.
 Dumas, at Montpellier.
 Scarpa, at Pavia.
 Blumenbach, at Gottingen.
 Bory-Saint-Vincent, at Bordeaux.
 Provencal, at Montpellier.
 Soemmering, at Munich.

Section 11.—*Medicine and Surgery.* (8).

Saucerotte, at Luneville.
 Barailon, at Chambon.
 Simmons, at London.
 Odier, at Geneva.
 Cotuni, at Naples.
 Mascagni, at Florence.
 Thomassin, at Besancon.

SECOND CLASS.

Class of the French Language and Literature.

The count Volney.
 The count Garat.
 The duke of Parma (Cambaceres).
 De Saint Pierre.
 The count Merlin.
 The count Bigot de Preameneu.
 The count Sieyes.
 The count de Cessac.
 The count Roederer.
 Andrieux.
 Villar.
 The count Francois de Neufchateau.
 Cailhava.
 L'abbe Sicard.
 Ducis.
 Le Gouve.
 The chevalier Arnault.

E.

The count de Fontanes.
 Delille.
 Suard.
 Morellet.
 Boufflers.
 The count de Bessuejouls de Roque-
 laure.
 The count Daguesseau.
 Lucien.*
 The count de Segur.
 The count Regnaud de Saint-Jean
 d'Angely.
 The duke of Bassano.
 Lacretelle, senr.
 Parny.
 The count Daru.
 Cardinal Maury.
 Raynouard.
 Picard.
 The count Destutt-Tracy.
 Le Mercier.
 Parseval-Grandmaison.
 De Chateaubriand.
 Lacretelle, junr.
 Etienne.

PERPETUAL SECRETARY.

Suard.

THIRD CLASS.

Class of ancient History and Literature.

The chevalier Dacier.
 The duke of Plaisance (Lebrun).
 The chevalier Levesque.
 Dupont de Nemours.
 Daunou.
 Mentelle.
 The baron Reinhard.
 The prince of Benevento.
 Gosselin.
 Ginguene.
 De Lisle de Sales.
 The count Garran-Coulon.
 The chevalier Champagne.
 Lakanal.
 Toulangeon.
 Le Breton.
 The count Gregoire.

Laporte du Theil.
 Langles.
 Larcher.
 Pougens.
 Mongez.
 Mercier.
 The chevalier Silvestre de Sacy.
 The count Pastoret.
 Choiseul-Gouffier.
 The king of Spain.
 Quatremere de Quincy.
 The chevalier Visconti.
 The count Boissy d'Anglas.
 Millin.
 The baron Degerando.
 Brial.
 Petit-Radel.
 Barbie du Bocage.
 The count Lanjuinais.
 Caussin.
 Gail.
 Clavier.
 Amaury-Duval.

PERPETUAL SECRETARY.

The chevalier Dacier.

FOREIGN MEMBERS.

Jefferson, at Philadelphia.
 Rennell, at London.
 Heyne, at Gottingen.
 Niebuhr, at Denmark.
 Wildfort, at Calcutta.
 Wieland, at Weimar.
 His highness Charles, baron of Dal-
 berg, grand duke of Frankfort,
 prince primate of the confederation
 of the Rhine.

CORRESPONDENTS.

Deseze, at Bordeaux.
 Laromiguiere, at Toulouse.
 Jacquemont, at Hesdin.
 Prevost, at Geneva.
 Labene, at Agen.
 Saint-Jean-Crevecoeur, at Rouen.
 Ferlus, at Sorreze.
 The chevalier Legrand-Laleu, at Laon.
 Massa, at Nice.

* This gentleman, who appears thus shorn of his family name, is known out of France by the name of Lucien Bonaparte.

Gallois, at Auteuil.
 The count Garnier, at Versailles.
 Duvillard, at Montmorency.
 Koch, at Strasburg.
 Gudin, at Avalon.
 Leclerc, at Chalonne.
 Morel, at Lyons.
 Boinvilliers, at Douai.
 Rufin, at Constantinople.
 Schweighauser, at Strasburg.
 Belin Ballu, at Moscow.
 Pieyre, at Nimes.
 Berenger, at Lyons.
 Palissot, at Mantes.
 Fauvel, at Athens.
 Gibelin, at Versailles.
 The chevalier Riboud, at Bourg.
 Traulle, at Abbeville.
 Harless, at Erlang.
 Gaetano-Marini, at Rome.
 De Guignes, at Canton.
 Akerblad, at Stockholm.
 Leveque de Pouilly, at Reims.
 The chevalier Felix-Faulcon, at Poitiers.
 Levrier, at Amiens.
 Delandine, at Lyons.
 Charles-Villers, at Gottingen.
 Schnurrer, at Tubingue.
 Scrofanj, at Sicily.
 Maine-Biran, at Grateloup.
 The chevalier de Rayneval, at Meudon.
 Morelli, at Venice.
 Vincens-Saint-Laurent, at Nimes.
 Fauris-Saint-Vincent, at Aix.
 Mollevault, at Nancy.
 Corea de Serra, at Lisbon.
 Rousseau, at Bassora.
 Laserna Santander, at Bruxelles.
 Heeren, at Gottingen.
 De Caluso, at Turin.
 Sestini, at Florence.
 De Coraneez, at Bagdad.
 Eichhorn, at Gottingen.
 De Fourcade, at Sinope.
 Sartorius, at Gottingen.
 De Hammer, at Vienna.
 Artaud, at Lyons.

FOURTH CLASS.

Class of the Fine Arts.

Section 1.—Painting.

The chevalier David:

Van Spaendonck.
 Vincent.
 The chevalier Regnault:
 Taunay.
 The chevalier Denon.
 The chevalier Visconti.
 Menageot.

Section 2.—Sculpture.

The chevalier Houdon.
 Roland.
 Dejoux.
 Lemot.
 Cartellier.
 Lecomte.

Section 3.—Architecture.

Gondoin.
 Peyre.
 Dufourny.
 Heurtier.
 Percier.
 Fontaine.

Section 4.—Engraving.

Bervic.
 Jeuffroy.
 Duvivier.

Section 5.—Music.

(Composition.)

Mehul.
 Gossec.
 Gretry.
 Monvel.
 Grandmenil.

PERPETUAL SECRETARY.

Le Breton.

FOREIGN MEMBERS.

Canova, at Rome.
 Appiani, at Milan.
 Morghen, at Florence.
 Sergell, at Stockholm.
 West, at London.
 Marvuglia, at Palermo.
 Salieri, at Vienna.
 Paisiello, at Naples.

CORRESPONDENTS.

Lacour, at Bordeaux.
 Lens, senr. at Bruxelles.
 Prudhon, at Dijon.
 Giroust, at Luneville.
 Boichot, at Autun.
 Chinard, at Lyons.
 Blaise, at Poissy.
 Renaud, at Marseilles.
 Combes, at Bordeaux.
 Crucey, at Nantes.
 Foucherot, at Tonnerre.
 Caillot, at Saint-Germain.
 Blaze, at Cavailon.
 Mauduit-Larive, at Montlignon.
 Bonnet-Beauval, at Limoges.
 Carelli, at Naples.
 Dagincour, at Rome.

Reichardt, at Berlin.
 Porporati, at Turin.
 Rega, at Naples.
 Fabre, at Florence.
 Zingarelli, at Rome.
 Derossi, at Rome.
 Ommeganck, at Anvers.
 Tagliafichi, at Genes.
 Rosaspina, at Bologne.
 Le Pecheux, at Turin.
 Miot, at Naples.
 Lethiere, at Rome.
 Thibault, at La Haye.
 Manlich, at Munich.
 Moitte, at Saint-Germain-en-Laye.
 Fiorillo, at Gottingen.
 Burney, at London.
 Antolini, at Milan.
 Choron, at Caen.

 FOREIGN LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE propose in future to devote regularly a portion of this Journal to the literature and the arts of continental Europe. It is our misfortune that almost all the information which reaches us on those interesting subjects is derived through the channel of the English press, and as the situation of things has rendered the literary intercourse between England and the rest of Europe exceedingly precarious, our own supplies are proportionally imperfect. We hope, however, from the arrangements which have been made, to secure the best materials from the metropolis of France that we shall be enabled to possess constant access to the current literature of France and the continent generally. We have prepared for this number a sketch of some of the most important publications during the early part of the present year.

Moscow, February.

The two learned travellers, Messrs. Engelhardt and Parrot, have passed through this city on their return from the Caucasus. They have taken the level by the barometer of the plains between the Caspian and Black seas, and when they have finished

their calculation of the results of their observations, we will know positively which of these two seas has the highest level: a question the more important as we expect to see a canal soon made to connect them. They have also made another interesting discovery, which is, that after multiplied barometrical observations on the summit of the Kasbeck, the highest mountain of Caucasus, without excepting the Elbours, they find the elevation of that summit to be at least equal to that of Mount Blanc, a circumstance which had been already presumed by several geographers. The account of their travels will be published.

Petersburg.

The aulic counsellor, Adelung, has published a small work entitled, Comparison of the Sanscrit or Sacred Language of India with the Russian.

Warsaw, February.

The literary academy of Warsaw have appointed a committee to compose a general and literary history of Poland.

Copenhagen, January.

The Society of Sciences has published a dictionary of the Danish language, on the plan of that by the French academy. The letter K is already finished, and will soon be put to press.

Mr. Gruntrig has just enriched Danish literature by two ancient poems, of which the subject is the combats of the heroes of the north.

Milan, January.

Among the late works which have appeared in Italy, the public have distinguished an "Essay on the Scaldri and the Ancient poetry of Scandinavia," by Mr. Graberg, Swedish vice consul at Genoa. This is a phenomenon in our literature, filled with curious researches, and several translations into Italian verse of the most remarkable pieces ascribed to the Scaldri.

Mr. Amoretti of this city has published a relation of the voyage of captain Maldonado round America by the north. This singular account, which is extracted from a manuscript in the

royal library, tends to prove the existence of several little mediterraneans and straits in the north of America, in latitudes where it is generally supposed that the sea is covered with eternal ice, or where at least navigation seems impossible. Such a voyage has long since been regarded by the learned as a fable. Whether Mr. Amoretti has completely demonstrated the authenticity of the relation which he has published, the world must decide.

Mr. Mustodixi, historiographer of the Seven Isles, has published *Illustrazione Corcirese*, a learned memoir on the history of Corfu.

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Vienna, February.

Dr. Demetrius Alexandrides, editor of the Greek Telegraph, which is published here, translator of Goldsmith's history of Greece, and author of a Turkish and modern Greek dictionary, has also translated some parts of the Geography of Abulfeda.

March.

M. de Sartory, counsellor and librarian, is about publishing at Tubingen, a collection of the posthumous works of prince Eugene of Savoy.

Since the last year there is published here by Anthimus Gaza, a literary paper in modern Greek, which appears twice a month. This journal contains notices of the literary establishments and present state of letters in Greece. This literature is, however, chiefly confined to translations of elementary books of instruction, in modern languages, such as Condillac's logic, La Lande's astronomy, Fourcroy's chemistry, Goldsmith's history of Greece, and Rollin's ancient and Roman history. Besides there are some new editions of the Greek and Roman classics, with commentaries. A Thucydides has already appeared in ten volumes, and the Iliad is announced for publication shortly at Constantinople.

Mr. Sonnini, the justly celebrated naturalist, whose departure for Moldavia we formerly announced, has returned from his voyage. He has travelled through the whole of that province, and a part of Walachia—penetrated through the mountains that

separate those countries from Transylvania, and made a very valuable collection of materials for a physical history of those hitherto almost unknown regions.

Private letters from Presburg announce, that it has been proposed in the diet of Hungary to consider the Hungarian as the only national language of the kingdom. Hitherto all the public acts have been written in Latin. It has also been suggested to offer an annual prize for the best discourse and the best poem that shall contribute to improve and perfect the language. In addition to this, it is to be decreed that no piece shall be represented at the theatre of Perst (henceforth to be called the national theatre) but such as are written in the established language.

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Augsburgh, January.

During the year 1811, the party of travellers who set out from Rome in 1810, have made a great circuit through Greece. It was composed of a number of gentlemen, among whom Messrs. Haller and Link, accompanied by two Englishmen, Messrs. Cokwell and Forster, have discovered at Egina some very interesting antiquities. Their object was to visit the temple of Jupiter Panhellenios, in examining which they found seventeen statues of marble which had been probably swallowed up after an earthquake. The statue of Minerva is particularly fine. Some time afterwards they discovered near the promontory of Sunium, fragments of six other statues, and several vases in good preservation, of all which they intend publishing a detailed description. The whole collection was transported first to Athens, and afterwards to Zante, where it will be sold to the highest bidder on the 12th of November, 1812. All the amateurs of the arts are invited to purchase. The lowest price is fixed at ten thousand Venetian sequins, and the purchasers are bound to furnish each of the present owners with exact copies in plaister of all the statues.

Among the new productions of the German Parnassus, are three new epic poems. The Tartaride, or Deliverance of Silesia, at the time of the invasion of the Mogul Tartars, in sixteen

cantos, by Mr. Kannengiesser; Heldegard, wife of Charlemagne in sixteen cantos, by an anonymous author; and Cyane, an epic romance of Mr. Walter, in ten cantos. It is to be regretted, that a premature death has prevented Mr. Collin from finishing his Rodolphiad, a serious epic poem on the elevation of Rodolph of Hapsbourg to the imperial throne.

Leipsick, January 1, 1812.

The following is a list of the historical works which have appeared in Germany during the year 1811. M. Hæren, professor of history at Gottingen, has published a new edition of his "History of the system of European states during the last centuries." M. Hegewish, professor at Kiel, is the author of two works. "Remarks on the German colonies," and "a view of those colonies established after the time of Alexander the great." M. Luders has furnished "a compendious account of the ancient world," and M. Niebuhr a continuation of Roman history. M. Voigtel, professor at Halle, is the editor of some new geographical tables, very minute and extensive. The historical atlas of M. Kruse, is a work on a new plan. "An Introduction to Chronology," by professor Hegewish, is well worthy our notice, as is also "the introduction to historical studies," written by professor Rush, of Berlin. M. Westenreider, of Munich, has presented to the world a work entitled "Memoirs to serve for the elucidation of the history of Bavaria." M. Masser has published "a history of the house of Reuss."

A complete collection of the works of the late John de Muller is advancing rapidly; the eleventh and twelfth volumes have already appeared. M. Plank, professor at Gottingen, is the author of a work on his ancient colleague and friend M. Spittler, considered in the light of an historian. Another professor of Gottingen, M. Eicchorn, has recently published in four volumes, a useful compilation under the title of *Antiqua historia e scriptorum Græcorum et Latinorum historiis contexta*. M. Klaproth has increased our knowledge of Chinese literature by a translation of St. Yn, and we are indebted to M. Sartorius, professor of Gottingen, for a treatise in the German language on

the government of the Ostrogoths in Italy: to this work, the third class of the French Institute has decreed a prize. M. Wilken, professor of Heidelberg, has elucidated a portion of the Byzantine history, in a late work called *Rerum a Comnenis gestarum libri IV.*

In our list should also be included a posthumous work of the late M. Meiner, of Gottingen—"Researches on the diversity of human nature in Asia and the southern regions"—a work of M. Zimmermann of Brunswick, on "the earth and its inhabitants, according to the latest discoveries." We shall also mention on this occasion, the political manual, by professor Luden of Jena, a complete treatise on Administration by count Soden and M. Harl, of Erlangen, and a work of professor Kluber, of Erlangen, on the organization of the Posts in Germany.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CAPT. M'CALL of Georgia, has recently published a history of that State in one volume quarto, from its first settlement to the period of our revolutionary war. The volume abounds with much curious and interesting matter, written in a style appropriate, perspicuous and chaste. The author is copious on an interesting part of that history, the original constitution of Georgia, and the subject of proprietary grants to the first settlers of the soil. It furnishes a fair, practical illustration of the principle, how far the purest philanthropy and patriotism will fail in its object, when it attempts to legislate, and to frame a code of municipal law for the regulation of moral habits. It is a living comment on the inexpediency, impracticability, and inefficacy of Utopian systems of government, if any such comment was wanting.

DR. MORSE has published a new edition of his Geography, which he has much enlarged and improved.

DR. DWIGHT, president of Yale College, is now engaged, and has been for many years past, in preparing materials for an Historical Account of the Eastern States, including the State of Newyork. It is designed to embrace the first settlement of this country, and the wars with the Indians, the natural, ecclesiastical, and political history, &c.

MISS HANNAH ADAMS has recently published the history of the Jews, in two volumes, which is said to have been executed with great labour, accuracy, and patience of research.

The ingenious author of *Diedrick Knickerbocker*, is said to be preparing a new edition for the press, in which it is expected he will be enabled to detect and amend several errors of his first edition, chronological, political, geographical, and historical, by having since had recourse to more authentic documents.

MUNROE & FRANCIS have recently published an interesting pamphlet, entitled *Resources of Russia*.

BRADFORD & INSKEEP have recently published a novel, entitled *Kelroy*, by a Lady of Pennsylvania.

PROPOSALS are issued to publish by subscription, in two volumes octavo, *Travels in the United States of America*, in the years 1806, 1807, 1809, 1810 and 1811; including an account of passages betwixt America and Britain, and travels through various parts of Britain, Ireland, and Upper Canada. With an appendix, containing a brief review of various geographical works, and books of travels in the United States; an abstract of the American constitutions; and sundry statistical tables, and documents relative to political economy. Illustrated by maps and plates. By John Melish.

CAPT. HUGH M'CALL proposes to resume his labours, and to publish another volume of his *History of Georgia*, which is to comprise the history of our revolutionary war in the southern department. He solicits communications on this subject from those capable of affording information, and we join in that request.

FARRAND, HOPKINS & Co. of this city, have published *An Easy Introduction to the knowledge of the Hebrew Language*, without the points, by James P. Wilson, D. D.

Published in Baltimore, an Address delivered in Havre-de-Grace, June 4th, 1812, in consequence of a pamphlet set forth by a certain Nimrod Hughes, denouncing that day as the awful period of visitation to the inhabitants of this earth by the Almighty.

A NEW ASIATIC STORY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Allow me to indulge a hope that the following story, from the perusal of which several literary friends, in common with myself, have derived a high degree of gratification, will be deemed worthy of a place in your excellent journal. From the abrupt manner in which it commences, you will at once perceive, that it is nothing but an extract from a larger work. It is, notwithstanding, when regarded in relation to the events

which it records, and the moral which it inculcates, entire in itself. The work from which it is taken is of oriental origin, and has long retained its rank as one of the most pleasing and popular of all the legendary stories of the east. It is denominated *Bakhtiar Nameh*, or the *Favourite of Fortune*, and was written originally in the Persian language. In consequence, however, of its well merited and extensive popularity, it has since made its appearance in several other Asiatic tongues. It has been recently translated by a gentleman of this city, and the public will be shortly gratified with a sight of it, clothed in the language of the United States. The main drift of the work is to set forth, in a striking point of view, the evils attendant on precipitancy and rashness, and the necessity of caution, inquiry, and cool deliberation, in all the important transactions of life; more especially such as involve consequences that cannot be recalled. For the illustration and enforcement of these points, examples are selected which are highly impressive, and attended with circumstances of peculiar interest. Such, moreover, is the general texture of the story, that, in the course of it, a great extent of our duty as rational, social, and accountable beings is clearly explained and forcibly inculcated. All this is done in such a way as to combine the engagingness of the novel with the soundness and purity of moral discourse. That your readers may the better understand the full intent and bearing of the narrative with which they are about to be presented, permit me to lay before them the following brief analysis of the story.

A certain monarch of the east, deposed from his throne, and banished from his kingdom, together with his queen, is compelled to abandon in the desert an infant son. The child is found by the chief of a band of robbers, who, attracted by its beauty and the richness of its apparel, humanely undertakes the care of its infancy, and bestows on it an excellent and virtuous education. At the age of fifteen, this royal foundling, now a youth of exalted promise, is taken prisoner along with a number of the robbers, who had been unsuccessful in an attack on a powerful caravan.

They are all conducted for trial to the tribunal of the king who was the young man's father. The manly and eloquent de-

fence set up by the youth, and the peculiar grace and dignity with which he conducted himself in the presence of the monarch, cooperating with a sympathetic emotion experienced by that prince at the sight of his son, though then unknown to him, procured a pardon for the whole company. Nor does this fortunate adventure terminate here. The young man receives a high and honourable appointment in the household of the king, who thence bestows on him the name of Bakhtiar.

With such faithfulness and ability does Bakhtiar discharge the duties of his station, that the king conceives for him a distinguished friendship, and creates him one of the exalted dignitaries of the state. He becomes the chief favourite and bosom friend of his sovereign.

This signal and still increasing favour, soon excites the jealousy of ten viziers, among whom the king had hitherto distributed the superintendence of the public concerns. These officers find, at length, an opportunity pregnant with circumstances peculiarly favourable to their views, to accuse Bakhtiar of a capital crime. Appearances are against him. He is thrown into prison, loaded with irons, and condemned to die.

When conducted into the presence of his sovereign, at the very moment he is about to suffer death, he utters fervent prayers for the prosperity of his majesty, feelingly protests his own innocence, and warns the king of the evils and dangers attendant on precipitancy. He relates to him a striking example of the inconveniencies and miseries which a too hasty decision had produced. The king listens with great attention to the recital of Bakhtiar, is led by it into a train of salutary reflections, and suspends the execution of the sentence till the following day.

On the succeeding morning, one of the viziers earnestly importunes the king to inflict prompt and exemplary punishment on Bakhtiar, who, by means of another narrative, delivered with the most fascinating eloquence and grace, and applicable to his own unfortunate situation, obtains a respite for another day. During ten successive days, the ten viziers, each in his turn, urge the king to the execution of Bakhtiar. On each day the prisoner defends himself in the same manner. This gives rise to ten stories, greatly varied and highly interesting, rich in pleasing

incidents and brilliant imagery, elegant description and sound morality.

When the tenth day arrived, no decisive proof of the innocence of Bakhtiar had yet been exhibited. Weary of being thus amused by a succession of stories, and urged by his viziers and courtiers in a tone of vehemence which he could no longer resist, the king resigns the prisoner to his fate. The youth is conducted in chains to the place of execution. When the fatal moment is just at hand, the reputed father of Bakhtiar arrives with his companions. Indignant at beholding their youthful favourite led forth to punishment, these men oppose the guard, and, aided by the friendship of the people for Bakhtiar, rescue him from his impending fate, and bear him off in triumph.

The king being apprized of this rescue, sends officers in quest of those by whom it had been effected. These men are soon conducted to the foot of the throne. An explanation ensues, which discloses to the king the secret of the birth of Bakhtiar, and, at the same time, convinces him of his innocence. The king acknowledges him as his son and legitimate heir. He causes the ten viziers to suffer death, as the reward of their perfidy, and exalts Bakhtiar to the throne of his kingdom.

The following extract contains entire one of the stories by which Bakhtiar was successful in having his execution deferred.

THE HISTORY OF KING DADINUS AND HIS TWO VIZIERS, KAMKAR
AND KARDAR.

ON the following day the sixth vizier presented himself in the audience chamber of the king, and greeting his majesty with expressions of homage and respect, thus addressed him: "Sire, all kings renowned for wisdom, have regarded the removal of their enemies as an object of sufficient importance, to engross an ample share of their attention. We are told by the sages and philosophers of former times, that no one should ever consider an enemy as harmless, however feeble and insignificant he may appear; and that as soon as his enmity has fairly disclosed itself, prudence calls aloud for his removal from the earth. There is no such thing, say they, as a little enemy. As soon, therefore, as you hold your foe in your power, hesitate not, but snatch up a sabre and chop him to pieces.

No sooner had the king heard this representation, than he gave orders to bring Bakhtiar immediately forth. The viziers vied with each other in hastening his appearance, accompanied by the executioner, in order that he might suffer without delay.

"Bakhtiar," said the king, "although I have interposed great delay in the execution of your sentence, your innocence has not yet been made manifest. This day, therefore, will I sever the thread of your existence, that your punishment may serve as a warning to the wicked, and implant in their souls a salutary terror."

"How firm soever the resolution I had formed," said Bakhtiar, "no more to open my lips in my defence, yet my regard for truth and for the welfare of your majesty, has compelled me to break silence and humbly represent to you, that should you cause me to be put to death, my enemies will exult in the success of their machinations, and your majesty will become the victim of an unavailing repentance. I am not in a situation to make my escape, nor have I the slightest disposition to attempt it. Whatever delay, therefore, your majesty may interpose in this affair, should I ultimately fail in the establishment of my innocence, my blood will still be liable to answer for the crime of which I am accused. Alas! the weight of grief with which I am overwhelmed, notwithstanding the support I derive from conscious innocence, checks my utterance, and, in the august and imposing presence of my sovereign, takes from me my wonted powers of elucidation. But that Being who is intimately acquainted with the affairs of this world, the most hidden as well as the most public, will make amends for my deficiency—he will yet render the truth conspicuous in the eyes of your majesty. Be not precipitate in letting fall the terrible sword of justice. Shed not my blood without a cause; you who are already so renowned for your clemency, you who are the protector of the feeble and the stranger."

When Bakhtiar had breathed forth this appeal to his mercy, the king felt himself strongly moved with compassion. "Each day," said the vizier, "you relate a new story; but as yet you have failed to establish your innocence. There remains, therefore, no alternative but to be prompt in your execution."

"May his majesty," said Bakhtiar, "vouchsafe, in his clemency, to defer my punishment a little longer. When I shall be in my grave, of what avail will be an ill-timed repentance? Beware, I intreat you, of what happened to king Dadinus, who, on the false accusation of Kardar, unjustly put to death his vizier Kamkar." The king commanded Bakhtiar to relate this story.

"It is recorded," said Bakhtiar, "in ancient chronicles, that in former times, there was a certain king by name Dadinus, who had two viziers, the one named Kamkar, and the other Kardar.

"Kamkar had a daughter so transcendently fair, that she was universally regarded as the beauty of the age.

"The king having, one day, set out on the chase, took Kamkar along with him, leaving to Kardar, in his absence, the superintendence and direction of the affairs of his kingdom.

"Some matter of business having drawn Kardar to the palace of Kamkar, he beheld in the garden his lovely daughter, whose beauty struck him so forcibly, at first sight, that he became from that moment her devoted slave, bound in indissoluble fetters of love. His tranquillity forsook him, and he became a stranger

to repose. The image of this divine maiden was constantly in his sight; by night and by day her charms were the only subject of his thoughts. He revolved in his mind every possible mean by which he might obtain the object of his affections. He said within himself: 'Kamkar being devoted to virtue and religion, will never consent that I should become his son-in-law. My most promising measure, therefore, will be, to wait on his majesty when he returns from the chase, and, taking an opportunity of speaking to him respecting the beauty of his vizier's daughter, present to his imagination such a glowing image, such a seducing picture, that he himself shall become enamoured of her charms. He will hasten to demand her as an ornament to his seraglio. I will then devise some source of such weighty accusation against her, as shall effectually ruin her in the estimation of the king. He will command me to lead her to instant execution, and I will sue for her pardon on the condition of marrying her. His majesty will be favourable to my suit, and by this stratagem, will I accomplish my design.'

"After mature deliberation, he resolved on this scheme as the most flattering to his hopes.

"The king having a few days afterwards returned from the chase, sent for Kardar and demanded of him an account of all that had happened during his absence, of the state of public affairs, of the city, of the kingdom in general, and whatever news he had been able to collect.

"Sire, said the vizier, your subjects are all observant of the laws, and obedient to the orders which issue from your throne. But during your absence, my eyes met an object whose equal was never presented to them before, and whose like no one, I am persuaded, has ever beheld.' 'What is it you have seen?' said the king, 'I am impatient to be informed of it.' 'I saw,' says the vizier, 'a beauty of such ineffable lustre, that the full-orbed moon shines not with a light so brilliant as her eyes. She is a divinity under the figure of a mortal. No one has ever beheld such perfection. Her stature is comely as that of the cypress. Her hair, which is black as the plumage of the raven, breathes forth the perfumes of Arabia mingled with the odoriferous musk of Tartary. Her enchanting figure, her graces and accomplishments, might reduce under her dominion both mortals and gods. In gentleness and sweetness she is a dove, in beauty and splendor, a garden richly enamelled with flowers.'

"The words of Kardar made a lively impression on the heart of the king. His imagination took fire, and, suddenly smitten by the charms of so matchless a beauty, he communicated to the vizier his strong emotion, and the love with which the picture of this fair one had inspired him. 'My whole soul,' said he, 'is engrossed with the thought of those matchless perfections which you have just depicted. The fires of love are enkindled in my bosom, and I can never more experience the sweets of tranquillity without the possession of this precious jewel. Impart to me the means by which I may obtain her.' 'For the accomplishment of this,' replied Kardar, 'you need neither sacrifice money, nor send abroad an ambassador. Your majesty has only to send for Kamkar, whose

daughter is the beauty of whom I have spoken, and to him make known the desires of your bosom.'

"Let the vizier," said the king, 'be called into our presence. After his arrival we will resume this conversation, and I hope to succeed in obtaining his consent.'

"Kardar being thus despatched to call his colleague Kamkar, brought him forthwith into the presence of the king. His majesty receiving him with tokens of the warmest affection, and with an air the most gracious and flattering, said to him 'Be seated Kamkar, I am anxious to converse with you about an affair of importance.'

"Kamkar advanced with a deportment of respect, and with such manifestations of homage and submission, as the occasion required from a subject to his sovereign. 'I understand,' said the king, 'that you are blessed with a miracle of perfection, a daughter endowed with every accomplishment, moulded by the graces, and surpassing in beauty. If you will bestow her on me as the ornament of my seraglio, you will complete my happiness, and your recompense shall be ample. I will create you a personage of great power, and you shall experience the full extent of my munificence. In riches, grandeur, and authority, you shall be distinguished over all the princes, the nobles, and the grandees of my kingdom. I will even invest you with all my power, my possessions, and my authority.'

"Your majesty," replied Kamkar, 'condescends to honour me with a proffered happiness beyond what I can express. Had I an hundred daughters, they should all be at the sovereign disposal of my prince. Let me, however, supplicate your majesty's permission to apprise my daughter of this glorious proposal, and to prepare her for the auspicious change of fortune which awaits her, to the end that the splendor of the marriage ceremonial may be suitable to the lustre of your majesty's seraglio, and the august standing of your court and throne. I doubt not of the joy she will experience on the occasion, and I will forthwith conduct her to await your pleasure.'

"Your words delight me," said the king 'Fly to your daughter, unfold to her my intentions, and lose not an instant in concluding this transaction.'

"Kamkar taking an immediate leave of the king, repaired to his daughter, and imparted to her the intentions of his sovereign respecting her.

"My ever dear and honoured father," said she, 'I am not calculated for the walks of royalty; my inclination does not lean towards such dazzling grandeurs, and I shall acquit myself inelegantly of the duties they impose. Besides, we are instructed by philosophers, that the service of kings may be aptly compared to water and fire. Their desires and their character are, like these elements, destructive and changeable. I can never be prevailed on to accede to this proposal.'

"On hearing this reply, Kamkar said to her: 'My beloved child, what course can we pursue under circumstances so peculiarly critical? If I make known to the king your reluctance and refusal, he will instantly, in his fury, consign me to the axe.' 'The most expedient course,' said the young damsel, 'will be, to

convey to the king a favourable answer, accompanied with my consent, to request of him a delay of ten days, and, in the mean time, we will fly from the kingdom.'

"You are right," said Kamkar to his daughter; 'this is the most eligible step we can take; I conform to your opinion, and we will act accordingly.'

"When they had definitively adopted this determination, Kamkar, appearing in the presence of the king, addressed him as follows: 'Sire, the daughter of your slave glories in the intended favours of your majesty; she esteems herself inconceivably happy from your goodness; she supplicates your majesty to vouchsafe to her a delay of ten days, that all things may be arranged in a manner corresponding to the august occasion.' The king, overjoyed at the news, readily complied with the terms requested of him, and, at the same time, added; 'I also exonerate you from all business during these ten days, that you may have leisure to remain at home with your daughter; you will thus be able to accelerate the necessary preparations and arrangements, and to devote your undivided attention to the prompt and perfect execution of whatever the ceremonial of the occasion may require.'

"Kamkar kissed the ground, and repaired immediately to the apartments of his daughter. They engaged without delay in preparations for their departure, and setting out on the same night, accompanied by a few confidential slaves, pursued their journey with great diligence.

"When the morning appeared, the king having been apprized of the flight of Kamkar and his daughter, was afflicted and enraged in the highest degree. He commanded forty of his officers to go immediately in pursuit of them. 'I also,' said Kardar, 'will bear them company in search of these fugitives. Conceal themselves where they may, I will bring them forthwith to the feet of your majesty.' The king, highly gratified at this proposal, consented to the measure, and they set out in a body to search for Kamkar and his beautiful daughter.

"After two days march, they overtook them by the side of a fountain. Having made prisoners of them and their servants, they bound them in chains and carried them to the king. No sooner had the king perceived Kamkar, than he exclaimed, 'Unprincipled wretch! subject most profligate and most accursed! whence come you?' In speaking these words he snatched up a chair, and threw it at the head of the vizier. The violence of the blow fracturing the skull of Kamkar, he expired on the spot.

"He then darted a look of fire on the daughter of Kamkar; but her beauty, her grace, and her distinguished perfections, produced such a lively impression on his heart, as to extinguish his rage, and render it impossible for him to treat her with harshness. On the other hand, he could not forbear to admire her, to gaze with rapture on the bewitching elegance of her form, the sweetness of her countenance, the expression of her eyes, and the beauty of her hair. From her monarch he was suddenly converted into her slave; and she became, from that moment, the sole object of his thoughts and his desires.

"He commanded all the judges and interpreters of the laws, together with his counsellors of state, to assemble immediately, had a decree passed, and ordered the young damsel to be conducted to his seraglio. He suffered her to retain all her former domestics, and her household establishment without alteration, except one favourite servant, a jester by vocation, who had had the care of her when an infant. To him, access to the seraglio was strictly forbidden.

"This servant, afflicted at the separation, wrote frequently to his mistress to beg for admission. 'Listen to my intreaty,' said he to her; 'speak to the king in my behalf; represent to him the wretchedness of my situation, and the keenness of my sorrow; let me hope that his majesty will suffer me to be received again into your service: if he refuse I shall fall a victim to grief.'

"The young damsel was touched with the affection of her servant: she spoke to the king in his favour, and finally obtained his admission into the seraglio.

"The daughter of Kamkar became reconciled to her situation. Within the walls of the seraglio she passed a tranquil and happy life. But Kardar was deprived of his peace of mind, in consequence of the passion he had conceived for this beauty. He was, therefore, constantly occupied in devising some artifice or stratagem, by which he might destroy her in the estimation of the king, in order that when repudiated by him, she might ultimately fall into his own possession.

"In the mean time, owing to the restless ambition of certain neighbouring powers, the king became engaged in the prosecution of a war. He caused an army to be assembled in great haste to repel invasion, and, on leaving his capital, confided to Kardar the reins of government.

"Kardar now found himself at the head of affairs, but still his soul was engrossed with love. His sufferings, in consequence of his passion, were poignant, and he earnestly sought for an interview with the daughter of Kamkar.

"Walking one day on the terrace of his house, which commanded a view of the royal seraglio, he perceived in the garden the idol of his affections, seated by herself in a solitary bower. In the tumult of joy which a sight so delightful awakened in his bosom, his first emotion was to throw himself from the terrace to the ground: but he checked the impulse. Taking up a small stone, he threw it towards the place where the daughter of Kamkar was reclining in the bower. Raising her eyes and perceiving Kardar standing on the terrace, she immediately directed them again to the ground, without speaking a word. The vizier observing that she remained silent, accosted her respectfully in the form of salutation: she returned the salutation, a circumstance which filled him with the liveliest joy. He then passionately exclaimed, 'Sovereign of my soul, queen of my desires, long since have you inspired me with the most ardent affection! So deep is the impression of your charms on my heart, that night and day I am a stranger to repose. Without you I drag out a sad and wretched existence. Take compassion, I implore you, on the torments I experience! accept me for your devoted slave, and you shall be happy yourself in the blessing you confer! If you smile on my suit, if you accept my proposals, we will quit the country without delay. I possess gold and riches amply sufficient to procure for you all the elegances

of life. Signify your consent; and, if the enterprize please you, I will poison the king, and we will usurp the throne.'

"The daughter of Kamkar replied, "How is it, Kardar, that you can unblushingly make me a proposition so impious? Do you not tremble at the vengeance of the Most High? You dare to plot even treason against the person of the king, and violate by an unhallowed act the sanctuary of his seraglio! What account can you render at the final judgment, on the day of the resurrection, the spring-time of vengeance? What excuse will you offer to your God for such enormities and crimes?"

"What interest," replied Kardar, 'can you take in behalf of the king? He assassinated your father without a cause, and without condescending to hear his defence. He merits neither your attachment nor your confidence. With his own hand he severed the thread of your father's existence: be on your guard, lest, in some evil hour, you experience from his fury a similar fate! You will, then, when too late, remember the friendly warnings which I utter.'

"The daughter of Kamkar replied, 'The course of Providence cannot be impeded. The wisdom of the Most High pre-ordained the death of my father, and I bow with resignation to his sovereign decrees. I am, in like manner, prepared to submit, without a murmur, to whatever may be his pleasure in relation to myself. Dismiss, therefore, your solicitude on my account.' Having spoken these words, she hastened to conceal herself within the seraglio.

"Kardar was now convinced that there remained to him no hope of gaining possession of the daughter of Kamkar. Descending from the terrace, he entered on a serious train of reflection. 'It is necessary,' said he to himself, 'that I should prevent this young damsel from imparting to the king what has just taken place; otherwise the adventure will deprive me of his favour, and even prove the cause of my certain destruction. Before, therefore, she can see and converse with the king, I must devise some artifice to prevent an interview. I will accuse her of such an act of infamy, that should she even offer to the king information against me, he will remain incredulous, and will forthwith condemn her either to death or banishment.'

"In a short time afterwards, the king having brought the war to a favourable termination, returned in the pomp and gladness of victory. Kardar, with the principal grandees and nobility of the kingdom, met him at the distance of several days journey from the capital, to receive him with magnificent fetes and entertainments. When the retinue arrived in presence of the king, those who composed it dismounted from their horses. They did homage to his majesty, tendering their vows of loyalty and love. The king received them individually in a manner the most kind and gracious, and they all in a body took their route towards the capital. Kardar, conspicuous alike for the elegance of his steed and the splendor of his equipment, rode next to the king. His majesty inquired of him the news of the kingdom, and called on him for information as to the state of his affairs. 'Sire,' replied Kardar, 'the subjects of your majesty are all obedient to the laws, and rejoice in the glorious lustre of your throne. There is,

however, one circumstance which, although I was both an eye and an ear-witness to the event, I do not dare to represent to your majesty.' 'Speak freely,' replied the king, 'and impart to me the circumstance without delay.'

"Sire," replied Kardar, 'my tongue refuses to give utterance to a story, which would wound the sensibility of your majesty's heart.' 'Quickly impart it to me,' said the king, and dissipate the painful uncertainty you have created.' 'Sire,' returned Kardar, 'I have not the resolution to open to you the narrative. Your majesty will be enraged and unable to contain yourself. I shrink from the task. Yet should I suffer the matter to rest in silence, your majesty will learn it from some other quarter, and I shall be so unhappy as to incur your displeasure.'

"Speak," said the king, 'without reserve. You possess my entire confidence. I will place on your recital the most implicit reliance, and I pledge you my royal word, to take no offence at any thing you may have to communicate.'

"Our wise men," said Kardar, 'have inculcated on us this maxim: When you have destroyed the serpent, destroy also his young.'

"What enigma," said the king, 'is concealed in this maxim? Speak more explicitly.'

"I was sitting one day," said the vizier, 'in a retired part of the palace I heard voices; I listened, and perceived that there were two persons earnestly engaged in an interesting conversation. I softly approached the spot and concealed myself behind a curtain. I heard distinctly every thing that passed. It was the daughter of Kamkar engaged in discourse with her favourite servant. 'You had already arrived at maturity,' said the young damsel, 'when I was an infant. From that time I have cherished for you an ardent and increasing friendship. How many days of pain and inexpressible anxiety have I passed on your account! During the night, in the midst of my dreams, my mind dwells on no other object but yourself. I spoke to the king, for the purpose of having you near to me; I obtained from him your admission into the seraglio. From my infancy to the present moment, I have never left you without reluctance; yet you do not speak to me with tenderness, but are always cold and reserved when we are alone. You are dearer to me than the light of heaven, or the blood that warms and animates my heart. To live without you is impossible. I have a project in view, in the accomplishment of which your assistance will be necessary. You know that the king assassinated my father. I have a heart that thirsts for vengeance; and my purpose is to requite the murderer with a dose of poison. We will then take leave of the city, retire together to some sequestered spot, and, blest in the enjoyment of mutual love, pass the remainder of our days in the lap of pleasure.' 'My patience forsook me,' added Kardar, 'and I could listen no longer to so infamous a conversation. Fired with indignation, I withdrew unperceived, to brood over my thoughts, and wait with impatience the return of your majesty, that I might unbosom myself of so painful and fatal a secret.'

"The king, on hearing this recital, experienced the utmost perturbation of mind, and the hectic of resentment glowed on his countenance. He dismounted

from his horse, and entering the seraglio, commanded his train of attendants to retire.

"The jester appeared, according to his custom, laughing, and practising his jokes and pleasantries. The king, burning with rage, ordered him to be immediately bound, and, with his own hand, struck off his head. He then commanded the daughter of Kamkar to be conducted into his presence. As soon as she appeared he said to her, 'This is well! it is you who have conspired against the life of your sovereign and benefactor! it is you that have preferred to all the world this miserable jester.' From these words the young damsel immediately discovered, that this was the effect of the perfidy of Kardar. She attempted to speak, but the king silenced her, and darting on her a furious look: 'I will instantly despatch you,' said he, 'in company with your paramour.' He then issued orders for her immediate execution.

"At these words, Kardar threw himself at the feet of the king, and said to him, 'Sire, your majesty cannot be ignorant that to put a woman to death is regarded as an action of evil omen, and detracting in some measure, from the glory of a monarch. It is, in my estimation, much more expedient to tie her hand and foot on a camel, and send her in this condition into the desert, to die of pain, hunger, and thirst.' The king was pleased with this advice, and issued his mandate to have it carried into effect.

"Kardar having a camel immediately brought forth, bound the daughter of Kamkar on it, and drove it towards the desert. By hunger and thirst the tender damsel was soon reduced to an extremity of distress. Her lips were parched, and her tongue and palate, deprived of the last drop of their moisture, felt as if under the influence of actual burning. She addressed herself to heaven, adored the beneficent disposer of all things, and, in a spirit of meek and pious resignation, submitted to the providence and wisdom of his immutable decrees. 'Oh! my God,' said she, in the most fervent ejaculation, 'may thy will be done! If thy infinite bounty will condescend to administer to me a drop of water, to prolong my existence for a few moments, I will employ them in doing homage to thy holy name. Thou knowest that the punishment inflicted on me is unjust, inasmuch as I have not been guilty of any crime. If my death be decreed, grant, that before the termination of my miserable existence, I may be able to exhibit to the world some certain and convincing proof of my innocence. Thou art the protector and stay of the unhappy; my only hope arises, like the day-star, out of the ocean of thy mercy.'

"No sooner had the damsel addressed to her God this pious effusion, than she felt herself suddenly freed from her chains. At the same instant, a fountain of pure water burst forth from the sands. Around this fountain was spread a carpet of lively verdure, most pleasing to the view. The camel took his station by the side of the young damsel, and protected her by his shadow from the rays of the sun. She having refreshed herself with the water, rendered thanks to the Most High, and poured forth her soul in adoration and prayer.

"There was then in the same quarter a camel-driver, engaged in searching for a drove of camels that had lately gone astray. Anxious and distressed, he had wandered some time in the desert, and did not dare to return to the city without his camels, lest he should incur the displeasure of the king. All his researches had been hitherto unavailing. Perceiving, at length, a camel at a distance, he supposed it to be one of those which he had lost. He approached it in great haste: but what was his surprise at beholding a beauteous young damsel engaged in prayer, a camel protecting her from the sun by his shadow, a delightful fountain of water by her side, and the earth around clothed in a carpet of the most pleasing verdure! Neither water nor verdure had been ever before discovered in the desert.

"The camel-driver being a man exemplary for his piety and good dispositions, said within himself, 'I must not interrupt this young damsel's devotion; I will wait till her prayer be concluded: presenting to her then my homage and submission, I will endeavour, through the means of her intercession with Heaven, to obtain from the divine goodness the restoration of my camels.'

"Having waited till the conclusion of her prayer, the camel-driver approached the young damsel, and thus accosted her: 'Child of beauty, will you accept of me for your father? I am desirous of adopting you for my daughter, and hope by this act to participate of the bounty and favour of God.'

"The young damsel turning her eyes towards the camel-driver, replied, 'I am happy in accepting you for my father;' and I,' said he, 'with no less delight adopt you for my daughter.' This arrangement being thus briefly concluded, the camel-driver perceived that his adopted daughter was hungry. He accordingly brought and presented to her some bread and fowl's flesh. She ate a few mouthfuls of the bread, and when she had finished, the camel-driver began to put some questions to her touching the adventure which had brought her thus, without any means of subsistence, into the desert. She made him no reply.

"My daughter,' said the camel-driver, 'it is several days since I lost a drove of camels, and I am so much in dread of the resentment of the king, to whom they belong, that I am a stranger to repose. I have traversed these deserts and savage plains, without being able to discover any traces of them. I perceive that you are one of those pious mortals, devoted to the adoration of the Supreme Being. I intreat you to favour me with your intercession and influence with God. I doubt not but your prayers will be successful in my behalf.'

"Raising her eyes to heaven, the young damsel thus sent forth her supplicating voice: 'Sovereign of the universe, it is known to thee that this camel-driver is an upright man, who subsists by his calling; his distress and despondency on account of the loss of the camels of his majesty, are also open to thy all-seeing eye: grant, of thy mercy and infinite goodness, that he may recover in safety the beasts that have gone astray.'

"Before this prayer was finished, the camel-driver perceived, at a distance, by the borders of the forest, a drove of camels coming towards him. They ar-

rived in a few minutes near to where he was standing, and there halted. The camel-driver, overwhelmed with joy at so fortunate an occurrence, rendered thanks to the Supreme Being, and then said to the daughter of Kamkar: 'My child, this desert abounds with lions and tigers. Your longer continuance in it, therefore, is forbidden by prudence, because it is inconsistent with safety. Come with me to the city: you shall dwell under my roof: I will prepare for you an oratory, and furnish it with every requisite for the worship of your God.'

"The young damsel having consented to the proposal, the camel-driver seated her on one of his camels, and then directed their course to the city, where they arrived about the hour of evening prayer.

"The camel-driver, in conformity to his promise, fitted up a well-furnished oratory, where the daughter of Kamkar devoted herself to the constant adoration of the Supreme Being, to prayer, and to the praises of her God.

"Some days afterwards, the camel-driver appearing in the presence of the king to tender him his homage, his majesty demanded of him a history of his journey. 'Sire,' said the camel-driver, 'may the reign of your majesty be long, and may glory and prosperity be for ever around you! May your fortune to come be equal to that which is already past! I witnessed a very singular and marvellous occurrence, which I will now have the honour to unfold to your majesty, if you will graciously condescend to listen to my recital.'

"The king having granted him permission to speak, the camel-driver thus continued.

"More than a month had now elapsed since my drove of camels had suddenly disappeared, and were still missing. I set out in search of them, and, in pursuance of my purpose, traversed the whole country. Having arrived in the desert, I was overwhelmed with surprise, on beholding a fountain of pure and pleasant water, and a young damsel by the side of it earnest in prayer. Near to her stood a camel which protected her, by its shadow, from the fervors of the sun. I felt persuaded that favours so signal were conferred by heaven as a reward for the excelling worth and piety of the young damsel. I proposed to adopt her as my daughter, and intreated her to supplicate the Deity in her prayers, for the restoration of my camels. The young damsel having consented to my request, addressed herself to the Most High. At that instant, my camels made their appearance, advanced towards me, and suffered themselves to be taken. I prevailed on this pious damsel to accompany me to the city: in my own dwelling I prepared for her accommodations and an oratory, where, night and day, she devotes herself solely to the adoration of her God.'

"The king felt his curiosity awakened by this recital. 'You must conduct me,' said he to the camel-driver, 'to this wonderful young damsel. I wish to see her, and to prevail on her to recommend me, in her prayers, to the Supreme Being.'

"The camel-driver obeyed, and forthwith conducted the king to his dwelling. The king concealed himself behind a curtain, where he perceived the young

damsel engaged in her oratory adoring God and fervent in prayer. When her prayer was finished, she turned round to receive her visitors with the customary salutation. The king observing her attentively, recognised the features of the daughter of Kamkar. He could no longer contain himself. He sprang from his concealment, threw his arms around her, and pressing her to his bosom, poured forth an abundant shower of tears. 'Exercise your generosity towards me,' said he to her, 'blot from your memory the wrongs that are past, restore to me your affections, and let us live, as formerly, in all the harmony and felicities of love.' The daughter of Kamkar, no less moved than the king himself, granted without hesitation the pardon solicited. 'I will restore to you,' said she, 'my entire affection, on condition that you conceal yourself here for a few minutes, till Kardar be sent for. I wish to let you hear his words, and to unfold to you the artifice and stratagem which that perfidious vizier has practised for the purpose of destroying me in your estimation.'

"The king having consented to this, retired again behind the curtain. The daughter of Kamkar calling the camel-driver, her host, said to him, 'Go, my father, I intreat you, to the vizier Kardar, and say to him: I have, in my house, a young damsel, who requests and very ardently desires to see you.' The camel-driver delivering the message without delay, Kardar hastened to the place of appointment. He perceived and immediately recognised the daughter of Kamkar. He was transported with joy at the discovery, persuaded that he was now about to obtain the object of his desires. He respectfully saluted her: the young damsel returned the salute. Kardar, then approaching, said to her: 'Light of my eyes! by what miracle have you escaped from such a host of misfortunes, such a complication of miseries? Alas! on the day on which the king had you bound on a camel and sent into the desert, I despatched a great number of messengers in quest of you, to conduct you to my arms. Every effort to find you proved unsuccessful. From that time I abandoned myself to melancholy. Sorrow has dried up my blood. I was falling by degrees a wretched victim to the grief I experienced on account of your loss. But your heavenly presence replenishes my veins, and recalls me to life. Ah! wherefore, on the day on which I threw a small pebble from my terrace, when I made you a tender of my affection, when I importuned you to fly with me—wherefore did you not kindly listen to my suit? You rejected my offers!—How, said I to you, can you trust yourself to that king who has been the impious cause of so many misfortunes to you? who, in a spirit of cruelty and injustice, assassinated your father, and is formed only for the commission of wickedness and crimes! I further added: if it meet your approbation, I will prepare for the king a poison which will certainly destroy him, and we will then live happily together, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the pleasures of love.....To my tender suit you did not vouchsafe a favourable reception. You replied, 'I will not be guilty of the slightest injury or wrong towards the king. I will never enter into a conspiracy against his person.' In vain did I represent to you that you were wrong in bestowing on him

your affections; that on some occasion he would destroy you as he had already done your father. You persisted in your refusal to listen to my advice. 'I submit to the will of God,' was your reply. Remember well my words; they were dictated by the ardent love I bear you. But what avails it to dwell on the remembrance of the past? Repentance and regret can only serve to awaken our sorrows. Let us render thanks to the Most High for the preservation of your life from the dangers that have surrounded, and the sanguinary cruelties that have been practised against you. I am and will continue through life your devoted servant, and from this moment your happiness alone shall be the object of my solicitude.'

"The young damsel made no reply. Kardar was about to enfold her in his arms; but the king, unable any longer to tolerate the sight, sprang from his concealment, drew a poignard, and pierced the heart of the perfidious vizier. The daughter of Kamkar was forthwith conducted, by the king's own hand, to the royal seraglio. The recollection of the iniquitous death he had inflicted on Kamkar harrowed up his soul, and overwhelmed him with irremediable sadness and sorrow. The daughter of the vizier lamented her father, and passed her days in affliction and mourning. But the king's repentance came too late, and the pious tears of the young damsel were unavailing!

"You perceive, Sire," added Bakhtiar, "that if the king Dadinus had not unjustly put to death his vizier Kamkar; if, at the request of Kardar, he had not bound the vizier's daughter, and sent her to perish in the inhospitable desert, he would have escaped the grief, the shame, and the remorse, which preyed upon his repose during the remainder of his life. In like manner, if your majesty will graciously condescend not to be precipitate in ordering my execution, in a few days my innocence may be as incontestably established, as was that of the pious daughter of Kamkar."

The king, highly gratified by this recital of Bakhtiar, ordered him to be conducted to prison till the following day.

SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSHCOOL,

I inclose you a solution to the question I transmitted some weeks ago, and which you published in *The Port Folio* for March.

From the manner in which the solution is conducted, your readers will be able at once, to perceive the mode of determining the converse of the question.

Z. Z.

THE OBSERVER, NO. I.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Quanquam O!—Sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti.—VIRGIL.

Though yet—But ah! that haughty wish is vain!

Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.—DRYDEN.

WHATEVER be the zeal and effort of a writer, they afford but poor ground for the prediction of his fate in the world. Even if they give merit to his work, merit itself is not a certain warrant of immediate success. So far otherwise, that many of the most illustrious productions of worth and talent that ever dignified the human character have been contemned or neglected until the authors' ears were deaf to the sounds of gratitude and praise. What, then, has he to hope, whose pretensions are small, whose title is common and uninteresting, whose claim is, not to teach, but simply to *observe*; and then

“—— a rude, unvarnished tale deliver,”

of what his readers have perhaps better noted?

There are, however, some considerations which it seems of primary importance to entertain, as being fairly in the relation of means to the desired end. They are chiefly three: The character and circumstances of the public which is addressed, the distinct purpose of the writer, and the fitness of his talents for the undertaking. But as to the last, the delay of an experiment must be indulged.

It is an easy thing to classify men. Thousands have done it in as many different ways, and thousands may still do it, without copying one another and without exhausting the subject. In this view, the great community of mankind appears a vast field, which every intellectual surveyor divides at will, and yet with some approach to rectitude in the result. It is indeed approximation only. None can run his lines with perfect justice. The nature of things does not admit it. The real gradations of character in society consist of undistinguishable degrees; which consequently set every sort of description at defiance. But it is no matter. Classification is designed less to settle or denote the exact merits of what it comprehends than to aid the mind

in prosecution of other purposes. Like an hypothesis in argument, it may be false in itself and yet promote the development of truth. In point of fact, indeed, it must, when applied to the human species, be commonly inaccurate, by reason of the immense multitude and variety of circumstances which ought to be taken into the account of each particular subject. Whoever, therefore, is acquainted with life, will not be surprised to see the same person consigned, by different distributions, at once to the highest and the lowest ranks of being.

Almost in the same moment we run a hundred divisions among our fellow-beings, accordingly as we regard their heads, their hearts, their conduct, or any other fraction of the whole man; and it is ten to one that all our divisions intersect each other. Yet they serve our ends, perhaps better than such as would result from wider comprehension. Whether so or not, they are, at all events, the best we can get at: for the entire character of a single man, is a composition at once so motley and so vast, that we are unable to amalgamate its incoherent elements, and stamp its total value on the mass. Much less can we generalise upon an impossibility, and extend to the whole race a rule of consideration which our best powers cannot apply to an individual.

After so much pains, therefore, bestowed upon so small a topic in mere complaisance to public feeling, I hope I shall be pardoned for suggesting to the world, in the figurative style of my own title, that, with respect to mind, the three denominations of *scrutinizers*, *observers* and *gazers*, comprehend them all. And I have the more confidence in this hope, on account of the modesty of my pretensions in inscribing my name among the middle class. To have taken a lower place, would have been an indignity to the enlightened community addressed; while the usurpation of a higher one might have been considered an infringement of their right to confer.

By far the greater portion of mankind belong unquestionably to the humble herd of *gazers*. Not only amid the severities of the inhospitable zones, but in the temperate, genial climes that lie between them; not only in those rude and barbarous

deserts where art and science never strayed, but in every department of their favourite domain; not only in the dark valleys of the shadows of infidelity and death, but in the meridian light, and heat, and glory of the Christian Sun; the great mass of the human family, created little lower than the angels, assert a character but little higher than the brutes. Strangers to thought, they do not even *observe*. Ignorant of their rights, patient of burdens wrongfully imposed, and reckless of the relation between the present and the future; they tread through life the busy round of their habits, and die without the memory of one intellectual joy.

That a liberal understanding is essential to the attainment of celestial favour, there is no reason to believe: and this is the only solace of a benevolent mind in view of the mental condition of the world. The scene is not, indeed, an uninterrupted waste. Splendid examples of high cultivation meet the eye and swell the pride of the beholder. But the misfortune is, there is too little contagion in learning and in talent. A few there are, who *scrutinize*, who study, who investigate; and the whole earth is filled with their results: but the *spirit* is not communicated. The most brilliant sparks are elicited; streams of fire issue; but the matter on which they fall is incombustible.

The American philanthropist, however, has here a distinguishing advantage. When pride of race is mortified, he can pass over, with just complacency, to pride of country. Here, excepting foreign emigrants, he finds almost none of that order of beings, that constitute the chief material in other states: And, whatever he may think of any existing administration, or of the tendency of any dominant political influence; the industry, the intelligence, the morality, the piety, which pervade the popular body and produce their legitimate effects in every direction, cannot fail, on national comparison, to fill his heart at once with exultation and with gratitude. That there is abundance of folly and enormity among us, inviting and provoking the censor's lash, is very true. Nor can it be concealed that the passions, manners and institutions of the country are little propitious to the higher aims of liberal ambition. But

the *common measure* of worth in the American community, is most assuredly greater than in any other. While, therefore, we may lament that our hemisphere seems not likely to be often visited with such amazing luminaries of human greatness as have sometimes reared their orbs above the horizon of the east; we have high consolation, if not, perhaps, a full equivalent, in the universal galaxy of smaller lights.

Let me not be suspected of artifice. I know, indeed, that pride of country is the darling passion of my readers; and that profession of it might, for a time, shield a bad writer from their indignation. I am aware, too, how difficult it is to make the world agree with an individual about the importance of his concerns, until their own appear involved, until their selfish affections are invaded, until either their hearts or their liberties have been subjugated. But it should be remembered that the commendation of a new acquaintance is not always insidious; and that the words of sincerity and truth cannot justly incur suspicion by the simple fact of conveying no reproach.

Neither be it inferred from this remark, that I am careless of men's approbation. On the contrary, the same frankness with which my first consideration has been thus ended, shall distinguish my commencement of the second, by an explicit avowal of that approbation as my highest terrestrial aim. It is an object which no generous mind contemplates with indifference; and the writer who affects to disregard it, commonly commits either a jest or an outrage upon truth: he either sports with the superabundance of his enjoyment, or belies the hopeless famine of his wishes. The pleasures of fame are next to those of conscience and religion. And its political importance is in a correspondent degree. It is power to the individual and benefit to the public. Its various modifications are essential, if not to the existence, at least to the ornament and value of society.

Some, indeed, there have been, of illustrious name, who have abused their distinction by apostrophizing its vanity; who have foolishly trifled with the dignity of character, by letting down their *humor* to the level of the reprobates *despair*, and railing at what they had exerted all their talents to acquire and would

reexert them to defend. But this was not the result of principle or of sober sentiment. Public opinion is a mark above the contempt of princes; and whenever the great have thus condescended to be little, it should be regarded as a heedless aberration of temper. There are a thousand considerations which influence the conduct of men, and which are calculated rather to make them appear odd and inconsistent with themselves than to confirm the characteristic traits by which they are distinguished from one another; and it is not wonderful if, amid their various eccentricities, they now and then exemplify the spirited remark of Mr. Hume, that, "the extremes are sometimes nearer together than the means." Sovereigns, as well as subjects, will cant sententiously about the insignificance of worldly place. A person of high charms, feeling it safe, may think it smart and heroic, to join in disparagement of the *gew-gaw beauty*, with a wretch whose face would awake the compassion of owls or the derision of monkeys. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, have often conspired, in breath if not in purpose, to depreciate the causes of their difference. And the reason is obvious: Those on the better side of the division could afford to do so, and those on the worse could afford nothing else. In reality, the love of praise is as much a part of the nature of man as the love of beauty. Both, in favouring circumstances, are matured into intense passion; and the want of either is fatal to the character of entire humanity.

There is, however, a denomination of persons who seem to feel a conscientious impulse to condemn all mortal praise as a species of idolatry. They would fain annihilate the best of earthly motives and enjoyments, lest those acknowledged to possess a higher character should be excluded. They would put the extinguisher upon the most kindly and consolatory lamp that God has lighted on this sphere, in tender apprehension that the blazing and perennial fires of heaven might lose their lustre.

What! is nothing justifiable which does not directly involve the consideration of another state of being? Is such the condi-

tion of this life that sublunary business must, or *may*, be all forborne? Has not *the straight and narrow way* a single flower of the season on its borders, that may be innocently plucked?

But the applause of men is a *less substantial* good, perhaps, than it appears? so is the food we eat. Yet this supports the animal vigour, as that does the intellectual, and it is matter of very trivial importance whether we have any just conception of the essential existence of either. If all the world should go over to the *unsubstantial* side of the long-agitated question about the reality of matter, the rules and practices of life would probably remain uninterrupted; hunger and thirst would still repair to the board, the smith would still ply his hammer, the old man would still rest upon his crutch. Indeed, when a dependent being is blessed with enjoyments to which he has no title but in the indulgence of his sovereign, there is something worse than absurdity in denying the sufficiency of the means by which they are conveyed.

A distinction has, however, been drawn between the *vanities* of present and of posthumous celebrity. It might be more difficult than it seems to settle truly their comparative merits, as objects of pursuit; for all the influence and turbulent pleasures which the *aura popularis* brings, might possibly be found a doubtful equivalent for the calm and solemn satisfaction of the view which genius, overlooking the short interval of its own career, casts forward on the prospect of posterior fame.

A distinction founded on the difference of the talents which are calculated to be successful in the prosecution of these objects, will perhaps admit greater certainty. To please the passing age, and to secure the approbation of posterity, are notoriously things which do not involve each other. Even in the department of authorship, where little or nothing is left to the caprice of tradition, or to the lasting injustice of malicious history, but the suitor enters his own title and its evidence on record; it is by no means a matter of course that the decision of the present day will go down with authority to future courts. Men are at all times more subject to the influence of habit than of reason. Not only their manners and ordinary conduct, but

their passions, tastes, and even judgments, are exceedingly modified by that influence. Nor is habit itself less dependent. The child and pupil of ever-prolific and ever-changing custom, it varies with all the variety of accident and circumstance. With the revolutions therefore, of empire, of politics, of religion, of science, art, wealth and intercourse in the world, the characters of the minds of its inhabitants must be expected to keep up a close correspondence; insomuch that whatever depends for reputation on novelty, on the state of taste, on the interest which bias and association give, or on any thing but the permanent and universal authenticity of truth, will commonly pass off with the age into oblivion.

The tribunal, moreover, which decides upon an author while he lives, is every way unlike that which declares the rights of his memory when he is dead. The first is more numerous, the last more learned; the first a promiscuous assemblage of all orders and degrees; the last, a small selection from the highest. During his own time, a writer may enlist half the community in his praise. He says something new, or hits the prevalent taste, or strikes a chord of general sympathy, and thus, with the help of personal accomplishments and of the feudal influence exerted through his friends, becomes emphatically the favourite of *the people*; and modest *Fame*, who is unwilling to be taken for their common acclamation, and who abhors ubiquity because she loves motion, resigns her place to *Popularity*. On the other hand, the moment the actor disappears from the scene, new entrances are made, new objects of attention presented, and what is out of sight is presently justified out of mind. Affection cannot rest upon a shadow; and the friendly offices that were lavished on the man are not continued to his name. The aid of novelty is likewise gone; the relations of interest are changed; every adventitious help has vanished; and in this condition, stripped like a statue of the drapery of fashion, and subject only to the inspection of the skilful eye, the character is surrendered to a fate which essential excellence alone can render happy. So that although mere management and dexterity may sometimes make a temporary conquest of the public mind,

nothing, it is evident, but substantial talent, for nothing else applies the rules and follows out the principles of truth and nature, can found an empire of induring reputation.

But I have quite outrun my purpose, which was simply to inform the readers of *The Port Folio* that I account them diligent *observers* like myself, and to intreat of them the kind condescension to be pleased, if possible, with the humble efforts that I mean occasionally to exert for their sole use, benefit and behoof, (to borrow barbarism from the Law,) in service of the most meritorious causes of *religion, morals, science, and philosophy*, never forgetting that we are all Americans.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
 And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
 Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
 Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
 But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
 A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;
 A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
 A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

LIFE OF GUIDO.

HAVING already noticed the Carracci, we proceed now to the consideration of two eminent artists who flourished under their auspices.

Guido Reni was born at Bologna, in the year 1574. His father was a Flemish musician, who, having no towering hopes of ambition to gratify, designed to have educated his son in the same profession. But the concord of sweet sounds had no fascination for the ears of Guido, nor could all the parental remonstrances and expostulations inculcate what nature had denied. The young pupil displayed a genius brilliant and sparkling when detached from the subject of his pursuits; but in those pursuits it was cold, dull, and unanimating. The parent was at first at a loss to account for the apparent phenomenon, why a mind so vivid and alert should be bereft of all its powers

at the time when the occasion called for their exercise, and yet give such evident tokens of vigour, enterprise, and energy at every other season. He regarded his son, therefore, in the light of one of those unhappy beings who, by the junction of some unfortunate stars, was endowed with an intellect that run to waste. His mind, his parent deemed calculated for every thing but business; but he was thought never capable of succeeding in any profitable pursuit. An inspection of some fine pieces of painting, and the enthusiasm excited by the spectacle, unraveled and explained this seeming enigma. He was no longer cold and dull of apprehension, unsusceptible of instruction; he greedily sought and retained every hint that fortuitous conversation afforded, and examined, amplified, and illustrated all such casual resources.

Decisive evidence was afforded that the genius of the boy was capable of concentration, and that the pencil was alone wanting to draw all his energies to a point. The father, flattered by such auspicious omens, placed his son under the patronage of Daniel Calvert, a Florentine artist, of distinguished reputation. The boy's genius, however, went beyond his master's. The eagle, reposed in a foreign nest, and when fledged and plumed, disdaining to follow the flight of its occupant, soared with a prouder wing. The academy of the Carracci was at that time in the zenith of its glory, and the large theatre it afforded for enterprise tempted and inflamed the ambition of Guido. He soon won the favour and affection of all these eminent artists, by carefully studying, imitating, and adopting the excellencies of each. The young painter was so successful in these attempts that he soon excited the jealousy of the Carracci themselves. They saw in such enterprise, not the mild and docile scholar, but the daring and formidable rival. To check this ominous symptom in its birth, they adopted a more artful means of effecting their object than downright hostility. After the Carracci had been so profuse in panegyric, had they suddenly quarrelled with their young disciple, and driven him from their patronage, to a mind so ardent and impetuous as his, it would have been evidence that he had imitated their respective styles

with alarming success: he would have wished no more encouragement to redouble his diligence. The Carracci were duly sensible of this, and, to avoid competition with such an artist, persuaded him to imitate the style and manner of Carravagio, which was in all points the reverse of theirs. The style of the Carracci, we have heretofore seen, was distinguished by its modesty, simplicity, and grace: Carravagio's was alike distinguished for its extreme strength. Opie says of him, sarcastically, that "he tore his *chiaro oscuro* to rags"—that "his hues were so intense his light was noon-day and his shadows midnight"—that "his was not *chiaro oscuro*, but light and shade run mad."

Guido, unconscious why his masters had changed the studies they formerly recommended, followed punctiliously their advice, and was as successful as he had formerly been in imitating the style of Carravagio. At length, finding himself bewildered and perplexed by such a variety of models, he abandoned these pernicious precedents, and formed at last a style for himself, happily combining ease, elegance, and grace.

He journeyed to Rome, to consult the examples of the most admired masters, and was peculiarly captivated by the pencil of Raphael. He here fell in the company of Carravagio, whose style he had imitated with such success. This artist, alarmed at the prospect of future rivalry, regarded him with studied indifference. Guido, sensible of the injury, and insensible of the exciting cause, abandoned Rome in disgust, and returned to Bologna.

Happier auspices began to dawn on his head. Instead of being compelled to encounter and surmount the petty cabals of jealousy and rivalry, he was summoned by the sovereign pontiff to return to Rome, by whom he was cherished, patronized, protected, and amply rewarded. He there attracted the notice and regard of the first connoisseurs of the age; the favourite of kings, princes, potentates, cardinals and pontiffs. Nor was Italy alone the theatre of his glory. Louis XIII. of France, Philip IV. of Spain, and Udislaus king of Poland and Sweden, were all zealous competitors for the honour of Guido's pencil. They

munificently patronised the artist, and there seemed to be a competition amongst them who should monopolize his labours. Meanwhile, alike courteous and accessible to all, this artist reaped the benefits of such contention, without becoming a party, and while the golden harvest was ripe and ready for his hand, thrust in the sickle. But flagrant injustice would be done to the character of Guido, if we suppose him guilty of any niggard speculation, while monarchs, princes, cardinals, and pontiffs contended for him. He was generous to a fault, and he delighted to confer obligations. It was not in the nature of this artist, to refuse a request he was capable of granting, and he was ever proud of an opportunity to indulge his native munificence. By a happy coincidence of fortunate events, the general and indiscriminating benevolence of this artist, was attended with all those solid benefits that usually result from the most sordid avarice. He could not lend himself exclusively to any of his noble patrons, because by so doing, he would offend others, whom he was equally anxious to oblige, and they, finding him so impartial, liberally rewarded him, in the hope of monopolizing his labours.

He ventured, while visited by such frequent showers of prosperity, to change his former style and habit of living. He lived in great splendor at Italy: his house, his table, and his heart, were always hospitable and open. Amidst all this munificence there was, notwithstanding, a tinge of character, not heretofore noticed. He possessed lofty and haughty ideas of personal independence, and always, in all societies, however distinguished by opulence, or rank, asserted the dignity of genius. He remained covered while in the presence of his proudest patrons, and was often heard to say, that he would not exchange his pencil for a cardinal's cap. Amidst his pupils, however, all this austerity was laid aside; to them he was ever kind and communicative, to excess. Nor would he, on any other subject than the pencil, claim homage, or exercise the power of a dictator.

He presented himself as a candidate, in opposition to Dominichino, in painting the martyrdom of St. Andrew, and was pronounced the successful competitor, contrary, however, to the

suffrage of Annibal Carracci. Of the most considerable works from the pencil of this admired artist, the following may be enumerated. First, a grand altar piece, in the church of St. Philip Nevi, at Fano, representing the delivery of the keys to St. Peter. The head of our Saviour, is pronounced to be an admirable combination of benevolence and dignity; Peter receives with characteristic confidence and ardour the important gift, and displays a countenance which is excellently contrasted with the more delicate features of St. John. In the archiepiscopal gallery at Milan, is another representation of the saint, more than all his fellows beloved by our Saviour, from the hand of this artist; the colouring is inexpressibly tender, and the graces it exhibits, differ from those graces that usually characterize the pencil of Guido. They are latent, unobtrusive, unostentatious.

The palazzo Janaro at Bologna, is decorated with a representation of the Virgin, her infant, and the beloved disciple, by the hand of Guido. The heads of these figures display an appropriate sweetness and delicacy, finely varied, according to the different characters delineated. In our Saviour's infantine features, there are still to be seen traces of simple majesty, blended with sweetness, which are carefully avoided in the others.

In the palazzo Zampieri, is still preserved one of the finest drawings of this artist, representing the repentance of St. Peter, after denying his Lord. The grief and remorse delineated in the countenance of the saint, are finely opposed to the faces of the surrounding disciples, who labour to impart consolation, and to inspire confidence and hope. The various attitudes all combine to render this an extremely interesting group. The earl of Moira has a fine painting of Guido's, representing our Saviour crowned with thorns. There are likewise several historical pieces of high repute, particularly Hero, lamenting over the dead body of Leander; and Lucretia in the act of committing suicide. With all that grace for which the pencil of Guido is so remarkable, it is not to be denied that his attitudes are studied and theatric. In his historic paintings, he was not critically attentive to the costume of the age. His flight of Paris and Helen, and the martyrdom of St. Peter, are both evi-

dences of this defect, for in both are to be seen men wearing caps surmounted with feathers. In the former picture, if a judgment can be formed from the engraving, Paris is better satisfied with his own attitude than with his conquest.

Guido often painted on silk, which he was induced to adopt from the following occurrence. The Dominicans of Bologna, undertook to remove a dead body from the place where it was buried, to inter it elsewhere. On breaking open the coffin, the body was found entire to the sight, but crumbled into ashes at the touch. The linen that covered it likewise fell to pieces, and every thing but the silken garment in which it was preserved. Guido hence drew the conclusion, that silk was possessed of a more durable quality than linen, and on that account afterwards painted his figures on a species of taffety, which he had prepared for that purpose.

Although this artist lived a life of celibacy, he never indulged in any illicit commerce with the other sex, nor would he suffer those women who served him as models, to remain in the same room with him, without a third person was present. He occupied large and roomy apartments, but allowed himself but very little furniture; alleging in excuse, that his visitants did not call to see his tapestry, but his pictures.

He was once asked, whence he borrowed his standard of beauty? and is said to have given a practical answer to this question, by taking the countenance of a common porter for his model, and drawing a most beautiful face. We are to learn hence, says the author of this anecdote, that painters should always have some model of nature before them, however, much they might deviate from it, and correct it from the standard of beauty which they had formed in their own minds. This anecdote may be true, and the act was probably done by Guido, to throw a veil of deeper mystery over the principles of his art. By affecting to take the face of a common porter for his model, and consulting, in fact, that ideal standard of beauty that he had formed in his own mind, with much study and observation, he bewildered the spectator, and impressed him with higher reverence for his talents. What should prevent the painter from

consulting this standard in the first instance; a standard he would be far more liable to impair by blending its features with that spectacle of deformity present to his eye, than to improve by such hints. *A model to depart from* is a solecism in terms, and so little does this freak of genius warrant the sage conclusion, that every painter must have some specimen of individual nature before him. Unless this does mean a model of individual nature, it is nonsense, and if it does mean this, it is altogether untrue.

Guido, when he is not disposed to trifle, tells us this in plain terms; for on sending to Rome his picture of St. Michael, painted for the church of the Capuchin's, he writes thus to the steward of the pope. I wish I had the wings of an angel, to have seen the forms of beatified spirits, whence I might have copied my archangel; but wanting these I was compelled to have recourse to that *idea of beauty that I had formed in my imagination for a prototype.*"

This artist, was, when young, so exquisitely beautiful, that his master, Annibal Carracci, took him for a model when he painted angels, and glorified spirits. Thus auspiciously did Fortune smile upon the genius of this artist; but an unhappy attachment to gambling ruined all the bounties of this capricious goddess. In revenge, she discarded her favourite at last; and Guido, after having been caressed by the proud, the opulent, and the noble, was abandoned by his friends, bereft of his admirers, ruined in his character and fortune, compelled to drudge at his pencil for his bread, and to die with indigence and ignominy, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

His distinguishing merit as an artist, was grace. In the composition of human heads, he is supposed to be not inferior in this quality to Raphael himself. His attitudes all possess beautiful turns; his draperies consist of large folds that fill and occupy their allotted spaces without ostentation. Without being perfectly regular in those features that constituted his forms of beauty, he would throw so much sweetness and expression into one as more than compensated for such seeming irregularities. His pencil was free from all appearance of restraint, and after



Painted by Guido Reni

Engraved by Tiebout.

DEJANIRA & NESSUS.

having laboured a figure with great diligence and care, he would finish with some bold and free strokes, to impart the character of carelessness and ease. He may be charged with being too attentive to individual grace in his composition of groupes. The eye in such an assemblage is usually attracted by a figure that still plays the part of a solitary individual, and each is prone to claim the undivided attention to itself.

The annexed engraving, entitled the rape of Dejanira, is founded on the following story. The centaur Nepus offered his services to Hercules to transport Dejanira a princess to whom the hero was betrothed, across the river Evena. Her lover comprehending the design of the ravisher, lances a poisoned arrow at him from the opposite shore. The picture is one of the finest from the hand of Guido; the expression is correct and betrays an easy and mellow pencil.

LIFE OF GUERCINO.

GIOVANNI FRANCISCO BARBIERI, commonly called GUERCINO, another disciple of the Carracci school, was born at Da Cento, a little village not far from Bologna, in the year 1590. At the early age of eight years, he manifested such an enthusiasm for the pencil, his father deemed it not prudent even to attempt to counteract the bias of his nature. The young student was therefore first committed to the care of Benedetto Genovi, an eminent artist, by whom he was instructed in the rudiments of painting. His genius seized with uncommon avidity, and executed with incredible despatch whatever task was presented for his exercise. We here discover the radical principle of those defects, by which he became so notorious afterwards. He conceived with too much facility, and he executed with almost the same ease as he conceived. While the figures were warm upon his fancy, they were sketched and finished by his hand, and from this cause they were destitute of correctness. What was so easily acquired was abandoned without regret, for his fancy was so abundantly prolific in variety of images, he was always sure of finding at his call novelty for the exercise of his pencil. Benedetto observing the preponderance of this quality, dismissed his pupil to the academy of the Carracci, in the hope

that the variety of styles those artists professed to follow, and to combine would give full scope to the exercise of their pupil's genius. Here he was first captivated by the strong glare of Carravagio's pencil. The intense lights and shades of that painter, threw his figures so boldly out, they seemed to have none or but little connexion with the canvass. Whatever was brilliant and dazzling, was, in the estimation of the young pupil at that time, both beautiful and just. He studied and imitated the style of Carravagio, and brought out his figures nearly in as bold a relief as that artist himself. While his fellow student, the patient Dominichino, was climbing with a tardy but sure step the acclivities of the art, Guercino's more nimble and active genius seemed to overcome every obstacle with a bound. The noon day glare of Carravagio's pencil, combined with his own native alacrity, caused him to devote himself to the study of the Venetian artists. Those nice and delicate proportions, the finely adjusted symmetry, the melting harmony of the limbs that constitute grace, required too much toil, labour and trial on one object for the impetuous mind of Guercino. Colour, on the other hand, he deemed a substitute for all, and abandoning the other deities made Iris alone the object of his adoration. A mind so rapacious for employment as his, could not long remain idle. Labour, by his facility of comprehension and execution, was rendered an amusement only, and had he possessed both in a smaller degree, he would have been placed in the first rank of artists. But by dwelling intently for a length of time on one object, he felt the vigour of his talents declining, and his powers gradually abating. This we take to be the real cause why he attached himself to colour in preference to the other graces, and not the mean motive he avowed as the ostensible cause, that few were competent judges of grace and elegance, but all knew how to estimate colour. It will be seen, from the remarks above made, that Guercino did not place his standard of excellence very high. That hurry of the mind, for which this artist was so distinguished, was eminently inauspicious to perfection. Whatever might be his defects, his fame preceded him to Rome, where he at last received an invitation from the pontiff, Gregory

the fifth. He continued for two years under the eye and patronage of the pope. His uncommon celerity of hand, soon attracted regard and astonishment. The learned, the opulent, and the noble, were all anxious to have their portraits taken, by a man who, to all the industry of Dominichino, added a conception more rapid than Guido's. In his moments of leisure, he never suffered his pencil to relax, but copied promiscuously, whatever portrait, landscape, or any other painting was laid in his way. Unlike Leonardo Da Vinci, he finished whatever he undertook. The latter artist with a mind as rapid as Guercino's had formed his standard of excellence so high, that after giving the most exquisite touches of his hand, he abandoned his pencil in despair, and left his work unfinished. It was easy for Guercino to satisfy himself, and this prevented his industry and genius from arriving at excellence. When his pencil became a burden to his hands, he amused himself still in drawing designs: and some conception may be formed of his labours, by the following anecdote: Christiana, the queen of Sweden, paid in person her respects to this artist, and presented him her hand, as a token of her reverence to his genius. He returned the compliment, by saying, your majesty has now the hand that has painted six hundred altar pieces, one hundred and forty-four pictures and portraits for people of distinction, and composed in addition, ten books of designs. In the midst of the celebrity and honour that awaited him at Rome, he was discontented, and could not endure a separation from his native country. Renouncing his future prospects of glory and fortune, he returned to Bologna, and sought the shades of retirement. Fortune, however, with almost unexampled kindness, pursued him to his recess, as if no ingratitude on his part, could abate her favourable regard. During his retirement, he received the most flattering offers from the sovereigns of France and England, to reside in their dominions, proffering him patronage, fortune, and favour, but nothing could shake the constancy of his resolution, never to leave Bologna again. The powerful, the opulent, and noble of other countries, finding that Guercino would not wait upon them, condescended to visit him in his retreat at Bologna, an

solicit the aid of his pencil. So capricious is the allotment of man. Artists of far more unquestionable genius were soliciting employment, and pining in obscurity, while this artist in quest of obscurity, found celebrity and employment. He became at last an imitator of the manner of Guido and Albano, contrary, as he declared, to his own better judgment. On being asked the reason of this change, he said that the early part of his life had been dedicated to glory, and that he had resolved to dedicate the latter part to fortune; that formerly he strove to please critics and connoisseurs, and that now he laboured to obtain the admiration of the vulgar, of whom Guido and Albano were the favourites. Tiarini, an artist of some celebrity, on observing the extreme facility with which the pencil of Guercino accomplished its task, mistook its fluency for excellence, and exclaimed, signior, you do as well as you please; we do as well as we can. This artist led a life of celibacy, and devoted his time, without embarrassment to the pencil alone. To describe the various paintings from his hand, would almost require a volume by itself. One beautiful piece is to be seen at Sienna; the subject is the meeting of Hagar and her son with the angel. Critics have thought the head of the angel too small, and that Ishmael's head has not a character decided enough. He did not improve his subject in the manner in which it was capable of embellishment, by representing the countenance of the mother, full of the consolation and hope, inspired by her celestial visitant, contrasted with the pale and death-like picture of her son. It is true the face of Hagar beams with comfort and complacency, but it was capable of being made far more impressive. In his picture entitled the incredulity of Thomas, the carnations are pale, and appear entirely destitute of blood. The heads indubitably possess much dignity, and an apology may be found for the artist, on account of the perplexity of his pencil at that period.—He was then reforming the style he derived from Carravagio, and fearful of imparting his bold and decided tone, he flew to the other extreme, and represented living bodies, cold, pallid and lifeless. Another of his paintings, and by some esteemed to be the best, is called the history of St. Petronillo, and decorates the church of St. Peter, at Rome. In the Villa Ludovisci with-

in the Pinarian gate, is to be seen his famous Aurora. The saffron-coloured goddess is drawn through the clouds with pided horses dropping flowers on the earth, and the stars appear receding from her presence. Before her the sun appears in the act of extinguishing his torch and preparing his wings for flight. Beneath, in two small apartments, may be seen a mother watching the slumbers of her son, by the beams of a nocturnal lamp.

The general character of his pencil was that of freedom and ease, never rising to extraordinary elevation or chastened with proper care. Notwithstanding he imparted a degree of boldness to his figures, they all are calculated to make strong impressions, although his carnations are often destitute of freshness, his local colours of truth, the powerful expression atones for every defect. His private character was perfectly moral, exemplary, and pious. He died in the year 1666, leaving his property to build chapels and for other charitable purposes.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As it has for some time been my custom when reading, to note down the passages of my author which pleased me, and more particularly such as appeared to be imitations of, or to contain allusions to the writings of others, I here tender to The Port Folio, the fruits of an occupation, which has been the source of some amusement to me. Should they be deemed worthy of a place in that valuable miscellany, of which I must confess myself extremely diffident, they will occasionally be communicated, under the title of

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.

OF doctor Johnson, it has been observed by his biographer Boswell, and also by Knox in his Winter Evenings, that his style has been in a great measure modelled on that of sir Thomas Brown; and for my own part, I have not a doubt of the fact.— That he was an ardent admirer of this author, may in part be inferred from his republication of his Christian Morals, from which, as well as from his Vulgar Errors, and his Religio Medici, many examples might be adduced of the stately, solemn march, and moralizing pathos, which distinguish the periods of Johnson.— In corroboration of his opinion, Mr. Knox selects from the Vul-

gar Errors, a few phrases which are also met with, he tells us, in Johnson; but these merely mark the resemblance, arising from the common use of hard words, and "polysyllabic expressions, derived," as he observes, "from the language of ancient Rome." A similitude or imitation of style, is much better traced and ascertained in the structure of the sentences, in the flow and rounding of the periods, than merely in a sameness of phraseology; and in the following very first sentence of Brown's preface to his *Vulgar Errors*, the Johnsonian manner seems to me clearly discernible.

"Would truth dispense, we could be content with Plato, that knowledge were but remembrance; that intellectual acquisition were but reminiscential evocation, and new impressions but the colouring of old stamps, which stood pale in the soul before."

Again, in his introduction to his *Hydrotaphia* or *Urn Burial*.

"When the funeral pyre was out, and the last benediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes; and having no old experiences of the duration of their relicks, held no opinion of such after considerations."

And further, in his prefatory address to his *Religio Medici*.

"Certainly that man were greedy of life, who should desire to live when all the world were at an end; and *he* must needs be very impatient who would repine at death in the society of all things that suffer under it." Perhaps a thousand instances of similarity, as remarked by Knox, might be produced by a careful search in the works of Brown, who, he says, must be acknowledged to have contributed much to the *copia verborum*, by introducing words, which in his own age were uncouth, but which are now become elegant and familiar. Brown, indeed, notwithstanding his pedantry, I have always supposed to have much surpassed his cotemporaries in beauty and elegance of diction.—The following passage in the *Religio Medici*, appears to me admirable, as well for the solemn pathos of the expression, as the philosophic piety of the sentiment.

"At the sight of a cross or a crucifix, I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought and memory of my Saviour: I

cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journies of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in them of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance for me to err in all, that is in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst therefore they directed their devotion to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own."

Even if Rowe had not been the translator of Lucan, who can doubt but that in his Fair Penitent, where Calista mourning over the lifeless body of Lothario, with a scull and other human bones before her, exclaims,

What charnel has been rifled for these bones?

They look uncouthly;

If he or she that own'd them,

Safe from disquiet sit, and *smile to see*

The farce their miserable relicts play.

Who can doubt, I say, that the tragedian had in his eye, the sublimely indignant reflections of the epic poet, upon the mutilated and insulted remains of Pompey, where, after elevating the soul of the dead hero above the starry sphere, to "those happy seats the demi-gods possess," he makes it look down upon our dusky planet, with a smile of pity and contempt, at the impotent malice of mankind below!

Vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret,

Nostra dies, *risitque sui ludibria trunci.*

The exhibition of real virtue and benevolence, under an exterior of austerity and misanthropy, has not unfrequently employed the talents of those who have undertaken to develop and delineate human nature. Shakspeare, Smollet, and Cumberland, have recognized this eccentricity, and displayed it in portraits, at once just and interesting. Timon, Jaques, Bramble, and Mortimer, are successful representations of this apparent inconsistency of character, and justified as natural by the approbation they have received. Nor, if we analyse the man exquisitely endowed with sensibility and the moral sense, and advert

to the chagrins and disappointments he must necessarily meet with in his intercourse with the world, shall we be at all surprised that his "pancreatic juices" are sometimes tinged with gall, and that he often puts on the appearance of moroseness and ill nature. Philanthropy to be praiseworthy, must be blended with principle, and guided by discernment. The most brutal we may wish to humanize, the most depraved to render better, but can hardly be able to extend to them our affection. As to that universal and indiscriminate love of mankind, which, emanating from the mania of gallic regeneration, it was lately so much the fashion to celebrate, it perhaps never existed; nor if it did, would it be amiable or laudable. The desire to benefit our fellow creatures, of which Howard's conduct is an illustrious instance, is another thing.

Virtue, for mere good nature is a fool,
Is sense and spirit with humanity.

Goldsmith's *Haunch of Venison*, a poetical epistle to lord Clare, is, in part, no bad imitation of Boileau's description in his third satire of an awkward feast, given by an imprudent pretender to good living and good company. The host undertaking for the presence of Johnson and Burke, who did not appear, is evidently borrowed from the circumstance of Boileau's entertainer, promising him the company of Moliere and Lambert, who were equally delinquent; as are also the inelegant guests, vulgar style, vile room, sorry fare, and untoward incidents of the clumsy London dinner, from those of the Parisian repast. Let us first hear how the French poet announces his disappointment and disgust:

A peine etois je entré, que ravi de me voir
Mon homme, en m'embrassant, m'est venu recevoir,
Et montrant à mes yeux une allegresse entiere,
Nous n'avons m'a-t'il dit ni Lambert ni Moliere:
Mais puisque je vous vois, 'je me tiens trop content,
Vous etez un brave homme: entrez. On vous attend.
A ces mots, mais trop tard, reconnoissant ma faute,
Je le suis en tremblant dans une chambre haute,
Ou malgre les volets, le soleil irrité
Formoit un poêle ardent au milieu de l'été.

Now for the English bard—

When come to the place, where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine:)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
 With the tidings, that Johnson and Burke would not come;
 "For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thræle:
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty."

D. R.

THE ADVERSARIA, No. 2.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN new colonies, Mons. Chateaubriand says, the Spaniard begins by building a church, the Englishman by building a tavern, and the Frenchman by building a ball-room.

While I was in America, continues this entertaining traveller, I heard that I should find a *compatriot* among the Indians. When I arrived among the Cayugas, a tribe of the Cherokee nation, my guide led me into a forest. In the middle of this forest was a sort of barn, within which I beheld a score of savages, men and women, bedaubed like sorcerers, their bodies half naked, their ears clipped, with crow-quills stuck in their hair, and rings in their noses. A little Frenchman, frizzed and powdered as of yore, in a pea-green coat, embroidered waistcoat, and ruffled shirt, was scraping a pocket violin, and making these savages dance *Madelon Friquet*. Monsieur Violet, as he was called, was dancing-master to the savages, and was paid for his lessons in beaver-skins and bear-hams. He had been scullion to general Rochambeau during the American war. After the departure of our army, he remained at Newyork, resolved to teach the fine arts to the Americans. His views expanding with success, this second Orpheus carried civilization into the bosom of the wandering hordes of the new world. In speaking to me of these Indians he always said: *Ces messieurs sauvages—ces dames sauvages*. He extolled the nimbleness of his scholars

very highly, and in fact I never saw such bounding. Monsieur Violet holding his little violin between his chin and his breast, began to strum the magical instrument, and calling out in Cherokee, *To your places!* the whole troop was marshalled in an instant, and began whirling and jumping aloft like a band of demons.

The character of England has been stated in these lines:

To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
This is the best world we can live in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
It is the worst world that ever was known.

FROM THE GREEK.

Farewell to wine—or if thou bid me sip,
Present the wine more honour'd from thy lip;
Pour'd by thy hand to rosy draughts I fly,
And cast away my stern sobriety;
For as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul
That lovely *Caroline* has kissed the bowl.

This manner of *honouring the bowl* was not unfrequent among the Greeks, as we learn from Achilles Tatius:

When we were all assembled again at supper, the cup-bearer furnished us with a new artifice of love; for in pouring out wine to Leucippe and myself, he changed our cups; and I, observing that part of the cup where her lips had been, drank from the same side, and pleased myself with the image of a kiss; which Leucippe seeing, did the same; and the kind cup-bearer frequently employing the same stratagem to favour us, we consumed the whole evening in pledging each other with these fanciful kisses.

The following, from the *Anthologia*, is an exquisite tribute of affection, and is also interesting as a picture of a Grecian tomb, and the ornaments that accompanied it.

Say, ye cold pillars, and thou weeping urn,
And sculptur'd syrens that appear to mourn,

And guard within my poor and senseless dust,
 Consign'd by fondest memory to your trust;
 Say to the stranger, as he muses nigh,
 That Julia's ashes here neglected lie;
 Of noble lineage,—that Erinne's love
 Thas mourns the partner of her joys above.

The *Στῆλαι*, or pillars of stone, frequently contained inscriptions, in verse, of the family, virtues, and services of the dead: or sometimes they contained moral aphorisms.

The *Σειρηνες*, or images of syrens, were ornaments by no means singular, nor were they appropriated to any particular class of persons. They distinguished the tomb of Isocrates by the image of a syren; and thus conveyed by a metaphor in sculpture, a representation of the harmony and copiousness of his eloquence. A dog was engraved upon the tomb of Diogenes to denote the temper of his sect; and that of Archimides was indicated by a sphere and cylinder. Virgins had commonly the image of a maid with a vessel of water upon their tombs, alluding to the custom of carrying water to the sepulchres of unmarried maids.

The *Κρῆσσοι* were urns in which the ashes were deposited. They were made of silver, gold, wood, stone, or earth, according to the condition of the deceased. The urns of people of rank were frequently adorned with flowers and garlands; sometimes they were covered with cloths till they were deposited in the earth. They were generally placed in some conspicuous situation; as at the top of the inscriptive pillar—which was the case with the famous column of Trajan at Rome, till the piety of a monkish age removed the emperor's urn to make room for St. Peter's statue.

In the Asiatic Researches, is a translation of an Indian grant of land which was made about A. D. 1018. So strongly did the warmth of their poetical imaginations incorporate itself with every production of the oriental writers, that, even in this simple legal transaction, we meet with a string of moral sentiments clothed in elevated metaphorical language, and worthy of being compared with the melancholy complaints of Menander, or the phi-

Iosophical strains of Sophocles and Theognis. I have rendered a few of these sentences into English verse, and will here present them in order to illustrate the comparison I have made.

Unthinking youth, life's first impetuous stage,
Too oft provokes the swift approach of age,
Woos to his arms the tyrants of his race,
And dies, empoisoned by the foul embrace.

This frame of man three unrelenting foes,
Besiege with sure variety of woes.
Death and old Age their blasting force unite
Against the peasant's toil and monarch's might;
The third, ordained by hostile powers above,
Is separation from the friends we love.
That pang strikes deepest in the human heart,
That bitter anguish when we say "we part."
The moment when our lips pronounce "farewell,"
Is as the fall from upper heaven to hell.

The life of man, and all his glittering joys,
Are the most frail of Nature's frailest toys;
Like rain-drops trembling on the leafy spray,
The gale scarce breathes, and scatters them away.

Nothing seems more unaccountable than the caprice of public taste. The poems of Collins, of which such numerous impressions in every splendid, as well as every cheap form, have lately found a sale, were received with such coldness on their first publication, that the unhappy and disappointed author, in a fit of disgust and indignation, burned the greater part of the copies with his own hand. Yet this was the man of whose genius Langhorne speaks as approaching to inspiration, in a passage to which Mr. Roscoe has given a sanction, by citing it in the preface to his *Life of Leo X.*

In what strange torpor were the fancy, the feelings, and the taste of the nation buried, when they could receive with indifference the Ode on the Passions, and the Odes to Fear, and to Evening! But these perhaps are too abstract for the multitude, who cannot admire them till long established authority supersedes their own judgments. So it was even with Milton, whose early compositions, the *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, the very

essence of poetry, were little noticed by his coteremporaries, while the vile doggrel of such wretched rhymers as Cleveland and Brome, and others of the same stamp, was universally praised and admired.

Collins is a proof that he who gives up the reins to his fancy, may act injuriously to his own happiness; but who can deny that he stands the best chance of attaining the mantle of a poet? "To repose by Elysian waterfalls," and range beyond the dull scenes of reality, may render the sensations too acute for intercourse with the rude manners of the world, and too much enervate the heart, which is doomed to encounter difficulties, neglect, and calumny. But in what other temperament can the productions of genius be formed? Can the dull reasoner, the ready wit, the happy adept in familiar manners, the quick observer of what is ridiculous in daily life, be qualified to rise to those "strains of a higher tone" which only deserve the name of poetry?

I have heard that genuine poetry is calculated for universal taste; an opinion which Johnson seems to have entertained. The notion seems to me strangely erroneous. The seeds of taste must be sown by nature: but they will never arrive at maturity without high cultivation. Such is the case in all the arts: carry a person of uncultivated mind successively into rooms where are exhibited the worst daubs of the modern painters, and the finest specimens of the art; and he will uniformly prefer the unchaste glare of the former. So it is with the untutored taste in poetry. And as the Flemish school of pictures is always the favourite with the mob, so are Hudibras and Swift more congenial to them than Spencer, and Milton, and Collins.

But there are those, whose original lowness of spirit, no education, no birth, or acquirements, or rank, can elevate. Lord Chesterfield said, that when he read Milton he always took snuff; and while he recommended to his son the vulgar points of Martial, he condemned the touching simplicity of the Greek epigram to his supreme contempt. On a mind so constituted it is unnecessary to remark. A better style of poetry has now received the countenance of the public; and as long as Cowper, and Burns, and Beattie receive the public applause, genius will not be without "the fostering dew of praise."

The following sarcastic verses were addressed to *Sandys*, the first English translator of Ovid. They are preserved in a curious old volume entitled "*Wits' Recreations, selected from the finest fancies of the Modern Muses*. London, — 1640."

Sweet tongued Ovid, though strange tales he told,
Which Gods and men did act in days of old;
What various shapes for love, sometimes they took,
To purchase what they aim'd at; could he look
But back upon himself, he would admire
The sumptuous bravery of that rich attire,
Which Sandys hath clad him with, and then place this
His change among their Metamorphosis.

The following, from the same book, is worth copying:

No. 167. *Satis est quod sufficit.*

Weep no more; sigh nor groan;
Sorrow recalls not times are gone;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh or grow again.
Joys are windy; dreams fly fast:
Why should sadness longer last!
Grief is but a wound to wo;
Gentle fair, mourn no moe.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE PUNCH.

Rum miscetur aqua, dulci miscetur acetum,
Fiet et extali fœdere nobile punch.

M. Piron, who was a debauched, as well as a literary character, wished to become an academician. The society refused to admit him. Mortified at the rejection, he wrote this epitaph, to be engraved upon his tomb-stone.

C'y git Piron, qui ne fut rien
Pas meme Academicien.

Here lies Piron, who was nothing—not even an Academician.

In the *Picturae Loquentes*; or Pictures drawn forth in Characters, by Wye Saltenstall, (1631) we find the following description of "a Scholler in the University."

"He may be knowne by a harmless innocent looke; his nose seems to be raw for want of fyres in winter, and yet such a quicke scent, that he quickly smells out his chopt mutton commons a far of. In his freshmanship he's full of humility; but afterwards ascends the steps of ambition by degrees. He studies so long words of art, that all his learning at last is but an art of words: his discourse is always grounded out of Aristotle, in whose *ἀυτοῖς* he puts as much confidence as in his creede. In his letters he's often ready to shake the whole frame of the sense to let in some great word; affecting a nonsensicall eloquence before propriety of phrase. If he were compelled to salute a gentlewoman, he would tremble more than ever he did in pronouncing his first declamation. He often frequents bookbinders' shops, for his unconstant humour of tumbling over many books, is like a sicke man's palate, which desires to taste of every dish, but fixes on none. The university library is his magazine of learning, where he'll be sure to be seen in his formalities as soon as he is graduated, for the liberty thereof expresses him a bachelour. He earnestly enquires after the weekly currantees and swallows down any news with great confidence. His chiefest curtesy to strangers is to shew you his colledge buttery, and to sconce himselfe a halfpenny farthing for your entertainment. If you seem to admire the names of their small divisions, as halfpenny, farthing, and the like, out of a self simplicity, he straight laughs at your ignorance, and if you contend for priority in going forth, puts you down with a stale compliment. Egressus est peregrini. When he makes a journey, 'tis in the vacation, and then he canvasses a fortnight before among his friends for boots and spurs. His purse, like the sea, is governed by the moon, for he has his severall ebbs and tides, according as he receives his several exhibitions from his friends. Lastly he wears out a great deal of time there to know what kind of animal he is; contemns every man that is not a graduate if himself be one, and because he professes himself a scholler,

goes commonly in black, and many times 'tis all he has to show for't."

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON used to say—the clattering of armour, the noise of great ordinance; the sound of trumpet and drumme; the neying of horses, do not so much trouble the sweet muses, as doth the barbling of lawyers, and the patering of attorneys.

A cantab had been seized by the university constable; or in other words, proctor, whose name was Bacchus. The gownsman, reeling, and hot with the Tuscan grape, stammered out,

Quo me Bache, rapis tui
Plenum?

Marchaud, commonly called Marchaud du Maine, brother of Prosper Marchaud of Amsterdam, said he had been a whole winter by the dutchess of Maine's bed, reading the first ten pages of a book. The moment he began to read she fell asleep, which he not immediately perceiving, proceeded: but the next day she always made him begin again. We are not told the name of this composing book. Its qualities, however, are by no means rare.

I do not know a woman in the world who seems more formed to render a man of sense and generosity happy in the marriage state, than *Amasia*. Although you have seen her a thousand times, she may never have attracted your particular attention: for she is in the number of those who are ever overlooked in a crowd. As often as I converse with her she puts me in mind of the golden age: there is an innocency and simplicity in all her words and actions, that equals any thing the poets have described of those pure and artless times. Indeed the greatest part of her life has been spent much in the same way as the early inhabitants of the world, in that blameless period of it, used to dispose of theirs;—under the shade and shelter of her own venerable oaks, and in those rural amusements which are sure to produce a confirmed

habit both of health and cheerfulness. Amasia never said or attempted to say, a sprightly thing; but she has done ten thousand generous ones: and if she is not the most conspicuous figure at an assembly, she never envied or maligned those who are. Her heart is all tenderness and benevolence: no success ever attended any of her acquaintance, which did not fill her bosom with the most disinterested complacency; as no misfortune ever reached her knowledge, that she did not relieve or participate by her generosity. If ever she should fall into the hands of the man she loves—and I am persuaded she would esteem it the most disgraceful to resign herself into any other—her whole life would be one continued series of kindness and compliance. The humble opinion she has of her own uncommon merit, would make her so much the more sensible of her husband's; and those little submissions on his side, which a woman of more pride and spirit would consider only as a claim of right, would be esteemed by Amasia as so many additional motives to her love and gratitude.

But if I dwell any longer upon this amiable picture, I may be in danger, perhaps, of resembling that ancient artist, who grew enamoured of the production of his own pencil.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE LOVERS' ROCK.

THE maiden, thro' the favouring night,
From Granada took her flight,
She bade her father's house farewell
And fled away with Manuel.

No moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,
No maiden lov'd with purer truth,
Or ever lov'd a lovlier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain,
In hope to Mercia on they flee,
To peace, and love, and liberty.

And now they reach the mountain's height,
And she was weary with her flight,
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

But while she slept, the passing gale
Waved the maiden's flowing veil;
Her father as he cross'd the height,
Saw the veil so long and white.

Young Manuel started from his sleep,
He saw them hastening up the steep,
And Laila shriek'd, and desperate now,
They climb'd the precipice's brow.

They saw him raise his angry hand
And follow with his ruffian band,
They saw them climbing up the steep,
And heard his curses loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with wo,
He loosen'd crags and roll'd below,
He loosen'd rocks, for Manuel strove
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was steep, the rock was high,
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,
The fugitives stood safely there,
They stood in safety and despair.

The moorish chief unmov'd could see
His daughter bend the suppliant knee,
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the christian slave should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the christian fall below,
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair,

"Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
"Then leap below and die with me."

He clasp'd her close, and groan'd farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
They leapt adown the craggy side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The christian youth and moorish maid,
But never cross was planted there,
To mark the victims of despair.

Yet every Mercian maid can tell
Where Laila lies who lov'd so well;
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

—
TO A LADY WITH A RING.

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed:—"
So, sixteen years ago, I said—
Behold another ring! "for what?"
To wed thee o'er again—why not?

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste, long admired; sense long rever'd
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here, then, to day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,
As when amid the rights divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine.)

To thee, sweet girl! my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring;

With this I wed, till death us part,
 Thy riper virtues to my heart;
 Those virtues which, before untry'd,
 The wife has added to the bride;
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
 Endearing wedlock's very name,
 My soul enjoys, my song approves
 For conscience sake, as well as love's.
 For why?—They show me hour by hour,
 Honour's high thought, Affection's pow'r,
 Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence;
 And teach me all things, but—Repentance.

—
 THE SIGH.

BY COLERIDGE.

WHEN Youth his fairy reign began,
 Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man;
 While Peace the present hour beguil'd,
 And all the lovely prospect smil'd;
 Then, Mary, 'mid my lightsome glee,
 I heav'd the painless sigh for thee.

And when, along the waves of wo,
 My harass'd heart was doom'd to know
 The frantic burst of outrage keen,
 And the slow pang, that gnaws unseen;
 Then, shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea,
 I heav'd an anguish'd sigh for thee!

But soon Reflection's power impress'd
 A stiller sadness on my breast;
 And sickly Hope, with waning eye,
 Was well content to droop and die:
 I yielded to the stern decree,
 Yet heav'd a languid sigh for thee!

And tho' in distant climes to roam,
 A wanderer from my native home.

I fain would sooth the sense of care,
 And lull to sleep the joys that were!—
 Thy image may not banish'd be—
 Still, Mary, still I sigh for thee.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come Inspiration! from thy hermit seat;
 By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

THOMSON.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AMONG the many patrons of your elegant and interesting magazine, I presume, some may be found, who from their critical knowledge and relish of Latin poetry, would be pleased to see some of the most splendid passages of the English poets clothed in the majestic language of Rome. To such, I would present the following classical, yet literal translation of the celebrated soliloquy in Addison's Cato. I can venture to assert that it has never appeared in this country, and if its insertion should not be inconsistent with the general plan of The Port Folio, by giving it a place you would encourage some further communications of the same kind, and oblige a subscriber.

CATO SOLUS.

“Sedet meditantī similis præ manibus habet librum Platonis, de immortalitate animæ. In Mensâ conspicitur ensis vaginâ vacuus.”

Sic esse constat. Tu quidem rectè, Plato
 Hæc nempe quorsum blanda spes menti insidet,
 Hæc avida desideria, et exardens amor
 Æternitatis? hic unde secretus timor
 Horrorque mortis? Quid animus subito pavet,
 Refugitque trepidus, dum olim in antiquum nihil
 Horret relabi? Numen est quod nos movet:
 Divina mens intus agit. Est Deus, Deus,

Totos per artus fusus, ipsi animo indicans
 Æternitatem. Æternitas—Æternitas!
 O dulcis, ô tremenda! quàm terres—places!
 Per quot meatus, quot per ancipites vias
 Novasque formas rerum inexpertum rapis?
 Longè intuenti tractus ille oculis patet
 Immensus, ingens. Debilem at visum impedit
 Caliginoræ noctis incumbens peplum.
 Hic ergo sistam. Si Deus mundum regit,
 (At regere pulchræ ipse ordo naturæ docet)
 Virtute delectatur: et quidquid Deum
 Delectat, esse non nequit bonum. Ast ubi,
 Quando fruendum? Totus hic quantus patet,
 Succumbit orbis Cæsari. Ambiguis labat
 Mens fessa curis. Terminum ponet chalybs
 [*ensi manum admovet.*]

Mors atque vita sic mihi est posita in manu.
 Ad utramlibet paratus, utramque intuo.
 Hic vitam adactâ morte momento rapit,
 Mihi sempiternos ille promittit dies.
 Animus suæ immortalitatis conscius
 Mucronis aciem ridet, et temnit minas.
 Tenuis vetustas syderum extinguet faces,
 Ætate sol ipse gravis imminuet diem,
 Natura tota denique annosam induet
 Ultima senectam; at animus æternâ nitens
 Vivet juventâ. Vivet—et discors ubi
 Elementa bellum fœdere abrupto gerent,
 Illæsus, integer, capite se alto efferet
 Inter ruinas, orbiumque fragmina.
 Sed ecquis artus languor irrepens gravat?
 Natura curis lassa succumbit suis;
 Requiemque poscit. Ultimo hoc illi obsequar.
 Cedam sopori, quò magis animus vigil
 Inde renovato robore, et vitâ integrâ
 Sublimè carpat iter ad ætherias domos
 Diis digna superis victima. Aut timor aut scelus

Allis quietem rumpat: ignorat Cato
Utrumque, mortem dubius, an somnum eligat.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following lines should recal to the recollection of your readers the exquisitely tender "Elegy in a country churchyard," the writer will be amply gratified, though Criticism should deem his imitative verses destitute of every poetical excellence.

N.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION,

IN A DEBTOR'S GAOL OF A COMMERCIAL CITY.

THE town's clock note proclaims the close of day;
The wearied trader trudges to his tea;
Loud-rattling carts roll o'er the dusky way;
And leave the gaol, to wretchedness and me.

Now fade the city's splendours on the sight,
And all my walks a gloomy silence wear;
Save when the turnkey bars the gate for night,
And melancholy grafings wound my ear.

Save that from yon dark corner of the street,
The shiv'ring watchman sounds the dread alarm,
Of rogues, that plotting round his secret seat,
Awake the oft-felt thunders of his arm.

Within this smoke-dried pile's eternal shade,
Where clustering rooms discordant plaints unite,
Each on his bed by no fair hands array'd,
The hapless prisoners close their tortur'd sight.

The rap of early milk-maid, and the choir
Of sweep-boys chatt'ring up the brick-built steep;
The noise of servants, and the crackling fire,
No more arouse them from the joys of sleep.

For them no more the well-deck'd parlour smiles;
Or garnish'd dishes smoke, with envied fare;
Nor hungry rovers urge unheeded wiles,
With the full plate their glistening eyes to share.

Oft did the beef-steaks to their sharp steel yield;
Their might has oft the limbs of turkeys broke;
How conqueror-like, the goblets did they wield!
How sunk the cider as their senses spoke.

Let not cold pride, that gladden'd at their cheer,
Despise them now when feasts and favours fail;
Nor new-rai's'd Grandeur, with impatience hear,
The sad and sickening annals of the gaol.

The boast of states, Corruption's deadliest foe,
And all whom Genius, all whom Truth inspires
Alike may feel Misfortune's riving blow;
Quench'd in a prison's gloom their blazing fires.

Nor you, ye philanthropic, deem it strange,
That ne'er their story to the wide world strays,
Where Rumour's light-heel'd troop incessant range,
To blast with infamy or deck with praise.

Can Pity's sigh, or all the charm of Wit,
Back to their homes, these sons of debt restore?
Can Sympathy efface the parchment writ?
Or Eloquence unhinge the prison door?

Perhaps in this abhorred spot's confin'd,
Some mind once panting for the heights of power;
Hands—that a glossy bank-note might have sign'd,
Or on the needy pour'd the silken shower.

But ocean to their eyes, the smart trim'd sail,
Rich with the spoils of commerce ne'er did bear,
A capturing foe or devastating gale,
Dispers'd the golden visions of the year.

Full many a guinea sparkling from the fire,
The deep untravers'd chests of Avarice bear;
Full many a strain of Pity's melting lyre,
Is wasted on its cold and tuneless ear.

Some patient honest spirit that pursued,
Nought but just gain, thro' labyrinths of trade,

Some wild adventurer, here may sue for food;
Or gamester, vainly ask his dice's aid.

Fast, from the world, by massive bolts secur'd,
Their sunless limbs have never learn'd to stray;
Within this damp, unwholesome air immur'd,
They drag the painful minutes of the day.

Yet from Oblivion's grave, their fame to guard,
Descriptive carvings on some mouldy post,
Perhaps the rhymings of a shoeless bard,
Proclaim around the gaoler's plague or boast.

Coarse charcoal drawings on these cobweb'd walls,
The place of finish'd portraitures supply;
And, as the mind a well-known face recalls,
Fill with Compassion's flood, the passing eye.

For who to stern Misanthropy a prey,
The sweets of Fame and Friendship e'er resign'd?
Left the bright scenes of Freedom blithe and gay,
Nor cast one anxious, wishful look behind?

Round his lov'd friends, the trembling captive clings,
Their fond remembrance, asks his last embrace;
Ev'n *here*, his baffled spirit prunes its wings;
Ev'n *here*, some budding vanity betrays.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A NEWENGLAND MAY MORNING.

AWAKE my love and come away,
We'll celebrate our bridal day;
Come dress with flowers thy golden hair,
And be the first and fairest there;
Around the maypole let us throng,
And hail the hours with dance and song.
But why so blue my lovely maid,
And why in wool and fur array'd?

N

For thee, sweet girl, I strove to bring
The gayest blossoms of the spring,
But snowdrops only have I found,
And these with evergreens have wound.
Look at this wreath, 'tis like thy mind,
And well deserves thy brow to bind;
Give me thy hand, and haste away,
Nor linger on our nuptial day.
Rash youth, forbear! she sternly cry'd,
The frost king claims me for his bride;
I heard his voice at early dawn,
It ushered in a May-day morn.
Thy flow'ry gifts I wear no more,
His chaplet hangs upon my door;
For me this icy wreath is done,
It glitters in the morning sun.
She said and wrapt her furs around,
And listened to a mournful sound;
It louder, and now louder grew—
The doors upon their hinges flew;
He comes, he comes, she shivering cry'd,
On flakes of snow I see him ride;
From her blue eyes her tears descend,
But ere they reach their destined end,
On her fair lids they hang congeal'd
And clustering, form an icy shield.
Calmly she said—youth once so dear,
To thee a long farewell—Jack Frost is here!

Z.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

SHOULD fate command me hence to rove,
And far o'er distant lands to stray,
My song shall be the girl I love,
To sooth my heart when far away.

I'll often think on evenings long,
When I have seen her light and gay,
And she shall be my sweetest song,
When o'er the sea and far away.

Her gentle chat and loving smile,
With jovial mirth and sportive play,
Shall oft my saddest hours beguile,
When I am distant far away.

Yes, when the raging billows roar,
And fill my heart with sore dismay,
I'll think upon my native shore,
And sing of thee when far away.

When lone and sad the hours I count,
And long to find the close of day,
My soul on Fancy's wings shall mount,
And fly to thee when far away.

Yes, loving girl, on thee I'll muse,
While I am doom'd to rove and stray;
And wilt thou then a sigh refuse,
Or think of me when far away?

HERMINIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS DURING SICKNESS.

Now pale, dejected, on my bed I lie,
While racking thoughts disturb my troubled brain;
While Peace and meek Content my bosom fly,
And leave me pining 'neath th' extremes of pain.

And dreams of horror craze my youthful head,
Chill my young fibres; "shoot from vein to vein;"
And hard as adamant the downy bed
To me, a prey to wretchedness and pain.

And when, by chance, my wearied eyelids close,
A hideous spectre rises to my view;
Relentless tells me, of th' unnumber'd woes
I yet must conquer, and must yet subdue.

With such corrosive care, such baneful grief,
And heart-felt evils I can scarce contend;
Thy sting, oh Death! would give a sweet relief,
And put to misery and to pain an end.

ROMEO.



Gen. 'D' Morgan

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.

THIS distinguished officer was born in Newjersey, from whence he removed to Virginia in the year 1755. He was at this time so extremely indigent, that on his arrival at the latter place he was compelled to drive a wagon for his subsistence. Having by a rigid observance of economy acquired a little property, he purchased a wagon and team for himself, and continued to pursue his humble avocation until the time of Braddock's expedition, when he entered the service; but in what character is unknown.

During that campaign he received a wound in his face, the scar of which was ever afterwards visible. On a charge of contumacy to a British officer he was unjustly condemned, and received five hundred lashes. The officer himself was afterwards convinced of Morgan's innocence, and manifested such sincere contrition he obtained forgiveness. In our revolutionary war, many of the English officers fell into the hands of Morgan, who, forgetful of the former indignity he suffered, treated them with invariable clemency and compassion. The general would often, in a circle of familiar friends, jocularly relate the inaus-

picious circumstance attending his first campaign, and wind up his narrative by observing, that king George was indebted to him one lash; that the drummer miscounted one, and gave him only four hundred and ninety-nine, instead of the full complement five hundred.

Between the age of twenty and thirty he was much addicted to gambling, and the bottle, and so fierce and furious were the various combats excited by such irregularities, that the town, the theatre of his actions, was denominated Battletown. Morgan, although often repulsed and defeated, was never subdued in these pugilistic encounters; he returned to the charge with unabated alacrity and courage, and in so doing gave those early evidences of that unconquerable spirit that he manifested afterwards in a more honourable cause.

Returning homewards after Braddock's defeat, he resumed his old employment of driving the wagon, and was enabled by his industry and frugality to purchase a small spot of ground, where he erected an elegant mansion-house, and called the place Saratoga, in honour of the victory obtained by general Gates.

At the commencement of our revolutionary troubles, he was appointed to command a company of horse, raised for the defence of the country, amongst whom he reckoned names which were afterwards rendered illustrious. With this company he marched to join the American army at Boston, from whence he was afterwards detached by the commander in chief, under general Arnold, in his memorable expedition against Quebec. No officer here distinguished himself to more advantage than Morgan. Arnold was wounded and carried from the field, in an early part of the engagement, when Morgan took the lead. Aided by his gallant little band, he passed the first barrier, and rushing onwards, mounted the second. But this blaze of glory was short and ineffectual. The death of the lamented Montgomery, the blinding storm then raging around, the formidable obstacles of nature and art that intervened, the undivided force of the enemy, no longer diverted by attention to the column commanded by the general, rendered all further exertions hopeless, and they surrendered prisoners of war.

While Morgan was so confined, he was visited occasionally by a British officer, who, after speaking of his valour in the most flattering terms, endeavoured to detach him from his allegiance to his country, and offered him the rank and emolument of a colonel in the British service. Morgan replied, that he hoped he would never insult his misfortunes by so degrading a proposal again.

On the exchange of prisoners that shortly afterwards took place, Morgan joined the American standard again, and was, at the recommendation of the commander in chief, appointed to the command of a select rifle corps. Notwithstanding his services were much needed, Washington was compelled, by the fall of Ticonderoga, and the impetuous advance of Burgoyne, although reluctantly, to deprive himself of Morgan's services, and to detach him to the assistance of general Gates. The splendid part he acted on that occasion, and how much his exertions contributed to the glorious triumph achieved afterwards, are circumstances generally known, notwithstanding which his name is not mentioned by general Gates in his despatches.

The cause of this neglect is thus accounted for. Immediately after the battle Morgan visited the general on business, who, taking him aside, informed him that the main body of the American army were extremely dissatisfied with the conduct of the commander in chief, and that several officers had threatened to resign, unless a change should take place. Morgan, perfectly comprehending the drift, sternly replied, that he had one favour to ask of the general, which was never to mention that detestable subject again, for that under no other commander in chief than Washington would he serve. From that moment all intimacy ceased; and, a few days afterwards, a dinner was given by the general to the principal officers of the British army, amongst whom some of ours were mixed, and Morgan was not invited. It so happened that, having some business to transact, he called on the general in the evening, at the dining-room, and was unannounced to the guests. When he withdrew, the British officers,

distinguishing his rank by his uniform, inquired who he was. On being informed that his name was Morgan, they rose from their seats, followed him out of the general's presence, and made themselves individually known to him. Thus was the slight of the general pointedly retorted upon himself.

After his return to the main army he was constantly employed by the commander in chief in the most hazardous enterprises, and by his zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance, essentially contributed to promote the service of his country. In 1780 he was compelled, by declining health, to absent himself from the service, and to retire to private life, where he continued until after the fall of Charleston.

When general Gates was called to the chief command in the south, he strongly solicited Morgan to accompany him. Morgan still retained something of his old grudge, and expressed his dissatisfaction; but on being appointed brigadier general by brevet, he agreed to accompany general Gates. He did not, however, arrive until after the disastrous battle of Camden.

The name of Tarleton was terrible in America. That officer was often detached by lord Cornwallis, to seize and destroy our military stores, to disperse bodies of militia training themselves for the field; and indeed whatever military enterprise demanded promptitude was usually committed to him. He transgressed the principles deemed sacred amongst military characters, and carried fire and sword further than the occasion demanded. Indeed, to a rebel he thought the laws of liberal hostility were not to be extended; under which impression he acted, and his name became an object of general execration and horror. When he was made prisoner of war, at the capture of Cornwallis, he expressed his apprehensions to an American officer, that his person and property were not safe, notwithstanding the articles of capitulation—with such detestation and abhorrence had he ever been regarded. It is almost needless to say that his apprehensions were idle.

The following account of the battle of Cowpens is given by an officer under general Greene;

"Morgan (pursued by Tarleton) having been accustomed to fight and to conquer, did not relish the eager and interrupting pursuit of his adversary; and sat down at the Cowpens to give rest and refreshment to his harassed troops, with a resolution no longer to avoid action, should his enemy persist in pressing it. Being apprised at the dawn of day of Tarleton's advance, he instantly prepared for battle. This decision grew out of irritation of temper, which appears to have overruled the suggestions of his sound and discriminating judgment. The ground about the Cowpens is covered with open wood, admitting the operation of cavalry with facility, in which the enemy trebled Morgan. His flanks had no resting place, but were exposed to be readily turned; and the Broad river ran parallel to his rear, forbidding the hope of a safe retreat in the event of disaster. Had Morgan crossed this river, and approached the mountain, he would have gained a position disadvantageous to cavalry, but convenient for riflemen; and would have secured a less dangerous retreat. But these cogent reasons, rendered more forcible by his inferiority in numbers, could not prevail. Confiding in his long tried fortune, conscious of his personal superiority in soldiership, and relying on the skill and courage of his troops, he adhered to his resolution. Erroneous as was the decision to fight in this position, when a better might have been easily gained, the disposition for battle was masterly.

"Two light parties of militia, under major M'Dowel, of North Carolina, and major Cunningham, of Georgia, were advanced in front, with orders to feel the enemy as he approached; and, preserving a desultory well-aimed fire as they fell back to the front line, to range with it and renew the conflict. The main body of the militia composed this line, with general Pickens at its head. At a suitable distance in the rear of the first line a second was stationed, composed of the continental infantry and two companies of Virginia militia, under captains Triplett and Taite, commanded by lieutenant colonel Howard. Washington's cavalry, reinforced with a company of mounted militia, armed with sabres, was held in reserve; convenient to support the infantry, and protect the horses of the rifle militia,

which were tied, agreeably to usage, in the rear. On the verge of battle, Morgan availed himself of the short and awful interim to exhort his troops. First addressing himself, with his characteristic pith, to the line of militia, he extolled the zeal and bravery so often displayed by them, when unsupported with the bayonet or sword; and declared his confidence that they could not fail in maintaining their reputation, when supported by chosen bodies of horse and foot, and conducted by himself. Nor did he forget to glance at his unvarying fortune, and superior experience; or to mention how often, with his corps of riflemen, he had brought British troops, equal to those before him, to submission. He described the deep regret he had already experienced in being obliged, from prudential considerations, to retire before an enemy always in his power; exhorted the line to be firm and steady; to fire with good aim; and, if they would pour in but two volleys at killing distance, he would take upon himself to secure victory. To the continentals he was very brief. He reminded them of the confidence he had always reposed in their skill and courage; assured them that victory was certain, if they acted well their part; and desired them not to be discouraged by the sudden retreat of the militia, *that* being part of his plan and orders. Then taking post with this line, he waited in stern silence for the enemy.

"The British lieutenant colonel, urging forward, was at length gratified with the certainty of battle; and, being prone to presume on victory, he hurried the formation of his troops. The light and legion infantry, with the seventh regiment, composed the line of battle; in the centre of which was posted the artillery, consisting of two grasshoppers; and a troop of dragoons was placed on each flank. The battalion of the seventy-first regiment, under major M'Arthur, with the remainder of the cavalry, formed the reserve. Tarleton placed himself with the line, having under him major Newmarsh, who commanded the seventh regiment. The disposition was not completed when he directed the line to advance, and the reserve to wait further orders. The American light parties quickly yielded, fell back, and arrayed with Pickens. The enemy, shouting, rushed for-

ward upon the front line, which retained its station, and poured in a close fire; but, continuing to advance with the bayonet on our militia, they retired, and gained with haste the second line. Here, with part of the corps, Pickens took post on Howard's right, and the rest fled to their horses—probably with orders to remove them to a further distance. Tarleton pushed forward, and was received by his adversary with unshaken firmness. The contest became obstinate, and each party, animated by the example of its leader, nobly contended for victory. Our line maintained itself so firmly, as to oblige the enemy to order up his reserve. The advance of M^cArthur reanimated the British line, which again moved forward; and, outstretching our front, endangered Howard's right. This officer instantly took measures to defend his flank, by directing his right company to change its front; but, mistaking this order, the company fell back; upon which the line began to retire, and general Morgan directed it to retreat to the cavalry. This manoeuvre being performed with precision, our flank became relieved, and the new position was assumed with promptitude. Considering this retrograde movement the precursor of flight, the British line rushed on with impetuosity and disorder; but, as it drew near, Howard faced about, and gave it a close and murderous fire. Stunned by this unexpected shock, the most advanced of the enemy recoiled in confusion. Howard seized the happy moment, and followed his advantage with the bayonet. This decisive step gave us the day. The reserve having been brought near the line, shared in the destruction of our fire, and presented no rallying point to the fugitives. A part of the enemy's cavalry, having gained our rear, fell on that portion of the militia who had retired to their horses. Washington struck at them with his dragoons, and drove them before him. Thus, by simultaneous efforts, the infantry and cavalry of the enemy were routed. Morgan pressed home his success, and the pursuit became vigorous and general. The British cavalry, having taken no part in the action, except the two troops attached to the line, were in force to cover the retreat. This, however, was not done. The zeal of lieutenant colonel Washington in pursuit having

carried him far before his squadron, Tarleton turned upon him with the troop of the seventeenth regiment of dragoons, seconded by many of his officers. The American lieutenant colonel was first rescued from this critical contest by one of his serjeants, and afterwards by a fortunate shot from his bugler's pistol. This check concluded resistance on the part of the British officer, who drew off with the remains of his cavalry, collected his stragglers, and hastened to lord Cornwallis. The baggage guard, learning the issue of the battle, moved instantly towards the British army. A part of the horse, who had shamefully avoided action, and refused to charge when Tarleton wheeled on the impetuous Washington, reached the camp of Cornwallis at Fisher's creek, about twenty-five miles from the Cowpens, in the evening. The remainder arrived with lieutenant colonel Tarleton on the morning following. In this decisive battle we lost about seventy men, of whom twelve only were killed. The British infantry, with the exception of the baggage guard, were nearly all killed or taken. One hundred, including ten officers, were killed; twenty-three officers and five hundred privates were taken. The artillery, eight hundred muskets, two standards, thirty-five baggage wagons, and one hundred dragoon horses, fell into our possession.

"The victory of the Cowpens was to the south what that of Bennington had been to the north. General Morgan, whose former services had placed him high in public estimation, was now deservedly ranked among the most illustrious defenders of his country. Starke fought an inferior, Morgan a superior, foe. The former contended with a German corps; the latter with the elite of the southern army, composed of British troops. In military reputation the conqueror at the Cowpens must stand before the hero of Bennington. Starke was nobly seconded by colonel Warner and his continental regiment; Morgan derived very great aid from Pickens and his militia, and was effectually supported by Howard and Washington. The weight of the battle fell on Howard; who sustained himself gloriously in trying circumstances, and seized with decision the critical moment to complete with the bayonet the advantage gained by his fire.

“ Congress manifested their sense of this important victory by a resolve, approving the conduct of the principal officers, and commemorative of their distinguished exertions. To general Morgan they presented a golden medal, to brigadier Pickens a sword, and to lieutenant colonels Howard and Washington a silver medal, and to captain Triplett a sword.”

We would merely observe, that, in our opinion, those honoured by their country by such testimonials of national gratitude, would do well to deposit them in the archives of some public institution. The testimonial is then preserved, not liable to casualty, or to fall into the hands of some ignorant administrator or executor, who is insensible of its value, and would willingly exchange it for an eagle. If the pride of family is consulted, it would thus receive a tenfold gratification—the story of the illustrious action it commemorated be read by thousands, who would otherwise be ignorant of the fact. We would ask, what has now become of the medal granted to Morgan?

Greene was now appointed to the command of the south. After the battle of Cowpens a controversy ensued between that general and Morgan, as to the route which the latter should observe in his retreat. He insisted on passing the mountains—a salutary precaution, if applied to himself, but which was at the same time fatal to the operations of Greene. He informed the general that if that route was denied him, he would not be responsible for the consequences. Neither shall you, replied the restorer of the south; I will assume them all on myself. Morgan continued in his command, until the two divisions of the army united at Guilford court-house, when neither persuasion, entreaty, nor excitement could induce him to remain in the service any longer. He retired, and devoted himself exclusively to the improvement of his farm and of his fortune.

He remained here, in the bosom of retirement at Frederic, until he was summoned by president Washington to repress, by the force of the bayonet, the infatuated transmontane insurrection of Pennsylvania. The executive of Virginia then detached Morgan to take the field, at the head of the militia of that state.

Upon the retreat of the main body, Morgan remained in the bosom of the insurgents, until the ensuing spring, when he received orders from the president to withdraw. For the first time in his life, he now appears to have entertained ideas of political distinction. Baffled in his first attempt, he succeeded in his second, and was elected a member of the house of representatives of the United States for the district of Frederic. Having served out the constitutional term, he declined another election. His health being much impaired, and his constitution gradually sinking, he removed from Saratoga to the scene of his juvenile years, Berresville (Battletown), and from thence to Winchester, where he closed his long, laborious, and useful life.

In the hour of danger he was calm, collected, and intrepid—prompt to discover, and enterprising to turn to his advantage those moments that decide the fortunes of the day; terrible in battle—in victory gentle and humane; keenly alive to resent an indignity—frank and cordial in the forgiveness of injuries, with a magnanimity that brave souls only can feel.

The narrow and stinted opportunities of acquiring information his early life indulged him with, prevented the full and fair expansion of his genius. As a disciplinarian he was never rigid; he governed by confidence rather than by command. Of habits inclinable to taciturnity, his opinion, though weighty, was sententiously expressed. In private life he was mild, convivial, hospitable, and sincere. He lived to see and to repent of the errors of his youth, and he died in the religion of his Redeemer. Although prodigal of life, when glory was the prize at stake, he could not behold death with the same composure when that strong and counteracting principle was withdrawn. In this point he differed from Washington, who, idolized as he was, has been often heard to declare, he would not consent to live over his existence again.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

The Introductory Lecture of Thomas Cooper, Esq. professor of chymistry at Carlisle college, Pennsylvania. Published at the request of the trustees, with notes and references.

By the much lamented death of Dr. Nesbit, the venerable and distinguished president of the college at Carlisle, that institution appeared for a time to be deeply and permanently affected in its interests. Like a body weakened in its vital principle, and without a competent head, it manifested neither the vigour nor powers of selfgovernment requisite for the maintenance of its primitive character. By some of its warmest friends and most strenuous supporters, its very existence was regarded as precarious. Notwithstanding the most zealous and liberal exertions of the trustees and officers, aided by contributions from the citizens of the surrounding country, it continued to languish for want of a principal.

At length, however, this discouraging course of things was happily arrested, and the gloom of the prospect converted to brightness, by the election of the reverend Dr. Atwater, of Connecticut, to the office of president. To this step were soon afterwards added other arrangements eminently calculated for the improvement of the pupil, and the benefit of the institution. Of these, the establishment of a professorship of chymistry was the most important, inasmuch as it opened to the youthful mind a new and inexhaustible source of knowledge, recommended alike by its delightfulness and its utility, its engaging processes and important results. Nor, in enumerating the enlightened and salutary measures lately adopted in behalf of this seminary, should we pass over in silence the merit of the appointment to the chymical chair—an appointment, which, to say the least of it, cannot be amended in the United States. In relation to this topic, our sentiments will, of necessity, be stated in more ample detail in subsequent parts of the present article.

Strange as it may appear, it is notwithstanding true, that the propriety and advantage of attaching to our colleges professor-

ships of chymistry have not only been questioned, but, even by characters whose judgment is, on other points, entitled to deference, the measure has been openly and loudly condemned. The complaint in this instance, as in many others, is doubtless the offspring of wrong or defective information. It arises from an ignorance of the extent and uses of chymistry—perhaps from a belief that it is subservient only, or at least principally, to the profession of medicine, having little or no immediate relationship to any other pursuit.

Be the particular form of misapprehension what it may, the error we hold to be susceptible of demonstration. The uses of chymistry are so essential, so striking, and, at the same time, so manifold, that, more or less, it enters not only with propriety, but of absolute necessity, into the education of every member of civil society. Without embracing a competent knowledge of it, a college education, in particular, would be eminently lame, defective, and faulty: it would not, as it unquestionably ought, include the rudiments of modern science. Even the untutored savage, whether he shivers beneath a polar sky, sustains the fervours of the tropical sun, or rejoices in a milder and more hospitable climate, ameliorates not a little the hardships of his condition by practical chymistry. If we wish to figure to ourselves a horde of human beings, placed in a state the most cheerless and deplorable that nature can exhibit, or that man can endure, let us suppose them completely deprived of the benefits of chymistry, and the picture is complete.

Having no interest in the popular reputation and general diffusion of this branch of science, other than that of a sincere well-wisher to society and to our country, we will not be suspected of attempting to panegyricize it from selfish motives. Whatever sentiments we may express in favour of chymistry, and whatever arguments we may advance, with a view to prove that a chair in that department constitutes an indispensable branch in our college establishments, may be received as the result, on our part, of candid inquiry and honest conviction.

Although every branch of human knowledge ministers to the necessities, or contributes, in some way, to the benefits or

the comforts of man, they do not all perform these offices in an equal degree. From a comparative view of the several departments of science, the most accurate and extensive we are capable of taking, we feel convinced, that, in relation to the number and magnitude of its utilities, chymistry is preeminent over either of the others: perhaps we might have said, without extravagance, that it is equal to them all, inasmuch as it appears to be the parent of all.

When we look into the vast and complicated machinery of human society, consisting of the various arts, professions, pursuits, amusements, and pleasures of man, we are forcibly impressed with the dependency of each one individually, and of the whole as an aggregate, on the science of chymistry. To begin with agriculture, the fundamental, and, perhaps we might add, the noblest employment. Not to speak of the knowledge of the nature of different soils, and different manures, and of their peculiar aptitude for particular productions in preference to others—a knowledge which, in a degree sufficient for all the purposes of agriculture, none but the practical chymist can possess—to what but chymistry are we indebted for the axe, the plough, the sickle, and the spade, and for every other implement used in husbandry? Deprived of the resources of this branch of science, we could neither clear our lands, sow our seeds, gather in our harvests, nor convert our grain into meal, for the use of our tables. Whatever art, occupation, or pursuit is practised through the instrumentality of any of the metals, is radically and necessarily dependent on chymistry: for it is only by a knowledge of this branch of science that all metallic substances are rescued from a state of nature, in which they are without form, and totally useless, and brought into a condition to subserve the purposes of human life.

If we take a survey of the art of navigation, which is but little inferior to that of agriculture, we will find that it is also dependent on chymistry. Without the axe, the plane, the chisel, and the saw, the frame of a vessel could never be constructed; nor could her sails and cordage be manufactured otherwise than by means of metallic implements. The anchor, moreover, which

holds her to her moorings, the compass, which directs her course through the ocean, and the quadrant, by which her locality is determined, are all the offspring of practical chymistry. Nor ought we, on the present occasion, to be silent as to the various means employed for the preservation of her timbers from putrefaction, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to the same abundant source.

Architecture, in all its degrees, from the cottage to the palace, and from the lowliness of the edifice where the peasant worships, to the magnificence of the cathedral and the temple, and the loftier grandeur of the pyramid itself, must be acknowledged to be essentially dependent on chymistry. Without an acquaintance with this branch of science, instead of the comfortable habitations which we now enjoy, we would, at this moment, be either entirely houseless, protected only by wigwams of boughs, or immersed in the gloom and dampness of caves. Nor are the walls, roofs, and floors of our dwellings the only parts of them for which we are indirectly indebted to chymistry. Not a single article of furniture they contain, whether useful or ornamental, could have been manufactured without the aid of that source of knowledge.

The art of printing, by which the knowledge and experience of mankind are faithfully transmitted from age to age, and interchangeably communicated between the most distant countries, which renders us familiar with the heroes of Rome, and those masters of wisdom, the philosophers of Greece; which transports us, in a moment, to the countries of the east, where man first started into life at the command of his Creator, and even discloses to our view the inhabitants and transactions of the primitive world—this art, so boundless in its range, and so important in its objects, depends for its existence on the science of chymistry. Whether we have reference to the ink or the types, the paper or the press, we perceive that they are equally of chymical origin. Had chymistry bestowed on mankind no other benefit than the art of printing, that alone would have been amply sufficient to render it preeminent in the list of the sciences.

It is worthy of notice, that the observations here set forth in relation to printing, are equally applicable to the art of writing. Deprive us of chemistry, its agents and effects, and the use of the pen must be abandoned and forgotten. By a simple analysis of this proposition, its truth may be reduced to actual demonstration. To pass over the chemical origin of ink, we may briefly remark, that without a knife, even a pen, the modern instrument for writing, cannot be made: nor can a knife, which is a metallic substance, be otherwise formed than by a chymical process. Remotely, therefore, chymistry must be regarded as the parent of writing.

In its various ends and innumerable modes of application to the benefit of the human race, chymistry contributes no less to internal than to foreign commerce. Without the means which it alone is capable of furnishing, wheel carriages could not be constructed, roads opened and improved, bridges erected, nor could canals be cut for conveyance by water. In the accomplishment of all such objects as these, tools and implements of metal are indispensable, and these are supplied by chymistry alone.

For the several arts and manufactures by which we are comfortably clothed, and fed, and lodged, we are indebted to the same abundant source. In this number are included the art of spinning, of weaving, of bleaching, of dying, of tanning, of baking, of brewing, of distilling, of making wine, and all those various descriptions of handicraft, by which our wearing apparel is prepared. Directly or indirectly each one of these is of chymical origin.

The fine arts are also dependent on chymistry, not only for the state of high cultivation in which they now appear, but for their very existence. What is the sculptor or the statuary without his chisel, the painter without his colours, the etcher without his acids, or the engraver without the metallic instruments appertaining to his profession? and where shall we look for the source of these instruments and agents but in the laboratory of the chymist? Abolish chymistry, then, and although the existing productions of the fine arts will still continue as monuments and

remembrancers of better times, the arts themselves must cease to be practised.

The art of modern warfare is almost exclusively the offspring of chymistry. So essentially dependent is it on this branch of science for its swords, its fire-arms, its gun-powder, its balls, and all its agents and engines of destruction, that, by the abolition of chymistry, could such an event be supposed to take place, it would either experience a coterporaneous extinction, or suffer an entire change in all its processes.

Of the innumerable productions of human art, glass is one of the most extensively ornamental and useful. Although, literally speaking, it does not furnish eyes to the blind, it, notwithstanding, in all cases which admit of alleviation, affords the best, if not the only remedy for defective vision. Without it, from a failure of sight, the evening of life would be passed in a manner not only unprofitable to society, but comparatively cheerless and uncomfortable to ourselves. Deprive of his glasses the heaven-exploring astronomer, and you reduce him to the measure of a common man. The celestial bodies will revolve through space as unobserved by him as by the unlettered rustic, whose mind never strays beyond the limit of his fields. The same thing is true with respect to the patient microscopical observer, who, among the insect, animalcular, and minute vegetable tribes, amuses himself with all the beauties and varieties of a new creation—a creation, which, without the use of the microscope, would be as utterly unknown to him as are the races of animals that inhabit the planets. Take from him his glasses, and his prospects, but a moment before so bright and vivid, are now, as by enchantment, snatched from his view. Other branches of science and various processes of art are equally dependant, some for their existence and others for their perfection, on this important article. We need scarcely observe, that glass, with all its elegancies, conveniencies, and uses, is of chymical origin.

Medicine and surgery, in their various branches, may be regarded as the legitimate offspring of chymistry. Deprive the surgeon of his caustics, his escarotics, and his cutting instru-

ments, and the physician of his host of chymical remedies, and you utterly disqualify them for the practice of their professions. To chymistry, then, more than to any other branch of science, are mankind indebted for their health and their lives. Without the aid of chymical discoveries, neither surgery nor medicine could ever have attained even the rank of a science. Operative surgery, in particular, could have had no existence.

In addition to an incalculable amount of practical good, which time will not permit us to particularize, it is from chymistry we derive our knowledge of many of the most interesting points in the science of nature. A few of these points we will cursorily specify. In the number are to be reckoned the laws of heat, the congelation and evaporation of water, the principle and production of the several gases, the formation of clouds, the precipitation of rain, the operations of electricity and galvanism, the crystallization of hail, frost, and snow, the doctrine of fluidity in general, the causes of luminous meteors, the existence of warm springs and mineral waters, and many of the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes. Our knowledge of these points, circumscribed and defective as it now is, would be not only more limited, but reduced even to nothing, were we deprived of chymistry.

Although the general economies of plants and animals are subject to laws different from those of chymistry, and of a much higher order, yet it cannot be denied that the blaze of light lately evolved in that branch of science has contributed not a little to our knowledge of organized and living bodies. This is more especially true in relation to their elements or component parts.

The important uses, then, and pressing necessities of chymical knowledge in every walk and department of life, the intimate manner in which it is interwoven with the whole texture of civil society, not to mention the delightful occupation and amusement which the pursuit of it affords to the youthful mind, constitute, in our opinion, unanswerable reasons why it should be incorporated into our systems of college education.

If the preceding observations be founded in truth; and we feel persuaded that no one possessed of information and discern-

ment will call them in question, it follows, of course, that each of our readers has personally a real and deep interest in the subject to which this article relates. But our limits forbid us to dwell any longer on these prefatory observations.

The work, on an examination of which it is now our business to enter, possesses great merit. In its kind it is the most erudite, interesting, and valuable, we have hitherto perused. It exhibits throughout marks of acute discernment, solid judgment, and extensive research. On every page it bears the impress of a mind conscious of its powers and master of its subject—a mind abounding in knowledge, and possessing a peculiar aptitude for communicating it. We shall offer no apology, under a confidence that the public will require none, for the copious extracts from it with which we mean to enrich the remaining pages of this article.

The work, as its title imports, consists of an introductory lecture to a course of lectures on chymistry, delivered by Mr. Cooper, in the college of Carlisle. Our author has very properly selected for his subject a history of the science he is appointed to teach. His own reasons in support of this choice are, in our estimation, conclusive in his favour. He says,

It appears to me that the history of an art or science is a proper introduction to the study of it; especially of chymistry, as containing æras of discovery intimately connected with controversies yet unsettled, and therefore worthy to be known—as giving a clear and concise view of the manner in which improvements have been effected—as exemplifying the general utility of chymistry—as furnishing due caution against future errors, by exhibiting the mistakes of superior minds of older times—as rendering merited honour to those who have benefited mankind by their discoveries—and as comprizing in a connected detail, those periods and gradations of improvement, which would not so distinctly dwell upon the memory, if delivered in an insulated manner during the occasional illustration of some particular experiment. I think it also the more necessary upon the present occasion, because the path I am about to take has not been sufficiently beaten, and deserves, in my opinion, more investigation than has hitherto been given it.

In prosecution of his purpose the professor with accuracy and great perspicuity, deduces the history of chymistry from the earliest times. The course he pursues we shall here briefly delineate, inasmuch as it not only enlarges and methodizes our views in relation to the history of chymical science, but furnishes an excellent guide to such persons as may wish to engage in a similar undertaking. Beginning with the state of chymistry set forth in the scriptures, he proceeds to speak of

the chymistry of Greece, of Rome, of the Hindoos, of the Chinese, of the condition of that science during the dark ages, and of its revival during the time of Boyle and Mayon, and Hooke and Hales. The history of this science during our own times completes the inquiry. Our author's views of the state of chymistry as deduced from the scriptures, we shall here extract for the benefit of those who are desirous of deriving from the sacred writings all the knowledge they are calculated to impart.

I propose therefore to inquire what was known of the chymical art, in the earliest stages of society as related to us in the Bible; comprehending the detached facts of knowledge among the Jews and the Egyptians. I shall pursue the chymical attainments of the Egyptians and Phœnicians, partly by means of modern remnants of ancient art, and partly from the relations of ancient authors, principally Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pliny. It will then fall in with my plan, to treat of chymical knowledge among the Greeks and Romans, and briefly to notice the manufactures of China and Hindoostan. The chymistry of the middle ages, and the discoveries of modern Europe since the establishment of public societies for the propagation of knowledge, will fill up the sketch.

I shall begin with the Mosaic relations upon this subject, because whatever objections may have been made to them, they carry marks of internal evidence that entitle them to great consideration, independent of any theological questions which may be connected with them, and with which, in these lectures, I have nothing to do. Moreover, the general character and extent of the Mosaic chronology (adopting the results afforded by the Septuagint version), bids fairer, in my opinion, to harmonize with the established and probable facts of profane history, and with the progress of civilization in particular, than any other with which we are acquainted.

We are told then, that Tubal Cain some generations after the Mosaic period of the expulsion of Adam, was the instructor of all those who worked in *iron* and in *brass*. Whether the original word here translated brass, was really meant to designate that specific mixture of zinc and copper, now so called, I know not. I doubt it: because the evidence appears to me very strong that little was known of that mixed metal, till the discovery of the three kinds of orichalcum at Corinth. Brass indeed is repeatedly mentioned in the Old Testament, but I should in all cases call it copper. The translators of the Scriptures, though learned men, need not be regarded as expert chymists. Tubal Cain is supposed to have given origin to the *VULCAN* of the Greeks, not only from similarity of name, but profession; but I hesitate about etymological analogies: by learned and ingenious men such as Dr. Swift in jest and Mr. Bryant in earnest, etymology may be moulded into almost any shape that fancy and ingenuity may think fit to dictate.

That *wine* from the grape, was an antediluvian discovery does not clearly appear: it is said, Noah *began* to be a husbandman and planted a vineyard; nor does he seem to have been sufficiently aware of the effects of this liquor. From his time forward, however, it appears to have been a very common beverage both with the rich and the poor, for reasons that seem to me implied in the singular expression in the Fable of Abimelech. Until the time of Isaiah and Hezekiah, in whose reign that prophet flourished, the juice was pressed out, not by machinery but by men's feet: at what time machinery was first introduced for this purpose among the Israelites, I find no passage that indicates. The regulation of the liquor in a fermenting state, seems alluded to in a passage in Job. The wine appears for the most part to have been made from a real grape.

Chymical practice however must have been in a good state in Egypt in the time even of Joseph. We find him directing his silver cup, to be put into Benjamin's sack. The process of embalming also, was tedious but seemingly skilful in his time; for the physicians who embalmed the body of his father Jacob, were employed forty days upon the business. These embalmings (after taking out the intestines and the contents of the scull, pickling the body in salt and nitre, and drying it) were probably finished by a solution of some of the resins (wherewith Egypt, Arabia and Syria abounded) in the liquid turpentine from the class of firs: for the resins could not have had an alcoholic solution, distillation being then unknown.

That they were acquainted with *resins* and many of their properties, appears from the composition of the sacred perfumed oil, directed to be exclusively prepared for religious uses by Moses, from oil impregnated with stacte, onycha, galbanum, frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon and calamus. So also in the first book of Chronicles mention is made of the oil of spices, which seems to have been the holy perfumed oil, already noticed.

Oil from olives is mentioned in various places in Exodus, Leviticus and Deuteronomy. The Egyptians expressed oil, also from the sesamum and the rape seed, but no passage occurs to me of the use of these articles among the Jews. The olive oil was used as a luxury to the person, as an article of food, 8 Lev. 26. and for lamps. This latter use of oil, though common to the Jews and Egyptians was not known to the Greeks in Homer's days, probably from the dearth of the article. The fruit was pounded in mortars for the purpose of extracting the oil.

That the resins for embalming were dissolved in liquid turpentine, is further rendered probable, inasmuch as pitch, tar and bitumen were well known. This appears from many facts that may be referred to: but as the act of rendering oils drying by metallic oxyds was then unknown, as well as the act of distillation, and as rosin and burgundy pitch could not then have been known for the same reason, and as common pitch was too dark for the purpose, the process of embalming must have been as I have described it, so far as concerns the varnish.

Moses is said to have been skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians: from them doubtless he derived his knowledge of precious *stones* and *engraving* upon gems: of *dying* blue, purple, scarlet and crimson, upon linen the staple commodity of Egypt. The art of *gilding* and *plating*, both with silver and gold, appears also to have been known in his time, for wood and baser metals are mentioned as having been covered with these more precious substances, with respect to the golden calf which he made the children of Israel to drink, there appears to be some uncertainty as to the process employed. Stahl or Bergman first suggested its solution in liver of sulphur: the bishop of Landaff (Watson) thinks he filed it. (I refer to his essays.) And professor Michaelis of Gottingen is of opinion, that it was merely gilt wood.

In 18 Gen. 8. Abraham is said to have set before his guests butter and milk, and in 32 Deut. 14. the butter of kine, and the milk of sheep are mentioned. The art of bread-making was well understood in early days, for leavened and unleavened bread are repeatedly noticed in the Old Testament. The first invention for bruising the grain and making meal, must have been by pounding in a mortar: when mills were invented does not appear. In 18 Gen. 6. Abraham directs Sarah to knead three measures of fine meal, which Goguet (1 Goguet 104) thinks implies the use of mills: an implication of which I do not see the force. There are however some passages in the Old Testament wherein mention is made of mills, and of mill-stones.

Soap and nitre, or the mineral alkali, are expressly mentioned by Jeremiah. 2 Jer. 22.

Beer was certainly known in Egypt at a very early period; no mention of this beverage occurs in the Scripture books of the Old Testament, but vinegar was in very common use for this purpose.

When treating of the chymistry of the Egyptians, our author makes the following interesting observations on the subject of glass.

Glass appears to have been discovered by some Phœnician sailors, who making use of turf containing soda (natron, nitrum) to boil their pots, found the pots vitrified; and the ashes and the sand, run together into the transparent substance we call glass. According to Pliny this was in very early times. The manufacture was commenced at Tyre, and the sand for the purpose, was chiefly procured from the banks of the Belus, a small river that still runs by St. John D'Acre, and called by the Arabs, Nahr Halou. The art of glass making (for two thousand years a source of great gain to Tyre and Sidon) appears to have passed from thence to Egypt, whose inhabitants in the time of Pliny and Diodorus of Sicily, were remarkable for their dexterity in manufacturing artificial gems, particularly imitations of the cyanus (which I take to be not the sapphire, but the blue lapis lazuli), the smaragdus or emerald, the sapphire, the hyacinth, and the carbuncle or ruby, these include blue, red, and green coloured glass. I agree entirely with Bergman and Goguet, that the colossal Serapis of nine cubits high mentioned by Pliny, and the obelisk of four large emeralds in the temple of Jupiter noticed by Theophrastus, and the transparent hollow column at the temple of Hercules at Tyre mentioned by Herodotus, were not real but artificial gems, composed of coloured green glass. That large columns of glass were not unknown to the ancients, still further appears from the seventh book of the Recognitions of St. Clement, wherein St. Peter is desired to go into a temple in the Isle of Arad to see some columns of glass of great size. The Recognitions of Clement indeed, like the shepherd of Hermas and the other pious reveries dignified with the title of Apostolic fathers (translated by archbishop Wake), are of very slight authority for a theological fact or opinion, but the very mention of a column of this nature, shows that the thing was considered as within the compass of art at that time. Indeed I suspect all these emerald figures of great size, *might* have been glass varnished with a green coating; for coloured varnishes were in use in the process of embalming among the Egyptians. Guyton Morvean has lately ascertained that the large (supposed emerald) basin, called the Sacro Catino which Bonaparte removed from Genoa to Paris, is coloured glass: for it is much softer than any genuine emerald, and it contains the defect of glass which workmen call blebs. Rock crystal scratches it.

Burning glasses were known to the ancients: They are described in the Orphic verses, which though not genuine perhaps, are very ancient: they are noticed by Aristophanes; and Pliny mentions the power of water in a transparent glass vessel of burning linen; additâ aquâ, vitreæ pilæ sole adverso in tantum excalescant ut vestes urant. Plin. Ib. The burning glasses of Archimides were probably concave mirrors of large diameter made either of separate pieces of glass, rock crystal, or polished metal. Plutarch also mentions burning glasses in his life of Numa, and I shall collect other authorities in the notes I propose to add to this lecture.

In a note to the article "*Burning Glass*," he inserts at full length the celebrated Orphic verses, which we are persuaded the classical reader will be pleased to see introduced, through the medium of The Port Folio, to a wider range of public attention than, in this country, they have hitherto received. We proceed, therefore, to lay before him the following copy of that venerable production.

Crystallum splendentem ac pellucidum accipe manibus,
 Lapidem radium lucidi divini splendoris
 Quo in æthere maximè delectatur deorum immortalium cor.
 Quem si in manibus gestans ad fanum accesseris
 Nullus deorum vota tua renuet.
 Audi igitur ut discas vires splendentis lapidis;
 Quod si placet absque vivaci igne flammam excitare,
 Jubes aridas cum super faces deponere;
 Tum verò ille sole ab oppositâ parte irradiante
 Statim supra faces exiguum radium explicabit
 Qui, quamprimum siccam et pinguem attigeret materiem
 Fumum, deinde ignem exiguum, denique verò flammam magnam
 Excitabit: quem dicunt esse antiqui matris sacrum ignem
 Non alia magis flamma spero ego
 Immortalibus tam grata sacrificia urere.

On the subject of *Common Salt*, the curious paragraph which we are about to quote, will be, no doubt, deemed worthy of the reader's attention.

Common Salt they extracted from the lakes in the neighbourhood of Memphis; and no doubt from the Salt Mountains of the country described by Dr. Shaw in his travels about the middle of the last century, and again by Horneman in 1802. Such mountains are noticed by Pliny in other places (31 Plin. 7.), and the Salt Mountain in Spain described by Bowles, by Gmelin and by the Rev. Mr. Townsend is well known. Excepting the indirect probabilities suggested by Capt. Pike, we have no sufficient authority for the Salt Mountain said to exist near the Arkansas, though such a rock was long ago laid down in the French maps of Louisiana, particularly in a map in my possession by M. De la Rochette. The *natron* of the ancients was not nitre: but the fossile alkali, or alkali of soda; probably procured from the incineration of marine plants growing about the lower lakes, and on the seaboard of the Delta. It might indeed be contaminated with cubic nitre, in such a climate, owing to the nitrogen arising from animal putridity.

For the gratification of our classical readers, we shall notice the observations of professor Cooper in relation to the state of chymistry, more particularly the knowledge of metals, in Greece, during the days of Homer.

The shield of Achilles was certainly intended by Homer to give his reader an idea of a chef d'œuvre of art for the time he composed: and it appears that the mode of manufacturing polished iron and engraving on it was then well known. Hence we need not be surprised at the polished Iron bowl beautifully inlaid, which Herodotus afterward admired at Delphi. (Euterpe.)

As to the offensive weapons of that day, and indeed long after the Trojan war, they appear to have been composed not of iron and steel (the latter combination of carbon and iron, being found out long after), but of copper alloyed with a tenth or a twelfth part of tin, to give it hardness. The passage in Homer so often noticed as an instance of the correspondence of the sound to the sense (well in the translation, better in the original) can be explained on this supposition.

The brittle steel unfaithful to his hand,
 Snapt short.

Combat between Menelaus and Paris. 3 Ib. 363.

The original is not steel: *Ξίφος Αργυροκλον*, a silver studded sword: Pope has no pretensions to accuracy.

Many ancient weapons also have been analysed, of which, these two metals seem to form the component parts. I say nothing about the ancient story of the Phoenix, or the expedition of Jason and the Argonauts after the golden fleece, or of Hercules killing the Hydra, all which the alchemists have arrogated as symbolical of their mysteries, for as I have no credence in the chrusopoietic art, which was certainly not in vogue at an æra so early, I do not consider these tales as in any degree allusive.

We extract the following passage as a specimen, highly creditable to him, of our author's extensive and successful inquiry touching the state of chymical knowledge among the Hindoos, Chinese, and other nations of eastern Asia.

In fact there have been chymical processes known among the Hindoos and Chinese from time immemorial that European science cannot yet either explain or equal. The account given by Pliny of Egyptian printing, no one conversant with calico printing will doubt of being derived from the artists of Indostan; whose colours are more vivid, and (as I guess) whose processes are more simple, than any yet discovered by the Europeans. Their colouring drugs are not the same, nor are their mordants so complicated. Their red dye is from a gallium; for galls they use myrobalans; the mordant seems to me to be pencilled, and in some cases I have suspected chymical colours on their chintzes, that is, colours not raised by immersing the whole cloth in a boiling infusion of the colouring drug, but laid on in the first instance upon the precise spot where they were intended to appear. A second or light red of this kind, I have long known, though its application requires much caution, but a full and deep red of the same description, that would supersede the necessity of dying the whole piece in the madder bath, would be a discovery invaluable to the European artist. The cuttings and polishing of precious stones, and the working in various metals, were certainly practised by the Hindoos long before any European knowledge of the kind appears. The Athenian ambassadors describe the glass drinking cups ualina ekpomata, in use among the Persians before the time of Alexander the Great. (Aristoph. Acharn. l. 2.)

His observations on chymistry and the arts dependent on it, during the dark ages, professor Cooper appears to have derived chiefly from the "*Historiæ Chimiæ Medium Ævum*" of professor Bergman. Although they are on this account less original, they are not less intrinsically valuable. They conduct us through a vast extent of time, from the taking of Alexandria by the Saracens, to the establishment of learned societies in Europe. This embraces a period of more than a thousand years, beginning in 642 and terminating in 1651, on the erection of the Academy Del Cimento of Florence. With a spirit of discernment and impartiality appertaining to true philosophy, the just amount of credit and praise appears to be given to the various characters of distinction, who contributed to illuminate this gloomy period, in proportion to the parts which they severally sustained in the advancement of chymistry.

Passing down to the present times, through the brilliant period of Black and Scheele and Priestley and Lavoisier, we find his remarks characterized by the same enlightened views and accurate knowledge of the history of chymistry. To his venerable friend and former associate, the illustrious Priestley, he does ample justice, but manifests for him none of that narrow partiality, which the relationship between them might have almost excused. To the cotemporaries and rivals of the great Englishman he is equally just.

In relation to the labours and discoveries of the late Mons. Lavoisier, and the celebrated Mr. Davy, of the Royal Institute of London, we are presented with the following important observations.

But Lavoisier, with an acuteness and address hitherto unexampled, showed that in every case, the calx (or as we now call it the oxyd) of a metal, was the metal itself, combined with the air called by Scheele empyreal air, and by Priestley dephlogisticated air: that this air might be expelled by heat and recovered; that added to the weight of the metal, it made up the weight of the calx: that it might be again united to and impacted in the metal, which would again be calcined by the process, and that there was no necessity for any recurrence to inflammable air, or phlogiston, to explain so simple a process. He showed that this air united to the basis of acids formed acids, as with sulphur it formed the acid of vitriol, with azot the acid of nitre, with oxyd of arsenic the acid of arsenic, and so forth.

He showed also the precise composition of atmospheric air, that it consisted of an intimate mixture of this pure air and azot, or an air unfit for the support of life; being indeed a mixture of the component parts of nitrous acid, but not in the same strong chemical union.

He and the French chemists upon this foundation, formed with great labour, and equal ingenuity, a new chymical nomenclature, intended to be descriptive of the composition or characteristic properties of the substances to which they gave names: wherein the part of atmospheric air that supports life and flame, and gives acid properties to the bases of acids, they called *oxygen*: the other part of the atmosphere, because incapable of sustaining life or maintaining combustion, they denominated, not however, with characteristic accuracy, *azot*.

The great objection to this nomenclature is, that being founded on the theory of a particular period, it tends to perpetuate the ignorance and error of the period; nor can it be thoroughly accommodated to all the new facts which the course of chymical investigation, even yet in its infancy, may from time to time bring forward to the day.

Within these two years, the brilliant discoveries of Mr. Davy of the Royal Institute in London, have thrown a cloud over the whole of this theory, and the modern language of chymistry; and given us good reason to believe that oxygen, so far from being exclusively the base of acidity, is also the base of alkalescence: and as new facts turn up, discordant with the theory, they will require a correspondent alteration of the language.

The remarks of the professor touching the subjects of heat and light are acute and interesting. As such we earnestly re-

commend them to the attention of chymists. In relation to these two objects of science not a little remains to be discovered. The question respecting the materiality of heat cannot be regarded as definitively settled. Nor is it yet determined whether, strictly speaking, the sun be the primitive and only source of light to our earth. In relation to these points a field of research spacious, rich and peculiarly inviting, remains unexplored, tempting the enterprize of the votaries of science.

In the notes to his lecture, which are considerably more voluminous than the lecture itself, Mr. Cooper has embodied much matter that is interesting and curious, and which manifests an unusual extent of inquiry. Although we have exceeded already the limits we had prescribed to this article, we cannot consent to bring it to a close, without inserting the two following notes, the one on the subject of the *Papyrus*, the other on that of *Gunpowder*.

Papyrus. The ancients wrote, 1st, on smooth lead. Hesiod's poems, deposited in the temple of the Muses at Boëtia, were so written. 2dly. On boards planed smooth: on such were the laws of Solon written, in Boustrophedon lines. These were the *libri in schedis* the common books of the Romans. 3dly. *Libri cerei*, boards planed and waxed. These were written on with an ivory or metal pointed pen; hence *stylum vertere*, one end being used for writing, the other for erasure. 4thly. *Libri lintei*, where the wooden temple was covered with linen; on such were the sybilline books, and some ancient laws written: sometimes I presume with atramentum; but Drummond and Walpole in their *Herculanensia*, Diss. 7th, say the linen was waxed. 5thly. *Libri in coria*, mentioned by Ulpian, lib. 52. were such, as had an under layer of leather, to prevent the transparency of the first layer: as I think from the description in 13 Plin. 12. 6thly. The *membrana*, which I also suspect to be a kind not so well dressed as, 7thly. the *pergamena carta*, which approached our parchment: a manufacture promoted by Eumenes king of Pergamus. 8thly. Bark, paper *è cortice taneotica*. 9thly. Coarse wrapping paper used by tradesmen, made out of coarse paper and straw, *emporetica*. 10thly. The *Papyrus*. Consistence was given to all these by size, or by paste, made of flour, or by boiling the crumb of fine bread. The *membrana charta*, the *charta coriacea*, the *pergamena charta*, and the *charta papyri*, were all liable to be moth eaten, "*aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes.*" Hor. Ep. 20. For the various other denominations of paper, as the *Hieratica*, or paper for religious treaties, the *Liviana*, and *Augustina*, or royal paper, the *Fanniana* from a paper-maker of that name, the *saitica* from Sais in Egypt, *taneotica*, the *emporetica*, &c. I refer generally to 13 Pl. 12.

The *charta è corio* mentioned by Ulpian, I have already noticed. Justinian, whose institutes were published in the year 533 of our æra, enumerates tables, paper and dressed skins. *Literæ quoque licet aureæ sint, perinde chartis, membranisque cedunt* 2 Inst. tit. 1. § 33. Sed si Titio petas tuos libros tuasve membranas, (qu. does not this imply that the parchment was not used for books?) Ib.

Nihil autem interest, testamentum in tabulis, an chartis, membranisve, vel in alia materia est. 2 Just. Inst. tit. 10. § 12. Hence also it appears that the letters

were sometimes gilt; (embossed and burnished, from whence I suspect arose the practice of illuminating Missals.)

The paper books attributed to Numa, were certainly forgeries, as appears from the anachronism of their containing pythagorean tenets. 13 Pl. 12.

The papyrus, whence our appellation paper, deserves further notice.

The papyrus according to Pliny, was made of the thin pellicles (phylyra) of the stem of the plant called papyrus growing in the Nile, about ten feet high, in about three or four feet water. (Bruce has given a plate of it.) The centre coat was best. When separated by a sharp pointed instrument and laid across each other at right angles, they were moistened, then pressed, and dried in the sun. Generally the saccharine mucilage of the plant itself (a great part of which was an article of food) was sufficient to give an even and smooth tenacity to the pellicles thus separated, when pressed. If not, they were moistened with a kind of paste or starch made of wheat flour and vinegar; then dried, and beaten with a mallet. Sometimes with a paste made by boiling bread and straining it. The Romans under the emperors, used to polish the papyrus thus treated with smooth ivory, and subject it to rollers and presses.

In making up a book, the written paper was rolled on a stick or roller, *umbilicus*: the ends of the umbilicus *cornua* were much ornamented. So was the outside of the volume (volumen, roll) called *frons*. The title *συλλαβή* (whence our syllable) was then stuck on the outside. The whole volume might be about three feet wide and forty or fifty feet long. The books found at Herculaneum and Pompæi according to the late report of the Rev. Mr. J. Hayter, whom the prince of Wales employed about ten years ago, to examine and unroll them, are of papyrus upon wooden rollers: the leaves are from one to three feet broad, and when unrolled extend from thirty to forty feet. He says the ink contains much gum, and no acid. Hence it should seem that they were written on by means of a reed (calamus) dipped in the atramentum librarium of Pliny, which was fine size and lamp black. It was common to insert a piece of parchment between every four or five leaves of papyrus, to support them. Much pains was taken by the paper-makers and book-binder: thus Horace ad librum suum, epist. 20.

Vertumnum, janumque liber spectare videris

(That is you will be sent to the Forum, where these statues were erected.)

Seilicet ut prostes, Sosiorum pumice mundus.

Polished with the pumice, and for sale at the bookstore of the Sosii.

Sometimes the leaves before writing were first polished with a tooth. 13 Pl. 12. For more on the subject of papyrus see 5 Herod. 58. 4 Theoph. 9. 13 Pl. 11. 13. Drummond and Walpole's Herculaneusia, Dissertation, 8th. and Bruce's travels, who has given a good plate of the papyrus.

Job. xxxi. 35. talks of writing a book: I think with many divines, this is a sacred drama of eastern origin. If so, this book implies the use of papyrus at an early date. See 1 Gog. 187.

Phylyra 13 Pl. 11. is not only the name for the finer interior filament of the papyrus, but of the maple, the sycamore, the beech, the mulberry and the linden tree, all which were occasionally converted into paper, when sized, beaten, dried and rolled. The common paper in the time of the emperors was from nine to twelve inches square.

The papyrus paper was succeeded by paper made of cotton, or at first perhaps of silk; for although the cotton paper acquired the name of charta bombycina, yet it is highly probable, that the refuse silk was first applied to this purpose, as in China. The Indian or finer silk was sericum (inter sericos jacet pulvillos) the inferior or Syrian silk was the bombycinum. By and by, the frauds of the paper-makers, substituted the byssus or cotton, but still it was sold as silk paper: till coming into common use, all the cotton paper, retained the name of charta bombycina. The papyrus continued in use at Rome from about 200 years before

Christ to the end of the eleventh century, when many of the papal bulls according to Father Mabillon were written on papyrus. Montfaucon mentions a manuscript on this paper in the king's library at Paris of the date 1050. Parchment was also still in use at the same period.

Gunpowder. I have already noticed the conjecture of Dutens, that the story of Salmonius was allusive to the knowledge of gunpowder. The following citations on that subject I owe to the same author. *Origine des decouvertes*, &c. v. 2. p. 83. et seq.

Dio Cassius, *Hist. Roman.* in Caligula p. 662, *machinam habebat quâ tonitribus obstreperet, ac contra fulgura, fulguraret, ac quoties fulmen decidisset, lapidem ejaculabatur.* To the same purpose Joannes Antiochenus, whom Dutens appears to quote from the *Peiresciana* edited by Valesius Paris 1634. in quarto page 804.

Agathias the Historian says that Anthemius of Tralles having a dispute with Zeno the Rhetorician his neighbour, destroyed his house with thunder and lightning. Agathias *Myrenæus de rebus gestis Justiniana*, l. 5. p. 151. Greek and Latin, Paris 1660 fol. A little before, he had mentioned the artificial earthquakes of the same Anthemius.

Philostratus in his life of Apollonius says, *Indorum sapientes (the Bramins) si ab hostibus invaderentur, non prodiisse in aciem sed preteras kai brontas in illos veluti de cælo immisisse.* Philost. vit. Apoll. l. 2. c. 33. and l. 3. ch. 3.

Julius Africanus mentions a composition proper to project against an enemy advancing, but this may be merely fire balls. *Jul. Afric. in Kestoi* ch. 44. p. 303.

Doctor Jebb, who edited the works of Roger Bacon, gave M. Dutens from among the manuscripts of Dr. Mead, the following extract, from a book in the Royal Library at Paris, entitled *Incipit Liber Ignium à Marco Græco perscriptus*, *cujus virtus et efficacia est ad comburendum hostes tam in mari quam in Terrâ.* At page 9 of the manuscript were these words, *Secundus modus ignis volatilis hoc modo conficitur: lib. 1. sulphuris vivi: lib. 2. carbonis salicis: salis petrosi, 6 libras; quæ tria subtilissimè terantur in lapide marmoreo. Postea pulvis ad libitum in tunicâ reponatur volatili, vel tonitrum faciente. Nota, quod tunica ad volandum debet esse gracilis et longo, et predicto pulvere optimè conculcate repleta. Tunica vel Tonitrum faciens, debet esse brevis, grossa, et prædictâ pulvere semiplena, et ab utrâque parte filo fortissimo benè ligata. Nota quod in quâlibet Tunicâ, primùm foramen faciendum est, ut tenta imposita accendatur, quæ tenta in extremitatibus sit gracilis, in medio verò lata et prædicto pulvere repleto. Nota, quod at volandum tunica plicaturas ad libitum habere potest, tonitrum verò faciens quam plurimas duplicaturas. Nota, quod duplex poteris facere tonitrum, ac duplex volatile instrumentum, vel tunicam subtilitèr in tunicâ includendo. Marcus Græcus probably was somewhat more ancient than the Arabian Mesues, the middle of the ninth century, who cites an author by the name of Græcus. Thus far Dutens.*

The use of fire arms appears to have been of great antiquity in India. They are prohibited by the code of Gentoo laws, which certainly are of very ancient date. The phrase by which they are denominated is *Agneester*, or weapons of fire: and there is also mention made of *Shetagnee*, or the weapon that kills a hundred men at once. It is impossible to guess at the time when these weapons were invented among the Hindoos; but we are certain that in many places of the east which have neither been frequented by Mahomedans nor Europeans, rockets are universally made use of as weapons of war. The Hindoo books themselves universally ascribe the invention of fire arms to *Baeshkooker-ma*, who formed all the weapons made use of in a war between the good and evil spirits. Fire balls, or blue lights employed in besieged places in the night time, to observe the motions of the besieger, are met with every where through Hindoostan, and are constructed with as great skill as in Europe. Fire works are also met with in great perfection, and from the earliest ages have constituted a

principal article of amusement among the Hindoos. Gunpowder, or a composition something resembling it, has been found in many other places of the east, particularly China, Pegu, and Siam; but there is reason to believe the invention came from Hindoostan. (8 Dobs. Encyc. 522.) One would be apt to conjecture that Milton borrowed his very fanciful account of the invention of cannon by Satan and his angels, from the Hindoo tradition concerning Baeshkookerma. This account of gunpowder, fire arms, and fire works, will apply to the Chinese as well as to the Hindoos. No doubt the inventions were very ancient, for neither the Hindoos or Chinese are apt to add much to the knowledge of their forefathers. The period of inventions in both countries, is far beyond memory, or history.

We have no doubt but the extracts we have here made from professor Cooper's Lecture, and the few remarks with which we have accompanied them, will excite in many of our readers a wish to peruse the entire work. Should this be the case, we hazard nothing in promising them a rich and grateful reward for their labour.

On the style of the work we are considering it is neither our intention nor our province to dwell. In treatises on science, perspicuity and precision are the two cardinal qualities, and in these the present production is by no means deficient. We regret, however, that its author, who is no less distinguished as a polite scholar than as an able philosopher, was not, in composing it, a little more studious of elegance of expression. We hold him, on this point, the more inexcusable, inasmuch as, with him, to write elegantly is nothing but the exercise of a common quality.

On professor Cooper's preface to his lecture, in which he complains (not we apprehend without ample cause) of his arbitrary and iniquitous removal, by the legislature of the commonwealth, from the seat of justice which he had occupied nearly eight years, we shall offer but a single remark. In common cases neither our sympathy nor our support shall ever be denied to individuals who experience oppression from the resentment of party or the rod of power. The cause of such persons is holy: it presses, with an irresistible appeal on the best feelings of every virtuous member of the community, and can never be abandoned but with the surrender of principles essential to freedom. In the case, however, of Mr. Cooper, we perceive something, if not to allay our indignation, at least to make us submit with less im-

patience to the enormity of the evil. In the circle of events, good has resulted from what originated in mischief. As a consequence of the injustice and persecution which he experienced, this gentleman has, by the discernment and liberality of a few of his fellow citizens, been elevated to a station more conspicuous and honourable, than that from which he had been recently deposed—a station better suited to his talents, acquirements and habits, and in which he can render himself more extensively useful. Should he, therefore, (and we doubt not but he will) redeem, in the professor's chair, the lofty pledge he has given to the world in his introductory lecture, and should he, further, continue to lay before the public, from time to time, the result of his researches in the line of his profession, we, for one, how much soever we may condemn the principle, will be almost induced to forgive the particular act, by which the legislature of the commonwealth became instrumental in converting a respectable judge into a much more respectable teacher of chymistry. C.

TOUR THROUGH JAMAICA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Old Harbour, Feb. 1811.

DEAR W—,

I ARRIVED yesterday evening in this rustic little hamlet, from which I now write. My entry was not so much honoured as that of Cæsar into Rome, though attended by a squire, and all the dogs of the neighbourhood. I dismounted at the inn where, as usual, I had to remain alone, until I discovered a passage to an outer apartment, and ordered a servant, who was the *major domo* of the house, to bring me some refreshments.

After dinner I was led by curiosity to take a solitary stroll amidst a group of negro huts I perceived on a neighbouring plantation. Nothing can have a more rustic and picturesque appearance than these little cottages, seen towards the close of day. They are composed of thatch and twigs, inlaid with mud, or clay, and about ten feet high, from the floor to the summit of the

roof. Each contains a black man and his family, who are permitted by the owner, to enclose, for domestic use, a small piece of ground in the form of a garden, in which they plant such vegetables as are immediately necessary for consumption. These cottages are built adjoining each other after the plan of a town, with considerable regularity; and are generally situated as adjacent as possible to a cascade, or stream of water. A row of cocoa-nut trees frequently decorates the front, while a group of orange and other tropical fruit trees, adorns the back part of these humble dwellings, where peace, perhaps, as often reigns as in the palaces of magnificence, or the residence of grandeur. An old African, sitting on a small bench, in front of his cottage, and playing on an instrument which I afterwards found to be a Koromantee flute, attracted my attention. I drew near and listened. The music was wild and unsystematic, but not deficient in melody. It is an instrument made use of in Africa; and for the sweet mellowness of its tone, and the simplicity of its execution is much admired by the unfortunate natives of that country. The old man paused when he caught my figure. I approached and began to question him. He possessed all the garrulity of age, and satisfied my inquiries, but with much circumlocution. I asked if he was happy, if he enjoyed as much contentment and pleasure as he did in his native country, and if his present situation was more wretched than that which he had experienced prior to his arrival in Jamaica. He replied in a jargon which it was difficult to comprehend, and which it is unnecessary here to repeat, that from the recollection he had of his native land, he was induced to believe the hardship of his situation had been much ameliorated, and that fortunately becoming the property of a master not distinguished for cruelty, his condition had, since his arrival in this island, been perfectly consistent with his wishes and his expectations. He observed that, as age was greatly venerated and respected by his countrymen, and, that as it was exempt from many of the toils which were required of youth by the owner, the situation of an old man, nearly past the period of labour, was in reality much more comfortable than was generally imagined. He had no conception, he said, of the pleasures of liberty,

and had no desire to enjoy them. He had, from the first moment of recollection been a slave, and had no wish to alter his condition. He was in the midst of his children and grand-children, who were happy in adding to his convenience, and enlarging his means of enjoyment. He was totally exempt from the fear of starvation, because he knew his master was compelled to support him, and all his family, as long as they enjoyed existence; and though he had frequently during his life, felt the whip of the driver, it was perhaps a punishment, rendered justifiable by his indolence, his carelessness, or his misconduct. This old man's satisfaction astonished me. I had formed a very different idea of the misery and wretchedness of the slaves of the West-indies, before I left the United States. Their condition had been painted to me in colours deep, bloody, and horrible. I had often been startled to indignation, or roused to fury, by an account of the barbarous treatment they experienced. I had expected a severity bordering on brutality, an inhumanity of usage calculated to paralyse all the energies of the mind, and deaden all the sensibilities of the heart. I was, therefore, agreeably disappointed to find the reverse of this gloomy picture so immediately displayed, and from my own experience, since my residence in this island, I can say it is a correct one; painted without the colouring of partiality, or the glossing of prejudice. There was indeed a period when their treatment was carried to a point of severity, beyond the limits of justice or humanity; when the most trivial offence would incur the punishment of the lash; when the proprietor conceived he had so perfect a right to do with his slave as he pleased, that he has ordered him to be whipped until nature could support it no longer, and the unfortunate culprit has expired groaning, agonized, and butchered; but I am happy to say that period is now past; and their treatment, with a few exceptions, much less severe than I had anticipated. Since the abolition of the slave trade, interest has been the source of a great amelioration in this respect, and however repugnant it may be to their inclination, those who possess, or have the management of negroes, find it advantageous to treat them with lenity, and comparative gentleness.

As I was quitting this scene of rural happiness, my ear was struck by the sound of an instrument, resembling a drum, which they call the *gombah*. I returned, and discovered the musician seated before his little hut, striking his rustic tabor with all the vehemence of musical enthusiasm. An assembly of male and female blacks had gathered around him, and soon began to dance. The peculiarity of their mode of dancing excited my wonder, and rivetted my attention. The dancers, composed of males and females, placed one after the other, move in a circle, and cast their bodies into every possible variety of attitude. Their action, while dancing, is sometimes so violent as to produce a transitory privation of motion and sense. When they come near the musician, they honour him with two or three bows of the head, or motions of the hand, still progressing in a circle, till they are so exhausted by fatigue, as to be obliged to cease. This is often continued during the whole night, and by its frequent repetition, renders them hale, athletic and vigorous.

Of the nature, intellect, manners and customs of these Africans, I will take some other opportunity to transmit you an account. At present, I have not seen enough of them, to give you any information, on this subject, important or interesting. They are beings whose destiny appears to have been marked by nature, with peculiar misfortune, and who, from this circumstance, have attracted the attention of philosophy, and elicited the tear of commiseration.

A country of slavery, must be a country of misery, for "slavery, take it as you will, is a bitter draught." The mind shackled and oppressed, becomes incapable of exertion. The intellect is brutified by perpetual labour, and rendered nerveless by the deadly gloom of futurity. Habit may, indeed, ameliorate the asperity of fate, and render the condition of slavery, however horrible to us, less severe and wretched. Yet there is still wanting in the range of negative pleasure they may experience, a something to constitute the happiness of life. To us, who have enjoyed the blessings of freedom, no situation is more dreadful, or more replete with misery, than that of continued bondage. But to the African, accustomed from infancy to

slavery, it may wear a less horrible aspect. In him imagination must be dormant, or annihilated. The faculty of creation, from its scanty means of obtaining materials, or possessing imagery, must necessarily be barren and unproductive. It cannot form to itself phantoms of ideal happiness, or will not luxuriate in the gaudy parterre of corporeal and intellectual freedom. The African sees not the blessing, and therefore, labours not to obtain the possession of liberty. The bad success of a few who have endeavoured to liberate themselves from the shackles of slavery, serves to show them the inutility of an attempt of that kind; and those who have formed just conceptions of the happiness of freedom, perhaps deem it impracticable to possess it, and remain satisfied with their condition. The slaves of our country who are certainly treated with much more lenity than in this island, because severity is less necessary, seem to be a happy race of beings. Their life is passed in a continued round of negative delight. Labour nerves their system, and exercise promotes their health. No fear of future calamity darkens the prospect of distant happiness; satisfied with their lot, under good masters, they glide down the stream of life, undisturbed by anxious cares or agonizing miseries; and, though causes of inquietude may occasionally arise, yet the habitual volatility of their dispositions enables them soon to forget and as soon to enjoy. I wish you not to infer from this, that I am an advocate for slavery. It is a state of human degradation that my soul abhors, and I can only regret that it continues to exist without the possibility of destruction in our country, so much to its injury and its prejudice.

On every plantation in Jamaica, there is a black negro driver, who is generally appointed to that office in consequence of his fidelity or superior strength. It is the duty of this man to attend the slaves during the day at work, and to see that they neglect not their labour. He stands at a distance with all the importance and authority of an emperor, and wields his whip, (which is usually of considerable length) with inconceivable dexterity. No charioteer at the Olympic games had so much knowledge of the management of this instrument as these men. I have frequently seen, since my residence here, a driver strike the

size of a fly several blows in succession. The thong of the whip is composed of the bark of a tree, extremely flexible and tough, and by its being attached to a very small handle, its management is by no means difficult. It strikes me there is some degree of inhumanity in making a negro a driver. It is impossible he can, without great reluctance, whip those with whom he is in the daily habit of associating, and certainly not without considerable injury to his feelings, chastise his own wife and children, when so commanded by his master or overseer. Yet it frequently happens that these drivers are so very subtle, and so well skilled in the science of the whip, that they will come within the eighth of an inch of the body without injuring it in the smallest degree, and thus, unless the overseer be severely rigid, the culprits, if they be favourites, often escape unpunished.

Chapleton, March, 1811.

DEAR W—,

I SET out from the little hamlet from which my last was written, on the first appearance of day. The dawning landscape was peculiarly enchanting, and I rode on slowly that I might catch beauties so varied, interesting, and diversified. Nature never formed a country more romantic than this. Prospects perpetually changing, at one moment, possessing all the charms of beauty, and at the next, displaying all the grandeur of sublimity, meet the eye in endless succession. The organ of sight is constantly employed, and as constantly gratified. The traveller progresses from novelty to novelty, and catches the varied paintings of nature in delightful alternation.

The intense heat of the sun, however, during the interval between the land and sea breezes is extremely disagreeable, and destroys, in a great degree, all relish for the contemplation of natural scenery. This interval is generally between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, and four and six in the afternoon.

As I proceeded I had an opportunity of seeing several fields of sugar cane, not perfectly ripe. In this state they are extremely beautiful. The upper surface of the long and narrow leaf of

the cane, is of a deep green, fringed with an exquisite yellow, and waving like a plume, to every breeze. The field, at a distance, resembles a smooth and downy lawn, ornamented with fences composed of logwood, which seem to fringe with perfect beauty the delightful picture; while roads running in particular directions and edged with shrubbery of the richest essence, and the deepest verdure, please the eye by adding variety and beauty to the scene. Their fences are, for the most part, composed of logwood and *Seville* orange trees, sometimes of bamboo and penguin, which are not only useful, but beautiful to the view. The bamboo cane is very handsome. It has some resemblance to our weeping willow, but is much more delicate in form and exquisite in verdure. It spreads out into the air its waving branches, which, like the aspen, trembles at the breath of every zephyr; while its embrowned trunk, tapering and delicate, bending under a weight of foliage, which sometimes kisses the brook that gurgles by, offers an elegant palisade. This beautiful little tree is generally found here, growing on the banks of some romantic stream, and by its pensive murmur, and deepening shade, renders it almost the seat of enchantment.

Chapleton, the metropolis of the parish of Clarendon, is a little hamlet composed of six or seven small buildings. One of these is a chapel, the rector of which has an annual salary of 500*l.* and a handsome glebe which he receives for doing nothing; for I am informed, he preaches but rarely, and then to a very thin congregation, who visit the church because they have no other employment to occupy their attention.

Now I am on the subject of religion, I will briefly mention the church establishment of this island. The bishop of London claims Jamaica as part of his diocese, and not unfrequently, grants orders to men, who would disgrace the occupation of a cobbler, or cast a stigma on the profession of an oysterseller. I have heard many instances related, in which persons have been inducted, who, for ignorance, obscenity and lewdness, were not inferior to the sweepings of Newgate, or the last filthy dregs of the most abandoned society. A *rector* is allowed a house, a glebe, with negroes to till it, and a salary of from 300 to 2000*l.*

per annum. Prior to his induction, he is under the necessity of producing documents of qualification to the governor, who is supreme head of the provincial church, and whose approbation must be obtained before he can enter into a rectory, or exercise the duties of his profession. The functions, &c. of a clergyman here are similar to those of that profession in England. They register births, marriages, christenings, and burials, and are suspended *a beneficio* by the governor, as representative of his majesty. This profession is here deemed lucrative, and many purchase benefices, or ecclesiastical livings, with a view to the accumulation of wealth. A rectory appears to be a mere sinecure. The possessor scarcely visits his church once in three months. This negligence, is, however, excusable, as his flock are extremely remiss in forming a congregation; and, the poor parson is, not seldom, obliged to quit his pulpit, whether, with pleasure or indignation, I shall not presume to say; for the want of auditors to listen to the display of his erudition, the vehemence of his stamp, the elegance of his action, or the resistless powers of his oratory.

To day I have been viewing a coffee field. There is scarcely any object in nature so beautiful. It was in full bloom, and resembled a perfect sheet of snow. The fragrance emitted from the blossoms, filled the air at an immense distance around, and caused me to feel as if I wanted in a parterre of sweets. This shrub, for it is so denominated by botanists, is a species of jasmine, *Jasiminum Arabicum*. Its history it is unnecessary to relate. There is a ludicrous anecdote told of the manner in which its properties were first discovered. The prior of an Arabian monastery, it is related, observing that cattle, after having eaten it, did not sleep, formed a resolution to try an experiment on his monks. To them therefore, he gave a considerable quantity of coffee, and found to his satisfaction that the experiment succeeded. This he repeated whenever he wished to prevent his monks from sleeping at the choir during night, until they had formed for it so great an attachment, as to prefer it before every other beverage.

The use of coffee was not known until the 16th century. It was first cultivated by the Dutch, who carried it from Mocha to Batavia, and thence to Holland. It was originally brought into the Westindies, in the year 1726, by a Frenchman named *Desclieux*.

The only reproductive principle of the coffee tree is its sprout, which is extremely diminutive. Its natural height is from eighteen to twenty feet, but by cultivation it attains a much larger growth. For the purpose, however, of stripping the tree with greater facility, they do not suffer it in this island, to exceed six feet in height. It is perhaps the most beautiful production of nature. Its shape is pyramidical, and its leaves of a deep green, lanceolus and polished. Its blossoms are white, and resemble those of the jasmine, the fragrance of which are exquisitely odoriferous. It produces with amazing luxuriance, and one tree will frequently yield 10lbs. of coffee. In the best soil when left to nature, it will exist for twenty or thirty years, and generally produces the third year after it has been planted. The soil the best calculated for its production, is a rich, open, virgin mould, frequently watered by rain. Its depth should be about five feet, and the climate cool. Mountainous situations, therefore, are preferable, as the climate is there temperate, and the soil rich and luxuriant. This plant possesses much delicacy, and will grow well only where there are no roots to incommode or poison it. They are, however, here in the habit of sowing a variety of vegetables between the coffee shrubs. This certainly tends to retard the rapidity of their growth, and destroy the luxuriance of their vegetation. Much care is observed in pruning the coffee shrub, which, by this attention, becomes more beautiful and productive than in a state of nature. Vegetables, like animals, when they arrive quickly at maturity, are but short lived. The coffee plant, therefore, when cultivated, ceases to produce in a few years after it first bears. To obviate the inconvenience of a failure in the crop, the planter judiciously opens a new piece of ground, in time to prevent any loss by the decay of the old field; and thus continues to preserve his former quantum, without any perceptible diminution. One acre

of ground usually contains 800 trees, and each tree yields from from one to ten pounds. Analyzed, a pound of coffee yields,

oz.

6 6 0 of spirit.

5 3 0 of oil.

2 4 2 of caput mortuum.

Its virtue consists in its oil, and is considered by physicians as healthy.

The mode of preparing it for market is simple. After the coffee is taken from the tree, it is exposed to the action of the sun, on an open platform, here termed a *barbicue*, for several days. When the external coat has become perfectly dry; it is then cast into a mill, called the peeling mill, which is a small circular cavity, through which a large wooden wheel passes drawn by two mules, and sometimes driven by water. The action of this wheel on the coffee, loosens and removes the pulp; after this process is terminated, the coffee is cast into another mill, for the purpose of removing the internal coat. It is then thrown up in heaps, and prepared for exportation.

Blackness, Jamaica, April, 1811.

DEAR W—,

SINCE my last I have visited the parish of St. Ann's on the north side of the island. My journey through it was, from the variety of situations through which I passed, sometimes pleasant, but more frequently disagreeable. There are but few inns for the accommodation of travellers, in Jamaica; and a person is often put to a considerable inconvenience, in consequence of their scarcity. This, Edwards ascribes to the hospitality of the inhabitants. And I am happy to say, that in this, they are by no means deficient. A gentleman travelling through the interior of the island, when he calls at a sugar or coffee plantation, is immediately accommodated by the proprietor or owner, and his wants attended to with as much assiduity as in the best regulated tavern. On these plantations they live sumptuously. The overseers, who are permitted to make use of every thing the estate

furnishes will not be disposed to stint themselves in the goods of life. During my late excursion, I had an opportunity of seeing their mode of living, which was much beyond what I had anticipated. At breakfast, they have coffee and tea, with bread made of corn and wheat, and ripe plantains sliced and fried, which are extremely delicious. Occasionally, by way of relish, they make use of salt herrings, or shad, which they import from our country. These, however, are not the most excellent, as they who carry on this trade, are not very particular in their choice. I was shown, at one of these plantations, a barrel of that species of fish, which we call *oldwives*, as the shad they are in the habit of importing from America. These, you know, are fish which are never eaten in the United States, from a supposition that they contain a portion of poison, which renders them dangerous. With these fish, they feed their negroes, who appear to be very fond of them, and who seem to prefer them, in consequence of their size, even before the herrings. At dinner, which is their principal meal, they have every luxury the island can furnish. Beef, mutton, lamb, and poultry are their common dishes. To these is joined every variety of vegetable with which the island abounds. Instead of bread they frequently use the yam and plantain, which seem to make an excellent substitute. Their deserts are composed, for the most part, of the different fruits of the island; oranges, pine apples, &c. The desert is succeeded, agreeably to the customs of the towns, by wine, gin, brandy, &c. from which it is but rare they arise in a state of sobriety.

I could not avoid admiring as I progressed on my journey, the various beauties which nature has displayed in this little island. Some of these I have already attempted to delineate, but in a manner much short of the original. No country can furnish so fine a field, for the display of the painter's talent. No country can unite the sublime and beautiful in landscape so harmoniously. Homer's fine description of the plains of *Memphis* may be applied with propriety to the whole island:

Stern winter smiles on that propitious clime,
The fields are florid, with unceasing prime.

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, nor flake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

POPE.

In the parish of St. Mary's, I understood, there was a remarkable cascade, which, as it was not much out of my way, I went to visit. It is called the White river cascade. The stream by which it is produced, after running a course of twelve miles, precipitates itself in the form of a cataract, with a noise so prodigious as to be distinctly heard at a considerable distance. The river at first resembles a spout of water, emerging from beneath a rock; but as it descends, it enlarges to a beautiful extent, and tumbles over a gradual flight of steps, composed of a stalactical substance, and arranged in that picturesque order which can be displayed only by the inimitable hand of nature. After it has reached the bottom, an elegant bason is formed, out of which arise two beautiful *Macaws*, with a degree of taste and regularity truly admirable. The only pellucid stream touched by the brilliant beams of the noon day sun, glitters as it falls, and exhibits a variety of tint, and exquisite transparency that surpasses the possibility of imitation, and the most masterly powers of description. From the bason, it shapes its meandering course through the "long withdrawing vale," and ultimately intermingles with the ocean; while the pensive gloom of the surrounding woods, contrasted by the serenity of the sky above, tends to form a landscape to which neither the delicate pencil of Lorrain, nor the savage dash of a Rosa, could do adequate justice.

You know my fondness for antiquities. I have been in quest of the remnants of ancient times, ever since my arrival in the island; but have not been so successful as I wished. Several images of stone, in the form of human beings have, I understand, been discovered in various parts of Jamaica. These appear to have been objects of worship, among the *aborigines* of the island. Their execution manifests a very limited knowledge of sculpture. From the various objects of art, discovered in the western parts of the United States, the Indians of that country and those

of Jamaica, appear to have sprung from a totally different origin. No other remnants of Indian antiquities have yet been found in this island. It certainly is not a country adapted to the taste of an antiquarian. Every thing is new. There are, however, some remains of Spanish enterprise, yet to be seen. These are the ruins of a town called *Sevilla Nueva*.

The city was built many years since, by the Spaniards in the parish of St. Anne. I could discover scarcely a remnant of its former grandeur. Many architectural ornaments, however, have, I understand, been found in this place, which evinced some delicacy of taste, and some refinement in the knowledge of building. I strolled over scites, on which had stood, many years back, the sanctuaries of bloated bigotry, the mansions of insignificant greatness, and the habitations of infamy and prostitution. Like Babylon and Jerusalem, scarcely a vestige remained to mark the abodes of past infamy, or the mansions of departed grandeur. What was once a bustling city has now dwindled down to a plantation of sugar cane, perhaps more productive of utility, than when in the zenith of greatness or the meridian of commercial splendor.

A few years ago the ruins of a castle and church were still to be seen, but they have since totally disappeared; and nothing now remains of this once flourishing city, but a few old stones, scattered in every direction, as only serving to exhibit the emptiness of human vanity, and the insignificance of human greatness.

Sir Hans Sloane relates, that in his time, 1688, "the church was not finished. It was 20 paces broad and 30 long; there were three rows of pillars within, and over the place where the altar was intended were some carvings, under the ends of the arches. The houses and foundations stand several miles along. Capt. Heming said he sometimes found pavements under his canes, three feet covered with earth, several wells and burial stones finely cut. There are the beginnings of a great house called a monastery; but I suppose the house was designed for the governor. There were two coats of arms lay by, not set up, a ducal one, and that of a count, belonging, I suppose, to the family of Columbus, proprietors of the island. There had been

raised a tower, part brick and part hewn stone, as also several battlements on it, and other lower buildings unfinished. At the church lie several arched stones to complete it, which had never been put up, but are lodged among the canes. The rows of pillars within were for the most part unornamented. It was thought that in the time of the Spaniards, the Europeans had been cut off by the Indians, and so the church left uncompleted. When the English took the island the ruins of the city were so overgrown with wood that they were all turned black. Nay, I saw a mammee, or bastard mammee, growing within the walls of the tower so high, as that it must have been a very large gun to kill a bird on the top of it, and the trunks of many of the trees when felled from this place to make room for sugar canes, were sixty feet or more in length. A great many wells are on this ground. The west gate of the church was of very fine work, and stands entire. It is seven feet wide, and as high to the spring of the arch over the door. In the centre is our Saviour's head with a crown of thorns, between two angles; on the right side is a small round figure of some saint, with a knife stuck into his head, and on the left a Madona, her arm tied in three places, after the Spanish fashion. So much for antiquities. Ere this, you must be no doubt nearly tired of them.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REVIEW OF THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

(Concluded.)

Nos. 2 and 56, are two portraits by *Eckholtz of Lancaster*. In viewing the works of this artist, it is but just to remark that he is self taught, and has not long followed the profession of a portrait painter. Mr. Eckholtz, was brought up to a mechanical business, the pursuit of which did not accord with the natural bent of his mind, having always had a great propensity for painting. With little or no knowledge of even the first principles of the art, he undertook the painting of portraits in

oil, of a small size, and at a low price. The strength of his genius, united with great industry and zeal, enabled him with considerable expedition to acquire facility of execution, and being generally fortunate in preserving the likeness, he very soon attracted the notice of the citizens of his native borough, and has of late been honoured by the countenance of some very distinguished characters in this city and other parts of the union. Mr. Eckholtz is extremely fortunate in giving a faithful resemblance of the persons he paints, and the attitude of his figures are not void of ease, and the drawing is generally correct. He is most defective in the colouring. His pictures in the present exhibition are rather cold, and have too much of a purple hue. From a knowledge of the talents, and laudable ambition of this artist, we are quite certain, with frequent opportunities of viewing and comparing the best works of art, as well as benefiting by the conversation of men of experience in his profession, he may soon rank as a portrait painter of considerable eminence.

No. 140, *is a portrait of a gentleman, a miniature painting, by W. Dunlap, Esq. of Newyork.* This picture possesses great merit. The drawing is very correct, and the colouring and effect of the whole is good. The execution is free and bold, at the same time soft and delicate; a style well calculated for miniature painting.

No. 132, *is a Flemish village, by T. Bishop.* This is a very small painting in enamel, but it possesses much sterling merit. We were particularly attracted by the variety of character and expression displayed in so small a space, and upon closely examining with a glass this *little*, but very meritorious production, we were surprised to find with what accuracy every part was defined. We sincerely hope to see the pencil of this artist employed in subjects which are more likely to attract public notice.

Nos. 126, 127, and 141, *are views in St. Petersburg, by P. Svinin, Esq.* These views are beautifully executed, and are certainly very superior to the general productions of amateurs. From the manner of finish and correctness of outline, we should have been inclined (without particular information) to have attributed them to a professional artist of great merit.

Nos. 150 and 159, are a *Russian village girl and a Russian peasant*.

Nos. 161 and 162, are a *Russian female peasant and a Russian peasant, from the pencil of the same amateur*. From the great strength of character, as well as fine execution of those pictures, we should also have taken them to be the productions of a professional artist of much experience.

No. 61, is a picture representing *Peter Francisco's gallant action with nine of Tarleton's cavalry, in sight of the whole troop of four hundred men, by J. Worrell of Virginia*. This young artist has certainly made a very successful attempt to represent this subject, (to do complete justice to which would require much professional knowledge and great experience.) The story is well told, and the grouping is well managed. The figures are, however, wanting in ease, and action, and the drawing is also rude; but at the same time conveys the idea, that the artist conceived what he was not able to execute, and we have every reason to hope that with proper application, this young painter will soon be able to produce in this high and important branch of the arts, (*historical painting*) something that may prove of consequence in forming, what appears yet wanting, a *national gallery* of the works of American artists, consisting of subjects from our own history.

No. 10, is a very interesting picture of *fruit and flowers, by Cornelius de Beet, of Baltimore*. This artist has been extremely fortunate, in the general arrangement and grouping of the various articles. Great truth, and close attention to nature is observed throughout the whole, and the individual subjects appear to be faithfully delineated, and the colouring is harmonious and the effect striking.

Nos. 13 and 14, are *landscape views near Baltimore, by the same artist*, and possess considerable merit, but he appears to be somewhat deficient in giving decision and strength of character to the various objects represented.

No. 28. *Flowers painted on glass, by J. Mear*. This very ingenious artist deserves much praise, for the manner in which he has treated this subject, and the general management of the co-

lours, of which he appears to possess a thorough knowledge and command; the correctness of his manner is such, that we think he is likely to hold a distinguished rank in this pleasing and interesting branch of painting.

ANTIQUE SALOON.

No. 1, *represents a figure of agriculture, with the implements of husbandry, sculptured in wood, designed for the Schuylkill permanent bridge, by W. Rush.* This subject is executed in bass relief, and produces a very bold and striking effect, and does much credit to this very meritorious and well known artist. In reviewing the works of this truly American sculptor, it is but fair to remark, that he has been confined to a particular branch, namely, the figure heads of ships, and other ornamental work in naval architecture, in the execution of which he has been limited, both as to time, and price.—The nature of such ornaments require that they should be executed in a bold manner, so as to appear with their appendages to the best advantage, and we will venture to say, that no man in any country has ever surpassed Mr. Rush, in this department of sculpture. His works have travelled with American commerce, all over the world, and are justly appreciated abroad, as well as at home; and we have no hesitation in giving it as our decided opinion, that, if his studies had been directed to the higher branches of his art, with proper opportunities, he would have rivalled the most eminent sculptors of the present age. We are much gratified that Mr. Rush begins to employ his chisel, on subjects more durable, and more likely to perpetuate his fame, than those he has in general hitherto executed.

No. 2. *Bust of the celebrated Linnaeus.*

No. 3. *Bust of Wm. Bartram.*

No. 4. *Bust of Rev. Henry Muhlenburgh.*

No. 53. *Exhortation, full figure.*

No. 54. *Praise, full figure.*

No. 55. *Cherubim, encircled by a glory, all sculptured in wood, by W. Rush, in a very masterly style; the three last subjects are intended as ornaments for a splendid organ, now building for St. Paul's church in this city.*

Nos. 147 and 148, *are a design and model of an equestrian statue of general Washington, in the Roman costume, intended for the monument about to be erected in this city, by J. Eckstine.* Both the design and model possess much merit, and appear generally correct, and in some parts spirited in the drawing and action, except that the horse is rather too large in proportion to the figure. We differ, however, with the artist, as to the classic propriety of introducing the Roman costume in an American statue.

The military costume of the present age, has been preferred by some of the best painters and sculptors, of the last and present century; and the number and magnitude of military and naval achievements, which have taken place within the last fifty years, will form an era in the history of civilized nations, unparalleled in the annals of the world. It is therefore, the business of the artist to contribute with his talents, to assist the historian faithfully and chastely to record and hand them down to posterity, as they really are, without the dress of ancient nations, whose manners and customs were very different from our own.

No. 84, *is a bass relief, by the celebrated Aubert, sculptor, a member of the Academy, and pensioner of Louis XIV. king of France.* We have seldom seen any work of art, that conveyed more the idea of extreme patience, and perseverance of the artist, than this faithful representation of a great variety of objects, but at the same time, that we admire the execution, we cannot help expressing a regret, that the same labour was not bestowed on other materials less liable to accident and injury; we have taken a particular description of this subject from the catalogue. "This bass relief is made out of one piece, taken out of the heart of a root called Fillieul, in Italy, was sculptured and finished at Rome, in 1784. The subject is a large vase, filled with various branches of flowers, pleasingly light; the branch of lilac claims the first attention, owing to the difficulty the artist has had to encounter in completing it without breakage, being worked below as above. Two flies are to be noticed perched on the tulips.

"The vase is of an antique form. The front is ornamented with the head of Jupiter of Olympus, as the ancients represent

him. On the body of the vase is represented maternal tenderness: children play near their mother, who watches over the youngest while sleeping. Below, on one side, are two small places where a vine is planted, covering the space with its foliage. A linnet has made its nest in it, and is occupied feeding its young. A mouse is observed underneath, sucking the shells of the eggs thrown out of the nest, not to incommode the young. On the other side is seen the male, flying with an insect for food. Below is a snail. On the leaves is a butterfly, and on the ground a lizard, in the act of being overtaken. The whole is an exact copy of nature, and we dare aver that it is not exceeded by any production of its kind in the world."

No. 134. *A box containing elegant figures in wax, of a great variety of well known flowers and fruit, by a lady of family and fortune in Virginia.* We have never seen any production of this kind so faithfully represented. The forms of the various articles are perfectly correct. The colours are exquisitely fine. All that brilliancy, softness, and beautiful mixture of the infinite tints of nature (producing a harmony beyond the power of art to give) is here more than successfully attempted. If the flowers and fruit had been judiciously disposed in groups, they would have produced a more picturesque effect; but we are inclined to believe that they were arranged in the manner they are, in order to transport with more safety. We understand this box is a present to professor Barton, who politely sent it to the annual exhibition.

No. 9. *First landing of Columbus in the new world, a drawing in Indian ink, by J. J. Barralett.* In the composition and general management of this interesting subject, the artist has displayed a very extensive knowledge of his art. The judicious and pleasing manner he has disposed of so vast a number of figures into a variety of groups, forming a *whole together* in perfect harmony, and the elegance, ease, and variety of attitudes, particularly attract our attention, and demand our unqualified approbation. The aerial perspective gives distance and extent to this important and truly Westindian scene, and the management of light and shadow is well calculated to give force, as well

as delicacy, to the whole. Columbus and his followers are represented in the act of returning thanks to the Almighty Ruler of the universe, for his protecting Providence in conducting them through all the perils and dangers of a long, tedious, and uncertain voyage. The natives are represented as viewing with admiration and astonishment beings which they considered more than mortal. The kneeling attitudes of the Spaniards produce, however, in the principal group, a kind of monotony, which it was not in the power of the artist altogether to prevent, and it has been observed, that there is too much sameness in the countenances and expression of the principal figures. In judging impartially we must allow that this observation is partly correct; but it must also be allowed, in defence of the artist, that he has represented them in a fervid act of devotion, mixed with the pleasing ideas of their escape from dangers, combined with a prospect of being soon able to accomplish the objects of their hazardous enterprise. The companions of Columbus are said to have consisted chiefly of young gentlemen, of the first families in Spain; consequently the artist has not thought fit to run the risk of giving too much appearance of age, which must have been the case, had he attempted a much greater variety of character. It is, however, our candid opinion that the expression of the whole can be much improved, and we are certain that it is the intention of the artist who has undertaken the engraving of this subject, to attend to every particular that may promote its improvement. In concluding our observations on this beautiful drawing, it is no more than justice to say, that it is not only our own, but a general, opinion, that this production holds a very distinguished rank as an historical composition, and will bear a fair comparison with the works of the most celebrated artists in any country.

Nos. 49 and 50, are two portraits in crayons, by *D. A. Volozan*. These drawings are extremely high finished, and exhibit equal proofs that this artist possesses great patience and industry, as well as classical knowledge of his art.

No. 14, is a perspective view of the new masonic hall in *Chesnut-street*, by *William Strickland*, the architect. This subject is

faithfully represented, and has a very picturesque appearance; it is now in the hands of the engraver for the purpose of publication.

Nos. 24, 59 and 60, are architectural designs, by *R. Mills*. Those designs possess much merit, and would appear to more advantage if they were not shadowed with so heavy a hand.

No. 142, is a portrait of the late *William Smith, D. D.* by *D. Edwin*. This engraving is a faithful copy from a very excellent picture by Stuart. It is engraved in the dot style, and in a very masterly manner.

No. 117, four engravings from *Thomson's Seasons*, by *A. Lawson*. These engravings are finished in a style that will bear comparing with the best works of foreign artists, and affords ample proof, that this gentleman possesses an extensive knowledge of his profession, united with *patience and industry*, (two great requisites) and both necessary to form a good engraver.

No. 30. *Shelric and Venuela, from Ossian*, engraved on wood, by *A. Anderson of Newyork*. We have at all times been delighted on viewing the works of this excellent, useful, and unassuming artist. Engravings on wood, when finely executed, are of great importance, as they are printed with the letter-press, take off a large number of impressions, and are afforded at a low price; but the talents and skill necessary in this truly useful branch of the arts, is not perhaps at present sufficiently appreciated.

Nos. 27 and 51, are engravings on wood by *W. Mason*, and executed in a style that does much credit to this rising and very ingenious artist.

No. 45. *View on the Adige: a piece in needle work in imitation of engraving in the line manner*, by *Mrs. Eddowes*. This lady deserves much credit for the exquisite manner in which she has managed the whole of this very interesting subject. It is worked on white satin with black silk, the threads of which appear like the lines of engraving, and produces a very natural and pleasing effect.

No. 28. *Carolina Parrot, needle-work, by a young lady*. This is also a very excellent production, and is faithfully copied from

a subject in the American Ornithology. It is worked on white satin, with different coloured silk, and has a very soft and beautiful effect.

There are a great number of paintings and drawings by other artists and amateurs, and a variety of subjects, that *our time* and the close of the exhibition would not permit us particularly to notice.

In reviewing with attention the second annual exhibition of the society of artists, *this important fact* is fully and satisfactorily established, that there are in every department of the fine arts, specimens of excellence exhibited by our infant institution, that will bear a fair comparison with those of the old establishments in Europe, that have been reared by the munificence of sovereigns, and now continue to flourish under the fostering sunshine of *royal and imperial* patronage.

It must be extremely gratifying to the patriotic lovers of the fine arts, to see a young institution, (consisting of artists and amateurs of our own country) founded on the most liberal principles, *supported and cherished* by an enlightened public. The establishment of periodical exhibitions of the works of art, on a solid and permanent foundation, connected with a system of schools for teaching the various branches of the fine arts on the most approved and simple principles, are certainly most desirable objects. Experience has proved, that these objects are attainable, and it only requires union of talents, zeal and industry, to insure complete success. Before these, *Quackery, Prejudice, and Error* must soon vanish, and give place to *Truth, Genius, and Wisdom*. In offering the foregoing remarks and observations, on the various articles in the second annual exhibition, I can only say that they proceeded from no other motives than those of a love of truth, and a sincere desire to promote a chaste taste for the fine arts in our country.

The articles noticed in this review have been seen and examined by upwards of *ten thousand* persons, the greatest part of whom have doubtless formed opinions of their own, and it is not unfair to presume, that in matters of taste, the majority of polished society, must generally be correct in their judgment.

Philadelphia, June 18, 1812.

G. M.

EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following curious letters, which relate to an interesting period of our history, and to one of the most extraordinary men who have visited the United States, have been read with great pleasure. We are indeed anxious to preserve all the memorials in our power of that singular character, Mr. Whitfield, and shall be gratified by receiving any authentic communications respecting his character and conduct during his residence in this country.

Near Williamsburgh, in Virginia, April 12, 1747.

MY DEAR MR. R.

By the providence of a good and gracious God, we came hither on Thursday last, in little more than a fourteen night from Charleston. God has given us a pleasant winter, and done fresh wonders for his poor unworthy creature. I believe the inclosed is from Mr. Smith. I purpose coming on this week, but do not expect to be at Philadelphia till June. I hope all dear friends are well, and that their souls prosper. You will acquaint them where we are, and that we salute them most cordially. If captain Grant be arrived, pray give my love to him. He can acquaint you with many particulars which time will not permit me now to mention. Men in power here seem to be alarmed; but truth is great, *and will prevail*. I am to preach this morning. Oh! that the Redeemer may send forth his light and ————— anew the inhabitants of these parts of the earth. Want of time forbids my enlarging. I would, however, acquaint you that I wrote an answer to your last letter, but tore it; for I considered you was sleepy when you wrote, and that I had best come and see how you thought when you was *awake*. Verbum sapienti sat est. You will remember us in a particular manner to your wife, mother, Mr. Smith, Bronson, Hockly, Bradford, Boudinot, Hazard, Tennent. &c. &c. &c. Hoping to meet you grown in grace, and thirsting after the holiness of Jesus Christ, I subscribe myself

Your's most affectionately in Him,

G. W.

TO J. R. ESQ. PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR SIR,

As you were pleased to open a correspondence with me upon the agreeable subject of Mr. Whitfield's kind reception among you, I think it the least I can do, by way of retaliation, to give you a brief historical relation of the manner of his entertainment among us; to which I now proceed, without further ceremony.

His excellent parts, his masterly address, fine elocution, and commanding gesture; his admirable talent in opening the scriptures, and enforcing the most weighty subjects upon the conscience; his polite and serious behaviour, his unaffected and superior piety, his prudence, humility, and catholic spirit, are things which carry too many charms not to silence and disarm prejudice itself.

By these qualifications of the orator, the divine, and the Christian he has not only fixed himself deeper in the affections of his former friends, but increased the number of them wherever he has preached, and made his way into the hearts of several, who, till this visit, had said all the severe things against him, that enmity itself seemed capable of.

If any think I rhetoricate, and write without that regard to truth which becomes one who is relating matters of fact, they may possibly have a more favorable opinion of me, when I mention the generous things which have been done here for him.

Sensible of the weight he must feel upon his spirits every time he reflects upon the debts he had contracted for the orphan-house, the motion was no sooner started by some particular gentlemen, but with the greatest alacrity, and in a very short time, we subscribed and gave him much above two hundred pounds sterling, to be disposed of at pleasure, without rendering an account to any body.

This unexpected generosity has encouraged him to purchase a good plantation in Carolina, and to settle it with a sufficient number of negroes, as a continual source of supplies to

the orphan-house—a scheme we are all of us pleased with, even they who were not so well affected to that house itself, because we hope it will, in the nature of the thing, tie him faster to America, and give us the satisfaction of seeing a man, we so much esteem, the oftener.

He is now busy upon this affair, and I hope will finish it before he proceeds to the northern settlement, in his way to you, which may be about the middle of this month.

I think we have herein set a laudable example to his friends in other parts—an example we should not have been guilty of, were we not firmly persuaded of the sincerity of his intentions; and these things are so universally known in this town, that you have free leave to publish them, and to affix the name of,

Dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JOSIAH SMITH.

*Charleston, S. Carolina,
March 2, 1746-7.*

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;
A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

LIFE OF DOMINICHINO.

DOMINICHINO ZAMPIERRI was born at Bologna in the year 1581. Early in life he was put under the care of Daniel Calvert. His diligence was discovered to be unintermittent, and his industry unabating. Notwithstanding this his proficiency was very slow, and scarcely perceptible. His fellow-disciples, beholding his incessant labours and tardy progress, drew unfavourable conclusions, and formed a very erroneous opinion of

his talents. Dominichino appears to have been undaunted by difficulties, unmoved by the taunts and reproaches of his fellow-pupils, and to have redoubled his diligence.

At length he quitted the school of Calvert for the academy of the Carracci. He now enjoyed the society of young artists distinguished by their genius—such as Albano, Guido, and Vasari. They caught the precepts, and imitated the works of their masters with incredible facility and despatch, while this unfortunate artist was doomed to plod with the same slow and laborious industry as he had formerly done. His fellow-pupils called him the ox, in allusion to the patient industry, and perhaps to the stupidity, of that animal. Annibal Carracci was not disposed to join in the mirth of his disciples. He declared that this ox would, in time, by dint of labour, make his ground fruitful.

Dominichino observed more punctiliously than all the rest the precepts of the Carracci, and aimed, with his wonted industry, to unite the expression of Raphael, the vigour of Annibal, and the colouring of Ludoico. Fuseli, who states this fact, further adds, that this artist, in attempting to unite the excellencies of each of these masters, fell short of all. Great and deservedly respected as this learned author is, his opinion is not perhaps here entitled to entire and implicit reverence. He is violently opposed to the principles of the Carracci school, and it is probable that this circumstance blinded his better judgment.

From the school of the Carracci, Dominichino passed to Bologna, where he was doomed to encounter poverty and persecution from the jealousy of rival painters. There is amongst men of genius a spirit of competition that often embitters their days, and of such merciless persecution was Dominichino the object. On his side there was a sensibility peculiarly alive and sore under the pressure of such assaults. He beheld the most beautiful forms of his pencil slandered and belied by his brother artists. Whenever envy itself was compelled to acknowledge the wonderful power of his execution, it was maintained that this was the mere plagiarism of his pencil; and thus were the honours reserved by justice for his brow rudely torn away, and spontaneously delivered to another. His extreme sensibility on

this point may be ascertained by those who will recall to their minds the great pain and labour by which he rose to eminence. Nothing daunted his intrepidity; he still patiently laboured in his favourite pursuit.

Altona, his fellow-pupil, visited Rome, and enjoyed the smiles and patronage of the great. As soon as the rays of fortune had begun to glimmer on his head, and long before that steady sunshine broke out that brightened on his future days, he remembered with kindness the fate of this poor, patient, suffering, but invincible artist. We have already seen the effects of that friendship, that Dominichino was invited to Rome, and lived for two years under the hospitable roof of Altona. His talents now burst forth with a blaze that illuminated the age in which he lived, and has preserved its meridian to ours.

There is a painting of Dominichino in the Palazzo della Torre, representing our crucified Saviour on the knees of his mother, surrounded by Mary Magdalene and some of his disciples. It was the peculiar province of this artist to express strong and powerful passions with uncommon energy; and he generally selected subjects that allowed such license. In the present instance the maternal grief is made essentially to vary from the sorrow of the surrounding disciples. The head of the Magdalene is also eminently conspicuous. In her fine countenance grief and gratitude seem associated, in the liveliest manner, while the sorrows of the disciples are mingled with manifest alarm. Strongly as such sacred and awful subjects admit of delineation, it is much to be wished that the pencils of the great masters had left them untouched. A dead body is not an affecting, but a shocking spectacle, and it forms a disagreeable sensation when the Saviour of the universe is so presented to our eyes. Even when the best painters represent the resurrection of that glorious personage, they bring to the view a mangled body. This has a strong tendency to impair the joy we feel at the accomplishment of that stupendous miracle. There is nothing in the divine record to warrant this but one fact, and this might have been supernaturally assumed, to convince the incredulity of Thomas. When that august character, after his resur-

rection, sat at the table at meat with his disciples at Imaus, it is fair to infer that the prints of the nails in his hands were not visible, as they would have known and recognised him if they were; he gave other evidence of his divinity, and that was his supernatural evanescence.

There is in the church of St. Agnes, at Bologna, an altar-piece by Dominichino, and the subject is the martyrdom of that saint. The countenance of the dying sufferer forcibly expresses the contending passions of hope and fear. Amidst all the torments she endures there is an eye of anticipating triumph and joy, and receding life expires in the sparkles of hope. Three female figures, on the right of the sufferer, present us with features full of sorrow and admiration. Their attitudes blend, in a wonderful manner, strong expression with the most entire freedom and grace. The painter excites powerful compassion, and sedulously avoids the point where it is bounded by disgust. This noble painting now partakes too much of a greenish hue, by which the shades appear too dark, a defect that has been generally imputed to the ravages of time.

Dominichino was not suffered by the spirit of envy to enjoy in quiet his reputation at Rome. The same slanders that haunted his repose at Bologna followed him to Italy. Whenever his patient and persevering industry claimed, as their reward, the admiration of artists, they immediately denied him that homage, and attributed to plagiarism still the proudest efforts of his pencil. Disgusted with such reception, and sickening at the thought of contributing to the glory of every other artist except himself, by the success of his exertions, he formed the deliberate determination to quit the capital of Italy, and to return to Bologna. Having imparted his design to his friend, the priest of the order of St. Jerome of the Charity, he dissuaded him from his purpose, and, at his instigation, he undertook the grand altar-piece, and chose for his subject the communion of St. Jerome.

Dominichino was moreover illustrious in landscape. The forms of his trees partook of nature itself. There was that graceful and gay irregularity that can never be acquired, but by



Dominichino pinx.

THE COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.

a freedom of the pencil equally judicious and bold. Servile imitation here, however faithfully executed, imparts an air of constraint and monotony to the landscape, from which the pencil of this artist was utterly exempt. His various objects, his streams, his broken grounds, his rocks, and herbage, were grouped together with such felicitous, and, at the same time, with such apparent, negligence, as almost to persuade us they had been the frequent haunts of his early years. General nature was his particular study in landscape. This enabled him to throw together a group of objects to which the bosoms of all were congenial and allied. The eye was familiar with the novelty, because it recognised the broad outline, and the minuter strokes are always abundant in diversity.

Dominichino, in the earlier part of his life, although he forcibly delineated strong passions, and in a manner little inferior to Raphael himself, yet his figures were stiff, and his pencil heavy. This defect probably arose from the extreme tardiness and labour it required to develop his powers, and to put his full genius to the test. But no defect did this paragon of industry despair of amending. Having once been made sensible of his error, he applied himself, with his wonted labour, to its removal, and finally completely succeeded in his object. Without at all abating the natural energy of his pencil, he imparted to his forms the freedom and grace of his masters. He was eminent in architecture, and was employed by the pontiff Gregory V. to build the Apostolical palace, which he executed, and to the entire satisfaction of his master. De Piles sturdily pronounces this great artist to have been destitute of genius, while, in the same breath, he admits that he was equal to the Carracci, Poussin, and Da Vinci in expression, and superior to all in execution. One is almost led to imagine that an author sometimes utters such paradoxes to contradict himself, for the purpose of saving his antagonist that trouble. If a man without genius is capable of doing all, and more, than a man with genius can do, that best gift of heaven had better have been denied altogether. It was admitted that this artist always conceived forcibly and strong; but not rapidly: his genius was a pure, vigorous, and

ethereal fire, that was compelled to warm materials by nature cold, sluggish, and inert. Animal organization, is sufficient to account for this evident disparity between the mind and the body. There must have been a strong vital principle within that could stimulate to such incessant labour, and prompt to encounter and overcome such formidable embarrassments. All this labour was attended with this benefit—the artist was made fully acquainted with the extent of his own powers, and industry became a habit.

His character, in private life, does not appear to have been united to any of those defects so often found in the community of great talents. He was hospitable, mild, unassuming, and, in the company of strangers, somewhat cold and reserved. Amidst the friends whom he cherished this reserve entirely vanished, and he was frank, cordial, and communicative. His great piece, represented by the annexed drawing, the communion of St. Jerome, has always been regarded as one of the master-pieces of the pencil. It has been ranked with the transfiguration by Raphael, and the descent from the cross by Daniel De Volterra. The aged saint, while in the act of expiring, was carried to the church of St. Bethlehem, to receive the mystic tokens of his faith, and assurance of salvation. Every figure in this group is highly interesting, and especially the features of the dying man. Unable to stand, he sinks upon his knees, and, conscious that life is just glimmering in the socket, seems to demand the mystic symbols of his faith with a holy violence, as if anxious to dedicate the last act of existence to the service of his Redeemer. All the surrounding group are variously affected—one sheds tears of sorrow, and others are struck with astonishment at the piety of the saint. Angels are seen above, witnessing with delight the triumph of the christian over death, and at the same time indicating that the reward of such piety is near. Truth and energy of expression are united in the group. For this noble picture the artist received but fifty crowns. It was formerly the altar-piece in the church of St. Jerome de la Charité, at Rome, and is now added to the spoils of the Louvre. But envy still followed Dominichino like his shadow. It was

mentioned that this masterpiece of his pencil was stolen from Augustinò Carracci. While he was a disciple in that academy Dominichino imitated this master, and this circumstance probably gave an imposing currency to the tale. Engravings were taken from a painting of Augustino, which the communion of St. Jerome was thought to resemble. Those who looked with an eye of jealousy, and grudgingly paid the homage due to genius, exulted in an opportunity to withhold their reverence. They could discover resemblances in things unlike; they could transform an original into a copy;—in short, under the appearance of rendering to each artist impartial justice, they could immolate genius on the altar of envy. Both of these paintings now adorn the walls of the Louvre: they are placed in direct opposition to each other, and the slanders that, during the life of Dominichino, embittered his felicity, are now, by a singular reverse of fortune, when dead, made subservient to his glory. This admired artist died in 1641, in the 62d year of his age.

We shall close this account of the Lombard school with the life of an artist, who, though a Florentine by birth, and for that reason regarded as of the Florentine school, is characterized by so many resemblances to the disciples of the Carracci, that he may find an appropriate place among the Lombard painters. We are the more content to make this inroad upon the Carracci school, since it affords the only opportunity within our reach of introducing an artist of whose association any class of painters might boast.

LIFE OF CARLO DOLCI.

CARLO DOLCI was born in the year 1616, and was put, while very young, under the care of a celebrated painter, by the name of Jacobo Vignali. His earliest performances justified the most sanguine anticipations of his friends; for, at the age of eleven years only, he painted a whole figure of St. John. This was triumphantly produced as a proof of his genius; it underwent the most rigid examination, and received the most decided applause from critics and connoisseurs. The young painter, encouraged by such signal success, executed a portrait of his mother with uncommon care, and became again a candidate for public favour. This piece was rewarded with the most flattering encomiums, and his name was immediately enrolled in the

first rank of artists. The fame of the young painter was blazoned abroad throughout Florence, and other cities of Italy.

These favourable reports obtained him the most ample patronage: all his admirers were anxious to obtain some memorial of his genius, and with that view they advised him to give his undivided attention to portraiture. Carlo saw how easily this prepossession might advance, not only his fame, but his fortune also, and followed this friendly advice. At this time, he was pressed by a variety of applications, and, anxious to satisfy all demands, he laboured with incessant perseverance. Nothing was now wanting to a consummation of his wishes, but a just estimation of his own talents. Had he possessed more hardihood of hand, a more bold and intrepid pencil, not only his fortune, but his fame would have been improved. His constant apprehension that every piece of his workmanship, however much admired and applauded, was not worthy of his pencil, induced him to touch and retouch so often, that he injured the freedom and spirit of his execution. On every examination, he beheld something that required alteration, and even, at last, his labours were reluctantly dismissed; they were extorted by the importunities of his patrons, and never yielded with the approbation of the artist. It was on one of these occasions that he was visited by Lucca Giordano, a painter more distinguished for the rapidity, than for the elegance, of his workmanship. He smiled at the laborious diligence of Carlo, and boasted of his own facility of execution. Carlo was so sensibly affected and mortified by the contrast, that he narrowly escaped insanity. Recovering from the shock, he formed the determination of abandoning portraiture altogether, and of devoting himself exclusively to sacred subjects. He still thought that the *haste* with which he had executed his former works, had injured his character, and that nothing but leisure was wanting to the consummation of his fame. Having now become master, not only of his time, but of the subject, a privilege that portraiture denied him, he was flattered by the thought that he was painting to please himself, and, when this was done, he was confident of obtaining the approbation of others.

Full of these ideas, he sat down to his work, and his pencil crept leisurely over his canvass. Unhappily, he was now embarrassed with difficulties he was not prepared to encounter. Where he had no other criterion than his own judgment to consult, he was more remote than ever from the standard; every new grace and beauty served only to convince him that the work was capable of being made much more graceful and more beautiful, and he sat down again to the task of retouching.

Thus did Carlo, by relinquishing portraiture for sacred subjects, allow himself leisure, not to improve his pencil, but to multiply his miseries, and to redouble his apprehensions of mis-carriage.

He painted for the palazzo Corsini, at Florence, a half figure of St. Sebastian, of the natural size. The design is stated to be uncommonly correct, and the colouring exquisitely beautiful. The palazzo Ricardi is ornamented with a scripture-piece from the hand of this artist. The subject represents the half figures of the four evangelists, large as life. This has been denominated one of the masterpieces of this artist, because it is free from that exquisite finishing, so discernible in all his other works. The painter held it, from this very cause, in light estimation himself, and censured it in the same degree, and for the same cause, as the public applauded. The most admired of all his works are his St. Matthew and St. John, the latter of which is said to exceed all praise, and is peculiarly distinguished by its excellence of design and force of execution. This artist died in the year 1686, in the 70th year of his age.

We conceive that the general defect of his pencil is discernible in his life. From a painter so coy and fastidiously timid we should not apprehend boldness and originality of design; we should presume that his work would bear the stamp of extreme labour, delicacy, exquisite finishing; and such were the defects of this artist. His composition was remarkably delicate: in the management of chiaroscuro he was equally judicious and happy. The airs of his heads were endued with wonderful grace; his touches were extremely delicate, and his colourings transparent. His carnations were, nevertheless, destitute of life,

and were said more to resemble ivory than flesh. We have here two curious instances of labour, effectual and ineffectual. Dominichino was bold and adventurous—Carlo timid, cautious, and circumspect; the former, satisfied with what he had once dismissed from his hands, bent all his ambition towards making still further advances—the other, by labouring assiduously to improve, what was already well done, impaired the vigour of his pencil. The annexed is a sketch of an engraving from the hand of this artist, representing the suffering of our Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane. The head of Christ is said to be replete with dignity and resignation, notwithstanding the agony he suffers. The angel presenting the cup and the cross is not attired with taste, nor is the expression or attitude happily imagined. The colouring is harmonious and natural.

We conceive that this passage is incapable of a proper representation by the pencil in the first place, and, in the next, that, even allowing this to be practicable, the present design is, at all events, miserably defective. A painter, we think, has no right, in any instance, and more especially in such awful ones as christianity affords, to incorporate figures of speech with matters of fact. It carries an impression different from what was intended, and expresses ideas never designed by the speaker or the writer. Thus, when Raphael understands the words of our Saviour to St. Peter, "Behold, I deliver to you the keys of heaven and earth," in their natural sense, and so expresses them by his pencil, the illustration itself is substituted for the subject designed to be illustrated, and is made worse than nugatory; it is made more inexplicable by the attempt at explanation. If it is designed as allegorical, it is more objectionable still; for the character is too awful to be tampered with so lightly; it casts an air of romance and incredulity on the most important facts; and who can hear, without disgust, that the Saviour of the universe is made to play a part in an allegory? The same remarks apply to the painting now before us.

Admitting, however, this to be a proper subject for the pencil, let us proceed to examine the design of this picture. The painter had undertaken to embody the sense of the following



Painted by Carlo Dolci.

Boys.

Christ in the Garden.

passages: "And Jesus came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives, and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place he said unto them, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation. *And he withdrew from them about a stone-cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And, being in agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground.*" The point of time chosen by the painter, is when our Saviour separates from his disciples. The painter has totally failed in embodying the sense of the following passage, "*And there appeared to him an angel from heaven, strengthening him,*" by presenting us with the celestial visitant, bearing the cup of our Saviour's afflictions, which he had just been imploring his Almighty Father to remove. The presentation of this unwelcome gift should have been the office of an infernal fiend—and the heavenly messenger, as he now appears, acts in that character himself. We have seen a copperplate engraving where the artist has done more justice to the subject. He had chosen what Carlo appears to have overlooked, the hour of night for the season of our Saviour's sufferings. An infernal fiend appears, and, with marks of rage and precipitation, presents the cup flaming with Almighty wrath. By a light so portentous, we discover our suffering Redeemer, resting his head in the lap of an angel, turning his eyes from the horrible spectacle, and folding his hands, in the attitude of supplication to Heaven. The tenderness and compassion expressed in the countenance of the ministering angel, forms an admirable contrast to the rage and malignity of the fiend, and both serve to make us participate more largely in the sufferings of the Victim.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ROUSSEAU.

We find the following very amusing letters in a late French journal, where they are given as extracts from a recent publication entitled, "The Letters of Mr. Biernstahl formerly professor at Upsal."

Paris, Sept. 1, 1770.

SIR,

I AM going to write you a little letter about a very great man; I mean Rousseau.—He arrived here, as I mentioned in my last letter, about the latter end of June, and I have had the good fortune to contract an acquaintance with him, as intimate perhaps as is possible with a philosopher so full of eccentricities. He is at present engaged with all that ardour and vivacity which characterize every action of his life, in the study of plants. Accordingly his first question almost when I visited him was, whether I understood botany; but when he was informed that the celebrated Linnæus himself had taught me the principles of that science, the name seemed to rouse the most powerful sensations of his mind, and he exclaimed in an animated tone, "You are acquainted then with my preceptor and master, the illustrious Linnæus! Salute him from me, I beseech you, when next you write, and *bow my knee* (these were his words) *before him*; tell him that I know not on earth a man more truly great than himself, and that to him I am indebted for health and life itself." Several other expressions equally strong and ardent, sufficiently demonstrated his profound respect for that eminent botanist. He afterwards showed me a copy of the *Philosophia Botannica*,* and emphatically remarked, "In this work of Linnæus is contained more sound wisdom and learning, than in the most ponderous folios; not a word can here be found, which is not absolutely necessary; unlike the generality of books elaborated in

* I have seen an edition of this work by Gleditsch, printed at Berlin in 1780; the frontispiece is decorated with a likeness, given as that of Linnæus; but the late M. Cels, who had the kindness to give me some lessons in botany, assured me that it bore not the smallest resemblance to the philosopher; that it was probably a mere fancy-piece by some bookseller. This engraving, however, has been copied into several other editions of the work. Our French booksellers are equally cunning and adroit.

the north, which are usually overcharged with erudite trifling." An eulogium so warm, from the lips of Rousseau, was the farthest thing I expected; he in general speaks but little, and is by no means lavish of his praises; but enthusiasm for the Swedish sage, seemed to have altered his character. He asked me if I thought a letter from him would be agreeable to Linnæus, and added that he wished to write, and would confide the letter to my care. I assured him that from no person at Paris would Linnæus be more gratified at receiving a letter, than himself, and begged him not to forget his promise. This circumstance is very remarkable as it is known that Rousseau hated letter-writing, and did not even read those that were addressed to him. I remember once inquiring, whether he had received a letter from a friend of mine who I knew intended to write, and whose name I mentioned. He replied that he did not recollect the person, but that in truth he found no time to read the thousand of letters which every post brought in, and still less to answer them; the expense of six secretaries, the least number necessary for such a business, being more than his private purse could conveniently bear.

As it had been mentioned to me that Rousseau intended to publish a treatise on botany, I asked him one day whether the report was true. He assured me that it was not, and added, that there was a great deal of difference between being an apt scholar and an able master; that though the usual custom with didactic authors was, to teach others what they had never learned themselves, he felt no inclination to follow their example. "Linnæus," said he, "was my master, and I am proud of the honour." I wished to know what he thought of M. Adanson. Crants in Germany, and Adanson, he said, had gotten all their knowledge from the Swedish philosopher, and had afterwards the ingratitude to calumniate their master. There are in France too, continued he, a number of Linnean botanists. He mentioned the names of several at Paris, and some other cities; I added one at Rouen from my own knowledge.

We conversed together about his *Emilius*: I told him that I had met in it a great number of excellent remarks; but that

he must forgive me if I was not altogether of his opinion; that he himself had taught me to be sceptical. He declared that he esteemed the man who doubted, much more than him who blindly adopted the ideas of his author—that the method of education recommended in that work, was very difficult of execution, and required the imperious and unquestioned authority of a parent.*

Rousseau has been lately married to Mlle. Le Vasseur, who was formerly his preceptress and who has taken the most tender care of him in all his sickness; he wished to recompense her for these attentions, and they were married. She has already arrived at a certain period of life, and it is very easy to perceive that the personal charms of the lady formed but a small inducement to the match. She is not, however, without certain *agremens*, and there is an air of great frankness in her manners—the ardent attachment which she bears to her husband is very evident.

He will soon be in his fifty-ninth year, having been born in 1712. If he had not told me so himself, I would never have thought him so old; he looks infinitely younger. He is of the middle size, but rather short and squat than tall. His eyes are black and full of fire. He generally leans his head to one side, and his eyes are usually inclined to the ground; but he sometimes darts privately around his piercing glances. His face is full and handsome, and his features well proportioned. His manners are polite and agreeable, but his voice is harsh and his utterance vehement.

M. de Jussieu and Rousseau sometimes make little excursions into the country, to collect plants, &c. and botany is his principal occupation. I have sometimes, however, seen him copying music; and I used to tell that it was unaccountable to me, how he, who was original in every thing, would condescend to copy the productions of others. He testified, on every occasion, a sovereign contempt, as well as a violent aversion to the French, and was disgusted at their immoderate fondness for Italian music.

* It should here be remarked that M. Biernstahl accompanied the young *baron de Rudbek* in the capacity of tutor.

He sometimes amuses himself with playing at chess, and after the game is concluded, generally goes to the coffee-house *de la Regence*, near the duc d'Orlean's palace. I once laid a plan to play with him, so as to discover whether he was as great a philosopher as king Theodoric of whom Sidonius says, *Theodoricus rex Gothorum in bonis jactibus tacet in malis ridet, in neutris nascitur in utrisque philosophatur*.* But he had already begun a game with somebody else, which lasting till nine o'clock: I could wait no longer. He always reflected some time before making his move, and then placed the piece down quick and firm without shuffling—quite characteristical of the man. In all this I find him very like Theodoric, except that in playing he never laughed.

The name of our philosopher's father was Isaac Rousseau, that of his mother Susanne Bernard. He wears two rings set with stones, one on the little finger of the right hand, the other on the left. On the first is engraven in Arabic characters, the name of his father, on the other that of his mother. These rings were procured by his father when a merchant at Constantinople.†

For Geneva, his native country, he had no great regard. I told him once that I intended to go there, and begged him to charge me with his commissions; he replied coldly, that he no longer retained connexions of friendship with any of the Genevans; and it was very easy to perceive that he never had any.

As to the remainder of his character—Rousseau has lately displayed an instance of the goodness of his heart, which does him great honour. You recollect that several of the literati of Paris and the other cities of France, have united their exertions to raise a statue to M. de Voltaire; you also know how Rousseau has been treated by this same Voltaire; nevertheless he has signified his intention of becoming a subscriber, and has contributed two louis; a sum in his present circumstances very considerable. Some persons, perhaps, will be able to discern in this action, the

* Apollin. Sidon. I. Epist. 2.

† This expression is somewhat incorrect. "My father, says Rousseau in his Confessions, "after the birth of my only brother, was summoned to Constantinople, and became clock-maker to the palace."

stratagem of a cunning and insidious pride; but as for myself, who pretend not to the sagacity of penetrating into the inmost recesses of the human breast, I am willing to draw that conclusion which appears the most natural; that is, a good one. There is not, indeed, a virtue in the whole catalogue, which may not be misinterpreted and construed into a vice.

Ferney, Oct. 1773.

VOLTAIRE is mortified and jealous at the liberality which Rousseau has displayed in contributing his *widow's mite* of two or three louis to the erection of the statue.* M. Durey de Morvan,† who lives at Ferney, had placed in his chamber, beneath a crucifix, a portrait of Rousseau, with this verse appended:

Ante meos oculos pendet tua Rufe tabella
Pendentis colitur sic mihi ferma Dei.

Voltaire entering the chamber one day by chance, during his absence, and observing these two lines, immediately effaced the latter, and substituted this in its place:

Sed cur non pendit vera figura viri?

M. Durey had no difficulty in recognizing the sarcastic pen of Voltaire, but he prudently forbore to notice the malignant action, and appeared not to remark the alteration in his distich.

* It is easy to see from the letters of Voltaire, how unwilling he was to receive the subscription of Rousseau. "I persist," he writes to d'Alembert, "in the prayer I made you to return Jean Jacques his money; this is the advice of Saint Lambert; I cannot bear to see the name of this man along side of yours and that of the duc de Choiseul." The very proper advice of D'Alembert and some other friends, was, that it should be retained. In another letter, Voltaire, whose pride found itself humiliated by that of Rousseau, blames their forbearance, and insists that the contribution be returned. I am ignorant what part d'Alembert then took; his answer, if he made any, has never, that I know, been printed, and Voltaire here dropped the business.

† Biernstahl, who became acquainted with Durey at Voltaire's, informs us that he was the real author of the *Testament Politique* of Albervy, published by Mambert. From poverty Durey was induced to sell the manuscript to this ex-capuchin, and afterwards claimed his title to the authorship in the *Journal Encyclopédique* of 1762 or 3. He is also the author of *Anecdotes to serve as a history of Europe*, published by stealth in 1757 by Duchene; and of some dramatic works, as *The Voyage of Love*, *The Animated Statue*, *The Amours of Doctor Lantevnon*. His "*process du Diable*," says Biernstahl, "has never been printed. He was also actually engaged on a life of Voltaire." These details, lost in the little known book of Biernstahl, have hitherto escaped our bibliographers.

The following account of two distinguished authors, is from the *Biographie Moderne*.

LIFE OF THE BARONESS STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

STAEL-HOLSTEIN (the baroness of) daughter to M. Necker. Her birth, her tastes, her principles, the reputation of her father, the functions of her husband, and above all her conduct in the revolution, have brought her into notice, frequently in a disagreeable manner; the political factions and the literary circles with which she has been connected, have by turns disputed with each other for her fame. She was rejected by the republicans and the royalists, and public opinion in France places her in the party which desired a constitutional monarchy, and perhaps a change of dynasty. She was obliged to quit France with her husband, but returned thither in 1797, and was supposed to have had considerable influence in the political events of that time, by her ascendant over the principal leaders of the constitutional circle, formed under the protection of the directory. In 1803 her intimacy with Benjamin Constant the Swiss, and with some other persons of the opposition, drew upon her the suspicions of the consular government; and she was obliged to leave the capital. She some time after solicited in vain a sum of two millions, which her father had left in the public treasury of Paris. Since that time she has lived in retirement at Coppet, where she received the last sighs of her father, and published a Historical Panegyric on him. In the works of Madame de Staël there is always force, often talent, and sometimes even rationality and depth; but we also frequently find in them an affectation of new words, as well as contradictions and inconsistencies. We owe to her the following works: Letters on the Character and Writings of J. J. Rousseau, 1789; Essay on Fictions; Reflections on Peace, addressed to Mr. Pitt and to the French, 1795; On the Influence of the Passions, on the Happiness of Individuals, and of Nations, 1796; on Literature, considered as connected with Social Institutions, 1800; on the Influence of Revolutions on Letters; Delphine, a novel. In 1806 madame de Staël amused herself with acting tragedy at Geneva, and it is said that she displayed great talent for it.

LIFE OF MADAME GENLIS.

GENLIS (Brulart de Sillery, countess de) governess to the children of the duke of Orleans; sister to the marquis Ducrest, his chancellor; wife to the count de Sillery, who was like her attached to the household of that prince: she was author of a great number of works, which, ten years ago, exceeded 25 volumes; now they would amount to 40. Among them may be distinguished *Adela and Theodore*; the *Tales of the Castle*; a collection of instructive Dramas; *Madame de Clermont*; the *Moral Herbal*; the *Traveller's Manual*; the *Knights of the Swan*; *Rash Vows*; the *Little Emigrants*; the *Little la Bruyère*; a *New Method of Instruction*; and *Prayers for Children*. Madame de Genlis, who was remarked from her entrance into the world for agreeable accomplishments, a cultivated mind, and a charming person, married young, and was early enabled to mix the colours of which she has since composed her pictures. Formed to observe society, the absurdities of which she seizes to admiration, all the shades of which she distinguishes with accuracy, and the perfidies of which she divines with skill, it would doubtless have been desirable that she should not have been called by the nature of her connexions to play a part in the revolution. She left France in 1792, and remained in Germany till the accession of Bonaparte. Her novels contain, besides pictures which have the air of striking likenesses, that profound knowledge of the iniquity of the world, which no person can describe so faithfully who has not long had its models before his eyes, and preserved its cruel remembrances in his heart. Madame de Genlis published, in 1803, the *Recollections of Felicia*, that is to say, her own recollections; in 1804, the *Dutchess de la Vallière*, a novel; in which, in order to interest the reader, she had only to follow history, so that all the parts in which she has deviated from it are the least pleasing. Whole pages are copied from the memoirs of Maintenon; she has done nothing but extend some chapters of that work. In 1806 she brought out *Alphonsine, or Maternal Love*; this novel which has been warmly extolled by some journalists, has however met with less success than the others. Madame de Genlis, though

long connected with the philosophical and revolutionary party, has always appeared attached to religious ideas, and has composed several works in that spirit, especially *Religion considered as the only Basis of Happiness and of true Philosophy*, published in 1787; the *Annals of Virtue*; and *Christian Hours*. She has also inserted in the *Mercury* of 1804 and 1805 some articles in the same spirit. The government granted her, in 1805, a pension of 6000 livres.

Leipsic, February.

Messrs. LANGSDORFF and FISCHER, have published the first number of the plants, collected by the Russians, in their voyage round the world, under the command of Mr. Krusenstern. This number called *Icones Filicum*, contains the description of thirty-one species of ferns, of which more than two thirds were found in the Island of St. Catherine, at Brazil, and that of Nukaviva, in the South Sea, some of them were already known to the botanists, but the descriptions of these travellers are more exact, and others are entirely new.

The celebrated Mr. Werner, has also published his small mineralogical treatises; and Mr. Nussli, an introduction to mineralogy.

The topographical chart of the neighbourhood of Rome, with respect to antiquities published at that place, by Mr. Sickler, is very highly spoken of. It contains a precise indication of three villas of the ancient Romans, more than ninety fields of battle, and a hundred cities, mentioned in the history of the three first centuries of the republic. The positions of a great number of these, was, till now, very imperfectly known.

The German booksellers complain that Kotzebue prints nothing at present. It must not, however, be presumed, that this celebrated writer is inactive. He still labours, and his pen is as fruitful as ever; but he has thought proper to enrich with his productions, a new periodical work at Arau, in Switzerland, under the title of *Literary and Historical Recreations*, in the four last numbers of which are seven small romances, a poem, a tale, and several miscellaneous articles, by this indefatigable writer.

Augsbourg, April.

Mr. MILLIN, member of the Institute, is now making a great voyage through Italy, in order to publish a description of that country. At Turin, he copied twenty unpublished monuments, and forty inscriptions hitherto unknown. At Rome, three artists are constantly engaged in making designs for him. He has already collected one hundred and fifty, either entirely new, or published in an imperfect manner. He has also collected seven hundred memoirs, the greater part of which are rare and not known out of Italy. After examining the Campania of Rome, he went to Naples, and intends visiting all the ancient cities of Greek origin, in Calabria and La Pouille. He will then make Spoleto the centre of his excursions in the Appenines; and after visiting Tuscany, Lombardy, Venice, Istria, and Dalmatia, return to France, by Vienna. The voyage will probably occupy from eighteen months to two years.

Baron Dankelman, residing at present in Saxony, is about publishing in French, a voyage to the Indies, and the interior of the Cape of Good Hope, ornamented with elegant engravings. This gentleman is a native of Bengal, where he passed his early years, till his father brought him to Europe, and placed him at the university of Freyburg. After finishing his studies, he entered into the service of the Dutch East India company, and set out in 1802 with general Jansen, for the Cape, and thence to Batavia. He has since made a mineralogical tour into the interior of the colony at the Cape, which he is of course qualified to describe accurately.

Rome, January, 1812.

THE commission charged with the execution of the imperial decree, relative to the embellishments and researches in this city, pursues its labours with great activity.

The Piazza del Popolo will soon be freed from the convent, and the houses which spoiled this fine entrance of the city, and a public walk will be made there, under the name of the Garden of the Great Cæsar. It will begin with the yards of Ripetta, follow the city walls, on the left bank of the Tiber, to Mount

Pincio and the Villa Medici, and end in the alley of the Trinita del Monte.

The Roman forum becomes every day more worthy of embellishing the Garden of the Capitol, which will comprise the Coliseum, Mount Palatine, the Circus Maximus, the temples of Vesta and of Fortuna Virilis, and the Arc of Janus.

They have entirely opened the temple of Concord, situated at the foot of the capitol, which must have served as a court to the senate, who caused it to be rebuilt after a fire, as appears from an inscription on the architrave of the facade.

The precious remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Augustus, to accomplish a vow made by him during the Cantabrian war, in consequence of having escaped a stroke of lightning, now appears in all its grandeur, and is disengaged from the ground which concealed the view of it. The architects have executed, with great address and dexterity, the machinery to give a perpendicular to the three remaining columns of this temple, the construction of a new, and the taking off and replacing the architrave.

The temple of Antoninus and Faustina, on the Via Sacra, is opened as far as the ancient pavement. We remark there a part of the sidewall, and a portico composed of twelve Corinthian columns, six of which form the facade, and six the lateral parts of the portico, supporting a superb architrave. The temple of Peace, built under Vespasian, is freed from earth and rubbish down to the ancient level.

The ground-floor, or ambulacra, of the Coliseum, are perfectly freed and disembarassed from the incumbrances which were formerly there.

The magnificent basement of the temple of Fortuna Virilis is entirely uncovered.

The elegant round cell, called the temple of Vesta, of Hercules the Avenger, or of the Sun, situated on the left bank of the Tiber, at the foot of Mount Aventine, is entirely freed from the modern enclosures, which masked the twenty fluted Corinthian columns of white marble.

The arc of Janus, at St. George, in Velabro, composed of massive travertin, supporting the arch, is now seen in all its grandeur.

They are constantly digging among the fine remains of the Baths of Titus, on the Esquiline hill, where they have already found some very fine paintings.

The demolition of the two convents of the Spirito Santo and of St. Euphemia, and the adjoining houses, has been begun, and will enable us to admire more the superb column in the forum of Trajan, remarkable for the perfection of design, in the pedestal and the bas reliefs representing the victories of that emperor over the Dacians.

Nearly two thousand persons are daily employed in these different works. Arrangements are also making to demolish the islands opposite the square of the Vatican, the houses which hide the fountain of Trevi, and those at the back of the Pantheon.

In digging among the baths of Titus, a statue of Jupiter has been discovered.

The Transfiguration of Raphael, engraved by the celebrated Morghen, is soon about to appear. The lovers of the fine arts expect impatiently this engraving, which is to be the masterpiece of this artist.

The paintings in the cemetery of Pisa, so long neglected, have been lately engraved, and are publishing at Florence. The complete collection will consist of from forty to forty-two engravings, of which thirty-eight have already appeared.

Vienna, January 20.

MR. HOWATH has just made an interesting discovery for the inhabitants of Pest, in Hungary, which is, that the city of Buda, named Ofen in German, and situated opposite to Pest, was originally annexed to Pest. The name of the latter city signifies, in Hungarian, an oven or furnace, which the Germans translated into Ofen. This German name, therefore, originally and in truth designates Pest, and has been erroneously given to Buda. This discovery has given such pleasure to the people of Pest,

that they have presented the freedom of the city to Mr. Howath.

A NEW German geography, which has just appeared, makes the population of Europe amount to 209 millions, 228,000 souls.

At a late sitting of the royal academy, at Munich, professor Thiersch read an interesting memoir on the poems attributed to Hesiod. He does not admit that Hesiod was an imitator of Homer, nor, on the other hand, that Homer imitated Hesiod; but he considers the poems of Hesiod as the remains of a poetical school existing in Attica, Achaia, and Bœotia, before the wars caused by the migration of the Doric tribes. The Greek epic would have received its rythmic and poetic forms in this school, of which the Ionian school might have been a branch. This hypothesis explains the reason why the poets of Bœotia and Ionia were able, at a much later date, to write works of the same nature, without being acquainted with each other. This learned memoir places in a new point of view the famous discussions on the origin of the poems of Homer.

Berlin, February.

THE experiments made on the pretended incombustibility of the human body, by Mr. Bernard Hey, have been attended with great success. The means employed for the purpose he reduces to six: viz.

1st. A liquor, composed of half a pound of alum, four ounces of vitriolic acid, and two pounds of water, with which the hair, the arms, thighs, and feet must be impregnated during several days, and which will enable them to support a red-hot fire. This composition might be employed for the clothes of those who are engaged at fires, and would prevent them, not from being burnt, but from taking flame.

2d. He takes a mass resembling lead, melts it, pours it into a kettle, and treads it under foot until it becomes cold. This is all a deception; the metal is a composition which melts at the heat of boiling water, and which is therefore not very warm in a state of fusion.

3d. He puts Provence oil in a metal vase over a fire, and swallows it at the moment it appears to be boiling. But the fact is, that the oil is mixed with water; the water begins to boil, and make a noise, but at the same time separates from the oil, which continues cold enough to be swallowed without danger.

4th. The art of putting a lighted torch of pitch into the mouth is explained in this way. The breath is blown strongly, so as to put out the torch, while the saliva, collected in abundance on the lips, prevents the pitch from sticking.

5th. To take burning sealingwax on the tongue, a great quantity of saliva is collected on the tongue. When the wax falls it is soon extinguished, and the saliva, thus suddenly dried, presents the appearance of little pimples.

6th. Mr. Hey has made the model of an oven, in which a man may remain alive for a long time, without injury, while the flames are coming out of the top, and, even in the inside, a leg of mutton or veal is roasting. The fire and the heat are made to pass on one side by lateral channels.

THE OBSERVER, NO. II.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet aaditor, cui frigida mens est
Criminibus.

JUV.

But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage,
Nerves his bold arm to scourge an impious age,
The conscious villain shudders at his sin,
And burning blushes speak the pangs within.

GIFFORD.

It is difficult to say whether praise or blame does more good in the world. Each has a variety of forms, that have been distinguished by different degrees of efficacy as well as by different names, and have thus contributed to the difficulty of comparing general merits. If we may believe the accounts which have been handed down to us concerning the success of some of the ancient satirists, we shall look in vain among the known and sensible effects of eulogy for any thing to counterbalance them.

The immediate tendency of satire, it is true, and of reproach in almost every shape, is chiefly to alter what is wrong, while that of commendation is to confirm and encourage worth and virtue in the right; so that this may really operate greater benefit to the community, and yet the operation of the other be more apparently beneficial. But a little reflection will convince us that there is also a most powerful indirect influence, which censure silently exerts in perfect harmony and conspiracy with praise.

No man in his reason needs be told the lesson which he is ever bound to learn from bad example. Scripture teaches it, experience proves it, and common sense has turned it into proverb. Neither can any one be ignorant that the shame and infamy of doing ill, are considerations by which that lesson is principally enforced with the mass of society; and it is pleasing to observe that, whatever be the elevation of character to which a person rises, or whatever the distance at which the vulgar standard of propriety is left below, the sense of responsibility to public opinion follows him up the acclivity and constrains him to greater nicety of conduct in proportion as he is more exposed to remark and criticism. There are some exceptions; but the world are generally so well understood to be party against him whose merits they discuss, and to criticise rather for the purpose of finding fault than doing justice, that most men feel themselves absolutely obliged, for self-defence, to increase their circumspection with their relative importance, and to grow more prudent as they become more conspicuous. In any grade of honest character, indeed, we shall find disgrace considered as a thing, than which death is scarcely more terrible; a thing that cuts off all the exalted pleasures, and aggregates most of the miseries of life. And when we meet with persons who are either so stupid by nature as to turn miscreants without anticipating the consequence, or so depraved in their habits of thinking and feeling as to defy the breath of reproach until it has driven them from society, we have only to say, that these are necessary victims of the general plan, which would be imperfect without them, but is, however, designed rather for warning than punishment, and goes upon the benevolent principle of deterring many by the sacrifice of a few.

Such is the manner in which honour and shame act together, the one attracting and the other repelling in the same direction. *Epictetus* has well remarked that good and evil are set before us for one end, and it is plainly no matter which is immediately in view, provided that end be attained. Whether we consider the brilliant rewards that are conferred by reputation upon honourable and successful effort, or the ignominious destiny of vice and folly, we have equal incitement to pursue the same course; as the pious Israelites in the desert kept their backs steadfastly upon the land of bondage and their faces toward that of the promise, whether they saw before them the pillar of fire or the cloud.

Nor is it less evident that the existence of such a thing as censure has a tendency to increase the happy influence of praise itself, by doubling the number of degrees upon the scale of possible ranks among men. Every body has felt the force of contrast; every body knows that winter endears the fireside, that shade sets off the light of a picture, and that the gloom and horror of the second death impart even to the mansions of bliss an adventitious charm. The mutual operation of extremes upon the characters of each other is observable in almost all that belongs either to life or thought, and it would be singular if it did not affect a subject so essentially relative as fame.

But whatever be the general utility of inflicting punishment in certain cases through the medium of reputation, the assertion of the particular right to do so, is apt to call forth not a little of the angry invective of the moralist; for his passion commonly gets the start of his reason, and drives him to declaim upon the side of error before he has examined half the evidence of truth. It is a point on which his sensibility is so quick, that it gives him no time to reflect. Being himself a free agent whose actions are to be regulated by ethical rules, a member of society whose happiness is affected by the conduct of others, and a conscientious being whose head and heart are religiously united in his notions of right and wrong; he is tender in the extreme to every thing that comes within the practical part of his profession; and though there is, perhaps, no right which, as a man, he would more reluctantly resign than that in question, yet, in the capacity of a

judge, he rises above his humanity, obeys a thing under the determination of common sense, and utters a decision which he would reverse if he could deliberate. He disdains research; first appearances to him are also the last. Narrow as his intellectual vision is, and small as is that portion of the subject which it covers at a glance, the little that is seen is too interesting to release the eye, and obtruding itself upon his trust for the whole, betrays him at once into mistake of principle and intemperance of feeling. Nothing is thought of but enormities of practice. Ideas of tattling, backbiting, slander, and a hundred other abuses of language, irritate his imagination. The age of Hercules appears revived; robbery is in every corner; and all the heroism of the land seems solicited to the chivalrous defence of innocence and virtue from those merciless marauders, the tongues of men.

Indeed, it is difficult for a generous mind to contemplate the abusive exertion which is daily made of the noble faculty of speech, without catching the disease of the moralist. Offences of any kind are odious in the commission; but a crime of indefinite mischief to the sufferer, and promising no advantage to the criminal, an injury marked with the wantonness of malice, a known calumny, whether it be published on the house-tops, or inuendoeed at the teatable, or insiduously slipped into the world by a sly abortion of factitious friendship, combines meanness with guilt, and provokes no less our detestation than abhorrence. And is it not fit that abuses of this sort should be punished? Yet who will show himself ignorant of what a political child might understand, by referring them wholly to the coercion of official authorities? A wise legislator, designing the greatest good for his country, adopts those principles of jurisprudence that seem likely to insure the freest enjoyment of private rights; and he who most accurately knows the number, nature, and magnitude of these, is perhaps best entitled to give law to a state: but human knowledge here, as elsewhere, is so exceedingly imperfect, and the systems of restrictive and retributory justice so defective, that, beside the wrongs which are daily suffered without remedy in the undoubted prerogatives of person and property,

almost the whole province of fame lies beyond the reach and benefit, not only of positive enactments, but even of equitable adjudication. Men can never ascertain, either to the satisfaction of others or themselves, the precise amount of their own merits. Equally difficult is the acquisition of certainty concerning the extent and worth of their reputations. Least of all is it possible to measure, with exactness, the injury of defamatory words. A calumniated suitor, therefore, urging his complaint before a tribunal that professes to be governed by legal rules, presents a strange and incongruous image to the fancy. He has a right to something he knows not what, in which he has been damnified he knows not how much, and prays the very ministers of precision to suit his case with adequate redress! like a woman in hysterics, who is sick she cannot tell where, and feels she cannot tell how, and begs her physician to relieve her. Indeed, a few settled cases excepted, it has seldom been attempted to extend the aid of law to the concerns of character. Here judges confess they have no jurisdiction; here, in spite of all the pains and penalties of courts, the monsters of crime may run wild.

But a right is not less truly valuable because its object is in some respects indefinite; neither is it to be abandoned as indefensible because the damage of infringement cannot be turned into money. Reputation is still a man's dearest possession; and happily, a mode of protection suited to its exigency has been provided in the public sentiment. This is bar of summary justice, to meet the facility with which offences cognizable at it are committed; a bar of indefinite retributions, to correspond with the nature of those offences; and a bar of sufficient powers to maintain a most extensive and beneficial authority. And what particularly distinguishes its proceedings is, that every member of the community is perpetually on trial, and a thousand successive decisions are no legal impediment to the rectification of error.

The world, like the juries of criminal law, are not, indeed, wholly disinterested in the cases which they determine. In injuries done to character, especially, they are apt to find excitement for selfish emotion. Notwithstanding the hostility with which they always meet the first claims of merit or ambition,

yet when the victory is won, though it be by their defeat, they invariably go over to the enemy and defend his conquest from every unlawful aggressor. Detraction, in every form, is therefore sure of their severest reprobation. Beside disturbing public peace, it is felt to be an insult to their pride, because it is an attempt to impose a lie upon their understandings. Nor do they want cause of apprehension, as individuals; for it may be fairly inferred that persons who are so destitute of religion, of conscience and of honour, as to be capable of sacrificing truth to malice, and braving reproach with gratuitous falsehood, are

‘— hounds of blood that catch the hint to kill,’

and wait for nothing but opportunity, to lay the fang upon all that has been hitherto spared. And surely it is fortunate for mankind, that such beings, however insensible to shame, may be disabled in their credit, and thus, though their madness continue, their venom may be neutralised. Nor is there much danger that they will receive an overfreight of infamy.

But the utility of public censure is not confined to one department of the conduct of men. There is in the human breast, a sentiment of justice,

‘The strong antipathy of good to bad,’

which cannot endure the smallest impunity of ill desert in any quarter, and urges the duty of open malediction against whatever, that is wrong, might not otherwise incur that wholesome degree of chastisement, which is calculated to make the perpetration of it uninviting to those who have no better reason for abstinence than fear. It is an interesting fact for speculative notice, that iniquity, wherever we see it in life, affects us with indignant emotions nearly in exact proportion as other means of punishment appear inadequate. Thus, we have extreme indignation at those petty offences, which, while they infest the public peace, elude the vigilance of office, or if detected, are of such a vague, uncertain character as to forbid the application of its penalties. We are more patient of a purjurer than a liar, because the first may be at once indicted in court, but the last is

left upon our hands for the slow process of infamy. Indeed our hostility is not apt to be much excited by the higher villainies, which subject the malefactor to judicial award. If, however, he receive, in the end, a particle less than he appears to deserve, we commonly feel ourselves incited to complete the retribution by an increase of reproach beyond what would otherwise be offered, in order that the public safety may have nothing to apprehend from the hardihood which partial impunity leaves unsubdued. And it is curious to remark, that, in cases where the result is capital to the offender, the hostile feelings first raised by his crime subside proportionally as the work of justice goes on, until, having passed the successive reliefs of the arrest, the prison and the sentence, we behold the execution with pity and tears.

But this sentiment of justice, which every man carries in his bosom, is nothing else than what is so much talked of under the name of moral sense. It is formed by education upon those relations of human interest which the light of nature and revelation discloses. It is also that through which all rightful law derives its obligatory force; and the single point for resolution, is whether its dictates are to be considered less authoritative in any case, because they have not been expressed in juridical language, or given to the reporter's page.

And what are the perogatives of reputation, by which it claims to be excluded from the number of the mediums of punishment? If the rules of rectitude and virtue are enforced, on the one hand, by fame, which is the praise of many, why should they not have the concurrent penal sanction of disgrace, which is the blame of many, on the other? Indeed this sanction is a subject of so much experience with mankind as to have produced an appropriate passion in the heart. Even courts of justice are acquainted with its power, as stocks and pillories may witness. Nay, they have united it with that of death itself by the substitution of hanging for decapitation; and its comparative influence has been often displayed in the entreaties of the sons of honour, who have prayed for the block while they were dragged to the gallows.

How strange, then, that men should persist in denial of a right which themselves exert, which the moral sense approves, and which is indispensable in the general economy of penal government. It is, I believe, an observation of *De Genlis*, that we ought never to conclude upon the iniquity of a fellow being till we have positive proof, and then never to divulge it. I am not sure that even the first part of the precept is to be received in its full extent, because I am aware that there is a mercy due to the public as well as a charity to individuals. By the rules of law, notwithstanding their allowed humanity, the life of a person may be sometimes taken upon presumption. How much more numerous are the instances in which guilt is sufficiently apparent for belief, though it evades justice, and the judge condemns the culprit in his heart while he is forced to acquit him in his sentence. Nor does the mind advise with moral writers on the subject for the determination of its faith. Presumption, where there is probability, is like the flow of waters where there is room to descend, and nothing can hinder it.

The latter part of the precept of *De Genlis* is, however, of more doubtful propriety than the former. Perhaps I should rather say, its absurdity is more palpable. Strange! No man's experience, then, is to increase the knowledge of others in respect to the perils to which they are exposed! It reminds me of tales that are told concerning the ridiculous jests that have been broken by one fool upon another, and by the last transmitted to a third, and so on in a most amusing series of entail, upon no deeper principle of wisdom than that he who was first ensnared kept the secret of his mortification, and did not enlighten the curiosity of his successor. What! is a man to have so much kindness for rogues as to cover them with his mantle? Shall innocence and virtue, shall confidence and honour, be forever treading on the pitfall?

Yet there are persons who pretend to make conscience of concealing the crimes, or, as they call them, *frailties*, of their fellow beings, and that almost without discrimination. But they are commonly persons of small abilities, of confined intelligence, and of superstitious habits. They are a species of monks, cold,

saturnine and unsocial, who have taken their departure from the world, not indeed by civil death and abandonment of it, but by dissolution of those ties which alone could strongly attach it to them. I do not mean to speak of them reproachfully. Theirs is only the negative fault of neutrality in matters which forbid it. They are many of them good men for heaven, but, by mistaking the extent of biblical rules on this subject, they have disqualified themselves for some of the duties of earth. If every member of the human family were a christian, then, indeed, the benignant system of advice and admonition might well go into practice.* But this is no better than the saying of a well-known religious sect under similar mistake, that there is no justification of fighting and war, because if every body were willing to be buffeted there would be none to make the assault. Scripture is not to be thus interpreted. While insult and aggression have place among secular occurrences, the duty of resistance is correlative; and though there were only a solitary individual in being, who should be neither a christian nor an honest man, he ought to be marked, like Cain, and driven from the confidence and company of his race.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—HAMET, A TALE.

IN the delightful region of Arabia the Happy, that country so dear to the imagination of youth, the birthplace of genii and romance, resided the shepherd Hamet. He was born on the side of a mountain which is seen to rise abruptly from the ocean, and whose rocky base often resounds to the waves, as they break in idle fury at its foot. Here, occupied in the care of his flocks, that were often seen by the mariner skipping with airy levity from rock to rock, Hamet tasted all those solid enjoyments which health and nature ever bestow. He drank the water as it rolled in crystalline purity from the hill side; his food was gathered by his own hand from its parent tree; Content was the companion of

* As it now may, and ought, and does, with those whose bliss it is to be really acquainted with the highest of all principles of action.

his daily rambles; and Health watched every night over his slumbers.

Happy if Hamet had been permitted to enjoy the pleasures of his lot. But one of those malignant genii, who are always on the watch to thwart the happiness of the followers of the prophet, and look with envious eyes on those enjoyments they are forever debarred from tasting, infused into his mind a feeling of disgust, which, gaining strength from indulgence, at length poisoned every moment of his life. Hamet was taught to believe that the life he led, in comparison with that of those who lived at a distance, in the cities, was desolate and forlorn, and precluded from those ravishing delights which constitute the true charm of existence. This thought, cherished for a time, at length generated a repining spirit: every hour increased his discontent; and now his only pleasure consisted in indulging his imagination in sketching exaggerated and fantastic pictures of every untried mode of life, and of every enjoyment that was out of his reach.

One evening he sat on a jutting rock, that projected far into the sea, indulging in those dear, but fatal reveries, and listening to the dashing of the waves, which, returning at regular intervals, increased his abstraction, and threw over his soul an exquisite feeling of musing melancholy. Here, while wrapt in visionary pleasures, his eye was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a little island, that seemed just risen from the depths of the ocean, with all the freshness and bloom of youth. It appeared like a new Eden, floating upon the waves. Orange, citron, and all the spicy growth of the east, flourished luxuriantly on its borders, that gracefully sloped down to the level of the sea; and as the breeze passed, lingering over the flowery meads and vocal groves, it gathered a thousand odours, and wafted the melody of a thousand birds. Hamet gazed on this scene, over which the last rays of the sun threw a glorious lustre, with a pleasure that thrilled to his heart. He stretched forth his trembling hands to grasp the distant blessing, and exclaimed with youthful enthusiasm, "Happy, thrice happy, O! fair island! must be the shepherds that sport in thy green fields,

and rest in thy spicy groves. The toil of ascending the rugged precipice, of pursuing their flocks over flinty rocks, and through briery dells, is unknown to them; for their path is over genial plains, enamelled with flowers, while mine—" as he said this, Hamet turned towards the rude and barren hills of his nativity, and contemplated them with increasing disgust.

He remained with his eyes rivetted towards the happy island, until it vanished in the mists of evening; and, when he could no longer discern a vestige of its existence, he returned, disconsolate and miserable, to the simple home of his parents.

Every day Hamet came and placed himself on the spot whence he had first caught a view of the little island, and there indulged his glowing fancy in a thousand dangerous and delusive reveries. As he contemplated its beautifully fringed borders, his horror of his native home, and his disgust for the sober enjoyments of real life increased every hour, and every night he returned with his flocks diminished.

One morning, as he sat on the accustomed spot, musing, as usual, on the possibility of passing over to this delightful region, a little painted boat, gayly and fantastically decorated with flowers, floated towards him, and bounded ashore just at his foot. It was guided by a female of exquisite beauty. Her figure was so light and ethereal, that she seemed self-balanced in the air. Her face was marked with an expression so singularly, yet so beautifully wild, and there was such an inexpressible grace in every motion, that the heart of the delighted and amazed youth was ravished with transport. In tones sweeter than echo, and more seducing than the voice of whispered love, she addressed him—"Hamet, I have seen and sympathised in thy regrets, and am come to relieve them. Follow me, and exchange this dull and dreary abode for one where nature and man are dressed in smiles of immortal beauty. All that thy imagination has painted of happiness shall be thine, and all that experience has shown thee of misery shall be excluded." Saying this, she extended her hand, and clasped that of the eager Hamet. At that touch a thrill of trembling transport darted through his frame, and struck at his heart. The sensation was like that of the youthful

genius, when touched by the finger of Fancy; he feels the inspiration of the divinity, and pours forth a torrent of glowing thoughts, that secure him immortality.

The little painted boat carried the young adventurer and his guide with inconceivable swiftness, and in a few minutes they approached the island. The nearer they came, the more transcendent appeared its beauties, and, when they arrived at the fringed border, a troop of nymphs, clothed in all the splendors of the rainbow, advanced to welcome Hamet, and chant the glories of their queen. They sung the praises of Fancy, and the happiness of those who live under her enchanting reign. "Here, in this chosen retreat, the pale form of Misery never disturbs the blissful dreams of the happy subjects of the empire of Imagination. Here, free from the inexorable tyranny of *dull* reality, they sport in flowery regions of every blooming beauty, while round their brows float airy forms of love and rapture. Here the sad soul, sated with sensual joys, or pressed down with a load of worldly cares, will find a refuge, where suffering is divested of its pangs, and joy comes to the soul unclogged with those attendants which, in the real world, turn it into all the bitterness of sorrow. Hither, O mortal! turn thy erring and doubtful steps, for here only wilt thou find that heaven which is fabled in the skies!" Hamet listened to this delusive rhapsody with breathless impatience, and, falling at the feet of his conductor, thanked her for having at length brought him to a spot that realized all his anticipations.

Conducted by his charming guide, he wandered about through all the mazes of visionary enchantment, and his senses became bewildered in a tumult of delight. It seemed as if Nature had selected this little region from the whole world, to display the charms, the wonders, and the powers of her creative hand. The grass was greener and more luxuriant than was ever seen, and softer than Persian silk. Groves of myrtle, orange, and citron, whose branches intertwined in social harmony, foliaged the landscape, and the birds that sung in these delightful shades were birds of Paradise, whose plumage and whose song are the delight of the immortals. Beautiful transparent streams mean-

dered, in graceful curves, among the meadows, and with their low murmuring lulled the heart of Hamet, which was tumultuous with admiration, into a feeling of languid felicity, more luxurious than all his former sensations. The air too possessed a seductive power, whose balmy influence disposed the mind to reverie, and, while it relaxed the body to a state of delicious lassitude, quickened the imagination into the most glowing conceptions. At length, having exhausted himself in wandering and admiring, Hamet laid himself down at the foot of a spreading tree, at whose root ran a little gurgling stream, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he, for the first time since his abode in the happy island, felt a sensation of hunger; for, though the imagination sometimes conquers our reason, it cannot overcome the wants of our nature. The visionary, who wastes his time in the indulgence of idle abstraction, and permits his fancy to transport him whither she pleases, will soon be brought to the sense of suffering reality, by some of those inevitable wants which are the common lot of humanity. Seeing the oranges waving luxuriantly above his head, Hamet stretched out his arm, and essayed to pluck one from its branch; but it eluded his grasp. He tried another, and a third; but still, as his hand approached, they vanished from his view. In wonder and disappointment he contemplated the delusion, and, faint with hunger, laid himself down, to slake his thirst in the stream that murmured at his feet. As he approached his lips towards it, the water retired, and, though its murmurs still continued, the bottom became dry. A dire and horrible apprehension that his senses had been deluded now rushed over his mind, and the prospect of starving in the lap of seeming plenty, struck a cold damp upon his heart. In hopeless distraction he wandered through vocal groves and verdant valleys, in search of something to alleviate his wants; but, wherever he came, the fruits eluded his grasp, and the waters vanished under his lips.

At length, faint, weary, and exhausted, he arrived at the spot where he first landed, and, sinking down to the ground, waited, in gloomy and hopeless resignation, the consummation of his

fate. As his last hour approached, raising himself with a desperate effort, he beheld afar off the smoke of his native cottage curling above the blue hills, and presenting an image of peaceful tranquillity. The thought of his youthful home, now forever forsaken—of his aged parents, now forever abandoned—of their tenderness in his boyhood, and their sorrow for his loss, came over his soul, and darkened it with gloomy horror.

The wretched being, who is suffering the penalty of his imprudence or his crimes, seldom places it to the charge of his own weakness or wickedness, but rails against the disastrous chance that allured, or the vile tempter that persuaded him to err. So Hamet; he cursed the airy and deceitful being that had seduced him to destruction, and, in the bitterness of unjust crimination, impiously dared to arraign the holy Prophet himself. In the midst of his complaints the figure that guided the little boat again appeared. She was still gay and beautiful, but to the eye of Hamet she seemed a deformed and malignant being. "Hamet," said she, "I, who listened to the complaints of thy erring and querulous spirit, when enjoying, on yonder mountain, as high a state of happiness as is consistent with the nature of thy frail being, have heard the wailings of thy misery, and the reproaches of thy despair. Blame not, O wretched mortal! the decrees of the Most High, for thy own discontented spirit was thy ruin—nor load *me* with reproach, for thou voluntarily deliveredst thyself into my power. Hadst thou not murmured at thy situation, and slighted thy comforts, because thou thoughtest those of others greater, my spells would have had no power, and my influence could not have harmed thee. Know, Hamet, that there is no other happiness in this world than a *contented mind*, and no misery but a repining and discontented spirit." So saying, she vanished from his view; and when in the evening the last rays of the setting sun vanished from the high hills of his youth, the spirit and the body of Hamet parted forever.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—OLLA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

SINCE the publication of your April number, a gentleman from Reading, (Penn.) informs me, that, for many years past, a flock of swallows have harboured in one of the chimneys of the court house, to which they always resort on the approach of summer.

As these birds, no doubt, emigrate in winter, by what power of intellect can they retrace their way to so minute an object, without once failing in the attempt? I know it may be answered, (as Dr. Darwin says of the discoveries of the *wild geese*,) that it is the result of habit and experience; but the well known fact that a Bassora pidgeon, taken away when young, will (if let loose) return to the place whence it came, must confute the assertion.

We are told in history that the prince of Orange made use of these pidgeons as carriers, for conveying intelligence into the towns besieged by the Spaniards, under the duke of Alva; and are still more recently informed, that the same expedient was resorted to by the friends of the late earl Ferrers, to send accounts from London, to his family in the north, on the day of the execution of that nobleman. These birds were not brought from home through the air; of course they could know nothing of the country in a bird's-eye view of it, how then, did they find their way back, unless by the force of *instinct*?

As to those sage philosophers, who employ their reasoning faculty in order to confute this doctrine, I could almost wish with Dr. Franklin, "that they had been furnished with a good sensible instinct instead of it."

R.

—

FROM THE PORT-FEUILLE AT BETHLEHEM.

HEALTH to restore, and scenes to view

Before unseen by them,

From Trenton H— and B— pursue

Their route to Bethlehem.

Each curious wish of theirs allay'd
By three days' stay in town,
They face about, a diverse rout,
And just now have gone down.

Recorded here, their names appear,
June sixteenth, eighty-nine,
To stand the test amongst the rest,
And with the same design.

—

THE following neat personification of the causes of the French success in Holland, deserves to be preserved.

ON THE CONQUEST OF HOLLAND BY THE FRENCH.

Gen. Pichegru, it is said,
With Gen. Panic struck the nation,
Of Gen. Deluge more afraid,
They dreaded Gen. Inundation;
Stout Gen. *Daen*, the Dutchman's boast,
Was conquer'd by fierce Gen. Weather,
And more was done by Gen. Frost
Than all the Gen'als put together.

—

OF THE VENOM OF SERPENTS.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable medical knowledge, having recommended to a friend an infusion of rattlesnakes in wine, to which, it seems, he had objected, thus humorously rallies him upon it, in a letter, dated "Burlington, June 2, 1753," of which the following is an extract:

"As to the defæcation of your wine, you need trouble your head but little about it; and as to the danger of poison, still less; since that kind of venom, when taken internally, from the changes and alterations it sustains in the bowels, is not attended with any danger. Even the ancients seem to have known thus much concerning the nature of this poison; and therefore the brave Cato, when marching the remains of Pompey's army through the deserts of Lybia, very wisely told the soldiers, al-

most choaked with thirst, yet afraid to drink of a spring they came to, because full of serpents:

Noxia serpentum est, immisto sanguine pestis,
Morsu virus habent, et fatum dicetê minantur,
Pocula morte carent;—

Lucan. Lib. 9.

“If this is not sufficient, and you think Cato was no physician, I can assure you Galen was of his opinion, and Celsus too, who expressly says, on this subject, *venenum serpentis, ut quadam etiam venatoria venena, quibus Galli præcipue uteretur, non Gustu, sed in vulnere nocent*. I hope by this time, and from the force of these learned authorities, you may be prevailed upon to lay aside your fears on this head, and boldly drink poison because Galen and Celsus say you may do it.—P. S. *Send me some snakes.*”

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AMERICAN GALLANTRY.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF JOHN CHAMPE.

THIS man was a native of Virginia, and during our revolutionary war, a serjeant-major in a legion of cavalry. After the detection of Arnold's treason, and the capture of major Andre, the commander in chief received frequent intelligence that many American officers, and one brigadier-general, high in his confidence, were implicated in the guilt of that conspiracy. He consulted with major Lee on the subject, submitted to his inspection the papers detailing this alarming intelligence, and desired his opinion on the subject. Major Lee endeavoured to calm his apprehensions, and represented this, as an artifice which the British general had adopted to weaken the confidence of the commander in chief in his subordinate officers, and to sow the seeds of discord in the American camp. Washington observed, that the same thought had occurred to him; but as these remarks applied with equal force to Arnold before his desertion, he was determined on probing this matter to the bottom. He

proceeded to say, that what he had then to communicate was a subject of high delicacy, and entire confidence. He wished major Lee to recommend some bold and enterprising individual from the legion he commanded, who should proceed on that very night to the enemy's camp, in the character of a deserter. He was to make himself known to one or two of Washington's confidential agents in Newyork, obtain, through their means, the most authentic evidence of the innocence or guilt of the American officers suspected, and transmit the result to major Lee. Another part of his project was to seize the traitor and to bring him alive to the American camp: but the orders were positive not to put him to death, and to suffer him to escape, if he could not be taken by any other means. His public punishment was all that Washington desired. He flattered himself that by Arnold's arrest he would be enabled to unravel this conspiracy, and *save the life of the unfortunate Andre*. When major Lee sounded Champe on this business, the heroic serjeant replied, that if any means could be devised by which he could testify his devotion to his country, and his attachment to his commander in chief compatible with honour, he would cheerfully endure any personal risk: but his soul abhorred the thoughts of desertion. Major Lee with much difficulty succeeded in convincing him, that in no other way could he render so important a service to his country, and he was at last prevailed upon to undertake this hazardous service. After being furnished with his instructions, which he hastily took down in a character, or rather cipher of his own, (for he was not permitted to carry written orders,) his difficulty was to pass the American lines. The major was unable to promise him any protection, as this would seem to countenance the plot, and to favour the desertion of others, and the enemy might moreover, obtain intelligence by that means, discover and defeat his object, and he himself suffer the ignominious death of a spy. The serjeant at length departed, and about half an hour afterwards, the colonel was informed that one of the patrols had fallen in with a dragoon, who being challenged put spurs to his horse, and escaped. Lee made light of the intelligence, and scouted the idea that a

dragoon belonging to his legion should desert. It was probably, he said, a countryman, who was alarmed at the challenge, and might easily in the night time be mistaken for one of his men. Orders were at length given, to examine the squadron. This command was promptly obeyed, and produced a confirmation of the first intelligence, with the further tidings that this individual was no other than the serjeant major; as neither himself, his baggage, or his horse were to be found. Lee now made lighter than ever of the report; enlarged on the former services of the serjeant, and his known and tried fidelity. He said that he had probably followed the pernicious example set by his superior officers, who, in defiance of their orders, peremptory as they were, occasionally quitted the camp, and were never suspected of desertion. All these pretexts having been exhausted, written orders were at length issued, in the usual form, "Pursue as far as you can serjeant Champe, suspected of desertion; bring him alive that he may suffer in the presence of the army; but kill him if he resists, or escapes after being taken." Before the pursuing party set out, major Lee directed the commanding officer to be changed, which allowed a little more time to the fugitive. Pursuit was at length made, and continued with such eagerness, that Champe escaped at the distance only of three, or four hundred yards. Two British galleys were lying below Powles' hook; Champe called to them for protection, and leaving his horse and baggage, plunged into the river sword in hand. One of the galleys despatched a boat to his assistance, and fired on his pursuers, by which means Champe gained the shore without injury.

Washington was highly pleased with the result of this adventure. The eagerness of the pursuit he thought would be decisive evidence to the British commander, that this was a real, and not a feigned desertion. Champe was immediately brought before sir Henry Clinton, and questioned by him on a variety of subjects, and amongst the rest, *if any American officers were suspected of desertion, and who those officers were.* The serjeant was forewarned on this point, and gave such answers as would more effectually mislead. After this examination he was consigned to the

care of general Arnold, and by him retained in his former rank. Washington hoped and believed, that the trial of Andre would occupy much time, and enable Champe to accomplish his designs. That gallant officer disdaining all subterfuge, completely foiled this hope, by broadly confessing the nature of his connexion with Arnold. The commander in chief offered to exchange Andre for Arnold, a proposal sir Henry Clinton, for obvious motives, declined. Had this gallant officer protracted his trial, and the plot proved successful, the life of Andre would have been saved, not by the intrigues of sir Henry Clinton, but of *Washington* in his favour. The honest and precipitate intrepidity of the British officer, defeated this benevolent project, and no alternative remained but a speedy death. The serjeant, unfortunate as he was in this, was more successful in obtaining evidence the most full and satisfactory, that the suspicions resting on several American officers were foul calumnies, and a forgery of the enemy. He now determined on making one bold attempt for the seizure of Arnold. Having been allowed, at all times, free access to Arnold, marked all his habits and movements, he awaited only a favourable opportunity for the execution of his project. He had ascertained that Arnold usually retired to rest about twelve, and that previous to this, he spent some time in a private garden, adjoining his quarters. He was there to have been seized, bound, and gagged, and under the pretext that he was a soldier in a state of intoxication, to have been conveyed through bye paths, and unsuspected places, to a boat lying in readiness, in the river Hudson. Champe engaged two confederates, and major Lee, who cooperated in the plan, received timely intelligence of the night fixed on for its execution. At the appointed time, that officer, attended by a small party well mounted, laid in wait on the other side of the Hudson with two spare horses, one for Champe, and the other for Arnold. The return of daylight announced the discomfiture of the plan, and Lee and his party retired to the camp with melancholy forebodings, that the life of the gallant serjeant had been sacrificed to his zeal in the service of his country. Consoling however was the intelligence shortly after received from the confederates, that on the night prece-

ding the one fixed on for Arnold's arrest, that officer had shifted his quarters. It appeared that he was employed to superintend the embarkation of certain troops, composed chiefly of American deserters, and it was apprehended, that unless they were removed from their barracks, which were adjacent to the shore, many might seize that opportunity to escape. This attempt was never afterwards renewed. On the junction of Arnold with lord Cornwallis, in Virginia, the serjeant found means to elude the vigilance of the British lines, and to reach in safety the army of general Greene. Having been furnished by that officer with the means of escaping to Washington's camp, he arrived there to the astonishment and joy of his old confederates in arms.

When Washington assumed the command of the army under president Adams, he caused strict inquiry to be made for the man who had so honourably distinguished himself, intending to honour such tried fidelity with military promotion, and heard, to his great sorrow, that he had died but a short time before, in the state of Kentucky. These facts are taken and condensed from the interesting manuscript of major general Lee.

Ann Seward, in her monody on the death of major Andre, thus speaks of the character of Washington:

Oh Washington! I thought thee great and good,
Nor knew thy Nero thirst for guiltless blood:
Severe to use the power that fortune gave,
Thou cool, determin'd murd'rer of the brave.
Remorseless Washington! the day shall come
Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom:
When injured Andre's mem'ry shall inspire,
A kindling army with resistless fire:
Each faulchion sharpen that the Britons wield,
And lead their fiercest lion to the field.
Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night
When dubious dread, and unavailing flight,
Impel your haste, thy guilt upbraided soul
Shall wish untouch'd, the precious life you stole:
And when thy heart appall'd and vanquished pride,
Shall vainly ask the mercy they denied;
With horror shalt thou meet the fate thou gave,
Nor Pity gild the darkness of thy grave.

Thus does poetic petulance dispense its invectives. We will now ask, who accelerated the death of Andre? Who made the extension of mercy toward him an act of mistaken mercy and of criminal indulgence? Unquestionably sir Henry Clinton. Unquestionably the man who was propagating these false alarms of treason in the American camp. He rendered this severe measure for common security perfectly indispensable, as the commander in chief could not at that time know but what those who shared his confidence the most, were the most deeply implicated in Arnold's machinations. Was he to relieve the victim, and thus sanction to his surrounding officers the treason of Arnold, by his own signature, or to mitigate the severity of his fate, and teach them, by this example, to hope for mercy if detected? It is not meant to criminate sir Henry Clinton. Such artifices are justifiable in war. That he did, however, by the promulgation of such reports render the death of Andre inevitable, it is conceived impossible to doubt. The solicitude of Washington to save the life of this unfortunate man was such, that he hazarded one of the bravest of his own soldiers in the camp of the enemy, for that purpose; and nothing but a concurrence of unpropitious circumstances, that could not have been foreseen by mortal eye, or guarded against, if they could have been, prevented its accomplishment. It is a singular fact, that while the British commander was hastening the death of Andre, Washington was exerting himself to ward off that calamity.

MOONSHINE.

A few years since a periodical paper was commenced at Baltimore, under the title of "Moonshine," by the Lunarian society. After reflecting, for some time, a clear and strong light, which it borrowed from the taste and acquirements of the conductors, it was soon overcast, and finally disappeared. The essays were, however, written with much vivacity and elegance; and we are persuaded that our readers will enjoy with us the following gleam of Moonshine.

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

PRESUMING upon that goodness which has induced you to offer your council to all who, like myself, are in distress, I ven-

ture to lay my case before you. I am the miserable husband of a woman whose ardent feelings and vivacity of conversation, some twenty years ago, seduced me into a Gordian tie, from which, I fear, nothing but the hand of death can extricate me.

In her youth, Miss Deborah Froward was early distinguished by the admiration of our sex, and, consequently, by the envy of her own. Flattered by the conspicuous station which she had obtained, she soon lost sight of those little decencies which peculiarly adorn the female character, and give a new polish to the chain which binds society together. Modesty, which blooms, like the blushing rose, in a retired spot, and charity, which shelters the weary like the spreading palm, were unknown to her.— She encouraged the diffidence of young men by familiar levity, and, instead of concealing or palliating the petty faults of her female friends, she delighted to blazon them forth to the amusement of the half-witted fops who crowded her morning levee. And yet, strange as it may seem, this woman had the address to make me believe that I loved. You may suppose that I had not much difficulty in pressing my suit. The fair damsel was rapidly approaching that critical period in the life of woman, when they obtain an appellation not very grateful to their vanity and their love of matrimony. The delicate rose had fled from her cheeks; but art, who so frequently acts the place of deputy to dame Nature, at the toilet, had burnished them with a deep carnation, and time had made such ravages on her mouth, that there remained but a few teeth which could be seen, like the scattered flint stones, on the side of a red hill. And yet this woman did I marry! Oh, cruel Hymen, most faithfully didst thou execute the wrath of the mother of Cupid, upon one who for five and thirty years had railed at her dominion, and chanted the comforts of single blessedness.

My wife, sir, had taken it into her head that she was a diamond of the first water; and I suppose such a pearl never would have fallen to my lot, had she not found that a certain swinish multitude, denominated duns, were tired of the very civil invitation to call again, which they so constantly received. She too was willing to shake off her old friends, and their places

were quickly supplied by every hungry retainer whom poverty or persecution had driven to our asylum. Being a great patroness of the arts and sciences, my house became crowded with unfortunate sons of genius who had seen better days. In one room an eminent dancingmaster was capering monkey tricks, and, in another, a Dutch baron was playing sonatas. At first I placed all this to the score of charity, and my heart overflowed with affectionate sympathy, while my purse dwindled with benevolence. As to my lady herself, her companions were the Muses. Did I solicit her to go to the theatre, she preferred a ramble on mount Parnassus: if to a dance, she had been mingling with the Graces. She never would go to Ballstown, because the springs did not bubble Castalian drops, nor would eat honey, because it was not made on Hybla.

My countryseat underwent such transformations, that the honest zeal of my old steward preferred a voluntary banishment to the contemplation of his master's ruin. All the waters which refreshed my meadows were collected into one stagnant pool, which was dignified by the name of the Castalian Spring; and my cattle, not being blessed with the taste of their mistress, were driven a mile off every day, to quench their thirst. One of my labourers lost a whole winter in learning to play upon a fife, and the next summer he was killed by a stroke of the sun, while he was lying on the side of a hill, in the act of personating an Arcadian shepherd, for the amusement of his mistress. The hill itself, which has produced nothing but stones and weeds since the days of lord Baltimore, cost me 1000*l.* in manure before it could be called Hymettus, and at least five times as much to cut a furrow through the top of it, that classical travellers might be reminded of the double mountain. I never could get more than nine chairs in my parlour, because that was the number of the Muses, until the schoolmaster, who loves to indulge himself, hinted at the indignity offered to Apollo by not representing his godship by an armchair.—The eyes of my maiden sisters are often offended by three bouncing kitchen girls, who are obliged to represent the Graces, with nothing but long *rolling* towels, wrapped round them; and

two of my nimblest negroes died last Christmas in the characters of satyrs. Another, who was sent in the woods with a *banjoe*, to play Pan, has never been heard of since. In September last I took a few friends home with me, to taste some Burgundy which I had just received from France; but I found it in the possession of my servants, who were seated in high glee in the drawingroom. All the satisfaction I could obtain from my wife was, that she was celebrating the Saturnalian festival, that absurd ceremony which was practised in the days of old Rome, when every slave was at liberty to retaliate upon his master for the tyranny of a year. The good old names of John, George, and Thomas, by which my ancestors were not ashamed to be known, are now utterly discarded from our family Bible, while squalling Damons and ragged Strephons crawl about my house in scores. If they are kept sufficiently warm for the season, I may be satisfied; but as to their clothes being in proper order, that is entirely out of the question, for their mother would rather mend a sonnet than patch a coat, or dilate upon the three unities than close the gaping rent of a knee.

Dear sir, these things are intolerable. I have no objection to her devoting some part of the day to her amusements; but to have my property wasted, my house turned into an inn, my children neglected, and myself termed a Goth, is more than I can bear. The only chance that she may see these lines, and, by timely reformation, spare me the necessity of a resolute remonstrance, together with the hope that you would illuminate her by one of your rays, have induced me to address this letter to you. In hopes that you will bestow due consideration upon this subject, I remain, &c.

HENRY HENPECK.

In Society, July 11, 1807.

THE letter of Henry Henpeck being read from the chair, by the vice-president, it was unanimously resolved that the same be referred to Lewis Lunatic, to make report thereon.

Whereupon the member, standing in his place, delivered the following observations, which were ordered to be published.

VINCENT LUNARDI, *Sec. Lun. Soc.*

THIS is, indeed, gentlemen, as our friend Henpeck says, an intolerable grievance. I would rather sleep in woollen than be yoked to such a mate. The lady is mad with too much Moonshine: her senses are bewildered, and I know of no mode of cure better than sousing her in her own pond, to enact the part of a seanymp. But the propensities of women cannot be controuled. I was once acquainted with a very ingenious gentleman, who was as much given to taciturnity as his wife was to loquacity.—After a variety of fruitless attempts to break her of the unconscionable exercise of her tongue, he at length bethought himself of an expedient which he supposed would certainly suffice. He resolved to immerse her every day, at a certain hour, into the water. But, lo! the first time he tried the experiment his poor wife, who was in the very act of talking as he put her under the stream, when she found her articulation suspended, cast her hands above the surface, and convinced him, by dumb signs, that the only way to avoid the effects of such evils, was to submit to them with patient endurance.

But learned ladies are not novelties. In the time of Elizabeth they were in their zenith, being patronized by a queen who distinguished herself by no contemptible share of Greek learning. To this, no doubt, her poet, Shakspeare, alludges, in the rhodomontade which he puts into the mouth of Nick Bottom, the weaver. In those days a lady could transplant a Grecian flower into an English garden, with much greater skill than she could embroider a tapestry or darn a husband's hose. So great was the rage among the ladies for translations from the learned languages, that Puttenham, who probably had so little taste as to prefer a pudding to a poem, found it necessary to express his opinion, that "girls should not be too precipitate poets, lest, with such shrewd wit as *rhyme requireth*, they become hateful to their husbands, who love not fantastick wyves." The threat which he adds, of their dying *single wymmen*, and leading apes, appears to have produced greater effects than all his reasoning, for, by the time the race of Stuarts was ended, as we are informed by a fair historian, a family receipt-book contained all the literature of an English housewife, however high her rank. Roger Ascham

reproached the scholars of the university with being inferior in erudition to the "court lasses," and Harvey said of the maids of honour of the same time,

Saltet item, pingatque eadem, doctumque poema
Pangat; nec musas nesciat illa meas.

In the time of queen Anne, the reader will find, from Swift's account of them, that they were in no danger of giving offence by their superior learning.

Edward Hake, in his *Touchstone of Time Present*, gave a violent anathema against dancing, from which time it became more fashionable, and sir Christopher Hatton invented a dance by which he reeled into the office of lord keeper.

Since that period the ladies have been incessantly teasing the brains of their lovers and husbands, by various extravagancies of the head and heels. Under the protection of their tutelary goddess, Fashion, they have been making inroads upon our tranquillity, in shapes more various than were ever invented by the prolific brain of Proteus, or George Psalmanazar himself. At one time we were terrified by a headdress whose summit seemed, like Atlas, to invade our own territories; and this was succeeded by an absurdity so much more monstrous, that I shall not even mention it in this company, as the ladies themselves were so much ashamed of it that it was always kept in the background. Of the various mutations of broad ruffs, pinching stays, threatening hoops, high heels, and long trains, I have not time to speak.

But all these are trifling inconveniences, compared with what we suffer from their misapplied learning. As to that sort of good sense which teaches them to conduct themselves through life with propriety and "good works in their husbands to promote," I wish them every abundance which they can desire. But such a woman as our correspondent describes is more dangerous to the peace of the community than a legion of locusts, or a swarm of mosquitoes.

Their wit but serves an husband's head to rack,
And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

They might do very well if, as I once heard an ingenious gentleman say, they would only let the arts and sciences alone. But to be fancied for sluttishness and Greek is too much for the brain of an honest, well-meaning husband.

Let us, therefore, fellow members, take warning from the case of this unfortunate gentleman. Let us preserve our solitary chambers unmolested by scrubbing-brushes and the sciences, and let their walls be still decorated by the labours of our domestic weaver. Celibacy has pleasures which none but the unmarried know; but matrimony has pains which many feel and all can see.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONNET.—TO THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

AUGUST! I welcome thee, and all thy hours,
 The sun-burnt hours that dance about thy car;
 Thy genial breezes and refreshing showers,
 Thy morning pageantry and evening star:
 Bright are thy smiles, and blithe thy votaries are,
 For thou dost bring them harvest's fruits and flowers:
 Enlivening gifts! and more enlivening far
 The laughing vine, to glad their jolly bowers.
 Yet, August, though these various gifts be dear,
 'Tis not for these I tune my thankful strain;
 No, but for Phillis—Fie! why drops the tear?
 Whom thou hast sent o'er my fond heart to reign.
 Oh! may she live to pleasure many a year,
 Although she live to give her minstrel pain.

SONNET.—TO SILENCE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

MOTHER of Thought, by many an empty noise
 Though exiled oft, I own thy mild control:
 O ill exchanged art thou for their rude joys
 Who drain diseases from the mantling bowl!

Thanks to thy influence, unobtrusive power,
 Fled from the vain and trifling throng, I feel
 As lone I sit, at Midnight's solemn hour,
 A sacred calmness o'er my bosom steal.
 For then, while all Earth's pageants disappear,
 Rapt in high musings, from this lower sphere
 My freed and active spirit seems to soar:
 Looks far beyond the narrow bounds of Time,
 And sees in prospect that immortal clime,
 Where sickness, pain and sorrow are no more.

—
 A FAREWELL TO MARGATE.

FAREWELL! ye chalky cliffs, where lovers walk,
 In dread of tumbling over as they talk;
 Farewell, ye stylish farms, and stoney field,
 Ye russet lanes, so open to the sun,
 Where whiskies, buggies, sulkies, tandems, run,
 And all the dear delicious dust they yield!

Farewell! ye flinty sands, so damp, so soft,
 On whose stupendous margin Echo cries,
 And multiplies the fib, while Strephon—lies,
 And gazers peep upon us from aloft!
 Where Eurus sends his fogs amid the air,
 And nymphs cut shoes at—half a pound per pair!
 Where slipp'ry sea-weeds trip us as we stray,
 Where city mermaids scud about in clusters,
 To poke for crabs, while surely Ocean blusters,
 And pools insidious intercept the way.

Farewell! blithe Dandelion and its sports,
 So matchless—so ecstatic—so divine!
 Where dapper cits, like little gods appear,
 Wounding young Chloes with a civil leer;
 Where shepherds learn to eat, and dance, and court;
 Swilling hot coffee 'neath a fervid beam;
 Devouring half-bak'd crumpets while they steam,
 So fraught with Cambridge butter, or with grease;

Where Gentry haste with half-a-crown a-piece,
 And hungry beaux in the meridian dine!
 Farewell! ye raffling shops, where Fortune fires
 Her vagrant crew to quit life's solid joys,
 For gilded gewgaws and illusion's toys,
 While knavery moves the puppet she inspires!
 The hoy 's in motion—I must now depart,
 Like a young turkey-pout, with heavy heart,
 I must return to Industry's brown tub,
 To get up small clothes, and to darn a stocking?
 Is not this irksome, horrible, and shocking?
 Will Cupid suffer it?—I fear he will.
 Why are our moments sprinkled o'er with ill?
 Pity your absent friend!

—
 SONNET.—ON THE APPROACH OF THE GOUT.

'Tis strange that thou shouldst leave the downy bed,
 The Turkey carpet, and the soft settee,
 Shouldst leave the board with choicest dainties spread,
 To fix thy odious residence with me.
 'Tis strange that thou, attached to plenteous ease,
 Shouldst leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,
 Where plainest meals keen appetites appease,
 And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine.
 'Tis passing strange! yet shouldst thou persevere,
 And rack these bones with agonizing pains,
 Firm as a rock thy tortures will I bear,
 And teach the affluent how to blunt thy fangs.
 Yes! shouldst thou visit me, capricious Gout,
 Hard fare shall be thy lot; by Jove, I'll starve thee out!

—
 EPIGRAM.

SYLLA declares the world shall know
 That he 's my most determined foe!
 I wish him wide the tale to spread;
 For all that I from Sylla dread
 Is, that the knave to serve some end,
 May one day swear that he 's my friend!

ON THE DEATH OF DR. EVANS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

EVANS, of worm-destroying note
 With little folks who breed 'em,
 Has all his life been *pois'ning worms*,
 And now's consign'd to *feed* 'em.
 Thus, 'twixt our doctor and his foes,
 Accounts are pretty trim—
 For many years he liv'd *by those*,
 And now they live *on him*.

A HAMPER I receiv'd, of wine,
 As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted—
 And Dick may be suppos'd to know,
 For he contriv'd his matters so,
 As every day with me to dine
 Much longer than the liquor lasted:—
 If such are presents—while I live
 Oh! let me not *receive*—but *give*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come Inspiration! from thy hermit seat;
 By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

THOMSON.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following effusions of sympathy from the pen of Mrs. P—— of R—— (at present residing in Williamsburg) is so pathetic and truly descriptive, that without the knowledge of the author, the friend to whom it was presented, deeming it worthy of a place in The Port Folio, sends it to you for publication. The calamity which befel this metropolis on the memorable night of the 26th of December last, you will perceive to be the subject.

"What is this world!—Thy school, O Misery!
 "Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
 "And they who know not *that* were born for nothing!"

YOUNG.

WHENCE the wild wail of agonizing wo
 That heaves each breast, and bids each eye o'erflow?

Ah me! amid the all-involving gloom
That wrapt the victims of terrific doom,
While *falsied Fancy* casts an anguish'd glance,
What *frenzied spectres* to my view advance!
Appalled Nature shrinks—my harrow'd soul
Dares not the direful scene of death unroll!

Yet, o'er the friends she lov'd, the Muse would moan
And weep for other's sorrows, and her own!
To their sad obsequies would *grateful* pay
The heartfelt tribute of a mourning lay.
And lo! through the dark horrors of the night
What form revered now rushes on my sight!
Ye blasting flames! Oh spare the cheek of age!
Ah heaven! they with redoubled fury rage!
Yet undismay'd she view'd the fiery flood,
Resign'd amid the desolation stood—
To God alone address'd her feeble cry,
"Oh save my child, and willingly I die."
Kind heaven, approving, heard her pious prayer,
To bliss received her—and preserved her care.*
Oh long-lov'd friend! Oh much lamented Page!
How did thy goodness every heart engage—
How oft for *me* thy generous tears have flow'd,
What kind attentions still thy love bestow'd!
Where sickness moan'd or sorrow heav'd a sigh,
Thy useful aid benignant, still was nigh!
The best of neighbours, and the truest friend,
O'er thy sad urn, disconsolate, we bend!

Heardst thou that shriek? the accent of despair!
The mother's deep-felt agony was there—
"My only hope, Louisa†—art thou gone?
"Is thy pure spirit to thy Maker flown?
"Ah take me too," the mourner frantic cries,
"When such friends part, 'tis the survivor dies;

* Alluding to Miss P——, who escaped with a fractured limb.

† Miss Louisa Mayo.

"She was *my all!* so gentle, good, and kind."
 Then she is blest, and be thy heart resign'd.
 And see, of sympathy alas the theme,
 In woes experienced and in grief supreme,
 Yon aged matron now to view appears,
 One thought alone her anguish'd bosom cheers;
 For while on vacancy she bends her eye,
 She sees her children angels in the sky!
 Julianna! Edwin! beauteous Mary too!*
 To yon bright realm, from earthly suffering flew.

Well tried in fortune's ever-changing scene,
 A mourner now of calm, resigned mien,
 (Who bears a name to every patriot dear!
Nelson! who long Virginia shall revere)
 Ah see! submissive to the direful stroke!
 No murmurs from her pallid lips have broke,
 Though lov'd Maria, long her age's stay,
 Whose duteous care watch'd o'er her setting day,
 The awful mandate bade, alas! depart!
 "Lean not on earth—'twill pierce thee to the heart!"
 Yet must our sorrows stain the mournful bier,
 When Virtue lost, demands the flowing tear.
 And youthful Mary† shares Maria's fate,
 Her gentle cousin, and endearing mate!
 For hand in hand they mount th' etherial way,
 To brighter regions, and unclouded day!

Great God! whose *fiat* gives the general doom,
 Speaks into *life*—or lays within the *tomb*!
 Oh teach our hearts submissive to resign;
 "Thy *will* be done!" be meek obedience mine!

And lo! advancing from the deepest shade,
 A generous youth sustains a sainted maid;
 Down his pale cheek the gushing tears o'erflow,
 And Fancy's ear attends the plaint of Wo:

* Mr. E. Hervie, Miss Julianna Hervie, and Miss Whitlock.

† Miss Mary Page.

"Oh much-lov'd Conyers! lov'd so long in vain,
"Could but my death thy fleeting soul retain,
"Far happier *I* than doom'd alas! to prove
"The bitter pangs of unrequited love!
"My constant heart disdains on earth to stay,
"While thou art borne to *native* realms away;
"Nor at my hapless fate can I repine,
"Since blest in death to call thee *ever* mine!"

Oh gallant youth! Oh all-accomplish'd maid!
At your sad shrine shall votive rites be paid;
There oft at eve, shall pensive lovers stray,
And future Petrarchs pour the plaintive lay;
For ah! behold a faithful wedded pair,*
Blest *too*, in death, an *equal* fate to share;
In their sad breasts no *selfish* fears arise,
Each for the *other* feels—*each* in the *other* dies!

Yon man of *woes*! Oh mark his furrow'd cheek;
What deep-drawn sighs his misery bespeak!
'Tis Gallego—each bosom comfort flown,
In the dark vale of years he walks alone.

And now amid the victim-train appears
A friend, of worth approv'd through twenty years;
Just, wise, and good! true to his country's cause,
He from *opposing parties* gain'd applause:
From life and usefulness forever torn,
Virginia long for Venable shall mourn.
And for her chief, lamented Smith! shall share
His orphan's grief! his wretched widow's care!

Nutall, a man obscure, of humble name,
Virtuous, industrious, though unknown to fame,
Escap'd in safety, heard his wife's sad cries,
"Safe though we are, alas! *my* daughter dies!"
He heard, nor paus'd—but dared again the fire—
Resolv'd to save, or in the attempt expire!

• Mr. and Mrs. Bott.

Oh noble daring! worthy to succeed!
 But heaven forbade—yet bless'd the generous deed:
 The daughter lives! the father's toils are o'er,
 Where sorrow, pain, and want, can wound no more.
 In the bright glow of youthful beauty's bloom,
 Ill-fated Anna† sinks beneath the gloom;
 Her lovely orphan, yet too young to know
 Her cruel loss, or the extent of wo,
 In deepest grief, while all around her mourn,
 Still piteous asks, "when will mamma return?"

What tender cries! what anguish'd moans prevail!
 How many orphans join the plaintive wail!
 For Gibson! Heron! Greenhow! Girardin!
 And Wilson borne from the heart-rending scene;
 While frantic husbands! mothers! widows rave
 O'er the *vast urn*, the *all-containing grave*!

But ah, my Muse! the death-fraught theme forbear,
 Nor longer tread th' abyss of wild despair!
 I sink with life's distracting cares oppress,
 And fain with those would share eternal rest;
 Yet impious let me not presume to scan
 Great God! thy ways, mysterious all to man;
 But while for mercy humbly I implore,
 "Rejoice with trembling," and resign'd adore!

Richmond, January 15th, 1812.

—
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EVENING.—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE cottage roof is glowing red;
 The purple clouds of evening shed
 The silver dew—my flowrets drink;
 And fast the dying day-beams sink.

† Mrs. Braxton.

Heavy and full, the grassy plains
The herds forsake—and to the swains
They give with joy and gratitude
From swelling udders grateful food.

How grand is this enchanting scene!
How soft its tints of gold and green!
Nor shines a princely hall so gay,
As my low hut in evening's ray.

How sweet is Nature's evening rest!
And O how tranquil is my breast!
How sinless, calm, and free from care,
Its pleasures pure as evening's air!

What though, O sun, thy noonday light,
Gilds not the vale or mountain height;
What though thy late resplendent blaze
Has fled, and sink thy latest rays:

My soul is as the valley still,
As twilight kissing yonder hill;
Calm as the evening's dying gale,
That softly fans the sleeping vale.

The zephyr slumbers in my trees,
No leaf now rustles in the breeze;
Fainter and fainter glows the beam,
And stiller flows the valley stream.

Soon will my weary eyelids close,
And I in sleep find sweet repose—
He'll nurse me till the moon shall rise,
And smiling meet my opening eyes.

Blest be thy reign, O gentle Rest,
Mild image of the grave be blest!
That rest which lasts a long, long night,
But ends in day beyond expression bright.

A. C. M.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY.

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS.

By Babel's sluggish streams, opprest with wo,
We sat, and soon the tears began to flow,
When Memory fondly painted in the mind,
The joys of home and Zion left behind;
Our harps upon the pendant willows hung,
And Melancholy all their chords unstrung.
The foe, before whose arm we could not stand,
Who drag'd us, captive, from our native land,
Requir'd a sacred song to please their ear:
Those strains which caus'd to stream the holy tear,
When on the hallow'd mount our raptur'd eyes
Through faith's bright medium saw the Saviour rise—
E'en they who sack'd and burnt our dwellings fair,
Whilst screams of wretched victims fill'd the air;
From Zion's house her humble servants tore,
And spurn'd that *Being* whom our souls adore—
E'en they, our cruel foes, with taunting sneer,
Demand those strains which Zion lov'd to hear:
Ah! how can Israel's sons a song divine
In strange land sing; for Lord, the song is thine!
If I forget Jerusalem, my home,
Though far from her in captive bands I roam;
May my right hand forget it was design'd
To aid the efforts of the immortal mind;
If I forget thee, wither'd be my tongue,
Dead all its powers alike to prayer or song:
Jerusalem! my heart shall ever be,
Most holy city, fix'd alone on thee!
Remember, Lord, the woes of that dark day
When Zion's chosen people prostrate lay;
Remember Edom's sanguinary race—
Unaw'd by virtue, unsubdued by grace;

Who urg'd our conquering foes, O base design!
 To rase our city and its fane divine.
 O thou, accustom'd long to boundless sway,
 Whose smiles kings court, whose mandates queens obey;
 Daughter of Babylon! heaven's impious foe!
 The eye of Justice speaks thy future wo:
 O soon to feel the avenging angel's ire,
 Thy warriors slain, thy dwellings wrapt in fire!
 Blest be the king whose province it shall be
 What thou hast done for us to render thee;
 O happy he, who, careless of thy moans,
 Shall dash thy little ones against the stones.

G:

—
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

ALLOW me to entreat a place in your elegant miscellany for the following elegy. I visited Jamestown not without emotion. The dilapidated and forlorn condition of the church-steeple; the roofless choir once vocal with living anthems, and the promiscuous graves of the first colonists in the adjoining cemetery, called up an elevated melancholy, by that principle of association which connects the past with the present; while the mighty flood before me, which had rolled uninterruptedly for ages, suggested the reflection that nature in her grander features is immutable, when man and the proudest monuments of his art moulder in the dust.

I am, sir, &c.

JOHN DAVIS.

Richmond.

JAMESTOWN, AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO FRANCES EMES, OF BOSTON.

O'er Powhatan's majestic flood
 The orb of day descends the sky,
 And, glimmering, lights the churchyard wood,
 Where the first settlers mingled lie.

Now fainter sounds the shrilling call
 Of locust from the oak afar,
 And to the steeple's ivied-wall
 The pigeon flutters through the air.

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Pensive, I view the roofless wall
Where once the Atlantic fathers bent,
And, pealing, prais'd the Lord of all,
With incense from the bosom sent.

Still is the voice that worship'd God,
And dim the supplicating eye,
Cold is the hand, beneath the clod,
That beg'd down blessings from on high.

Here often mus'd with brow sublime,
The gallant Smith, for arms renown'd,
Whose polish'd lance, in Turkey's clime,
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

And here oft roam'd the tawny maid
Whose bosom heav'd at passion's call;
For in the town, or savage glade,
Resistless love is lord of all.

Now o'er the settler's unwept grave,
The night-bird makes his funeral moan,
And, rising from the tranquil wave,
The queen of night ascends her throne.

So still is now the lone churchyard,
That from the sea-worn, sandy ground,
The dapper elves afar are heard,
Footing their waving morrice round.

And here where Meditation dwells,
I seek the unprotected grave,
Where sleep within their narrow cells
The rovers o'er the Atlantic wave.

Death o'er the earth extends his hand
From tropic sun to polar snow;
And those who seek a foreign strand,
Await alike the unerring blow.

Haply one lies beneath this turf,
Who hop'd again to cross the deep,
But scarce escap'd the Atlantic surf,
Death rock'd him in eternal sleep.

No friend to smooth the bed of pain,
No friend to watch his asking eye;
He breath'd a wish beyond the main,
And gave to home his parting sigh.

A bard perhaps this cold-clod hides,
Who oft beneath the cypress-shade,
Where to the flood the streamlet glides,
With harp bewail'd a distant maid.

The sylvan-sisters hail'd the strain,
Along the deep the murmur stole;
'Twas wildly mix'd with joy and pain,
The rising wave forgot to roll!

Without the lyre's recording string,
In vain the hero's pulses glow,
Unless the Muse her tribute bring,
His fame shall not through ages flow.

Who knows but in this unsung grave,
A heart decays that in life's race,
Hop'd to be blazon'd with the brave,
And spurn'd the earth's contracted space.

But see the solemn night retires,
The swains collect the fields to till,
And morning, rob'd in living fires,
Walks o'er the dew of yonder hill.



SOUTH EAST VIEW OF LEHIGH WATER GAP.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1812.

No. 3.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LEHIGH WATER GAP.

THE Lehigh gap, in Lehigh township, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, about seventy miles north-west of Philadelphia, is an opening in the blue ridge, a branch of the great Alleghany mountains; so called from the river Lehigh, which winds its course through this narrow passage, and, with the steep heights on both sides, forms here one of the most picturesque prospects in the state. That beautiful little river, which, in its course through a fertile country, receives numerous tributary rivulets, and at length empties into the Delaware, at Easton, flows through the Gap, in a gentle, but majestic stream, deeply shaded by the reflection of the impending mountains.

The eastern bank is bordered, for the distance of about a mile, by craggy cliffs, towering to an amazing height, and of forms the most bizarre, between which wall of rocks and the river the road winds along. Hastening to leave these bleak abodes, which seem to afford shelter to none but the ravenous beasts of the forest, the Lehigh appears eagerly moving on towards the fertile low lands, which succeed in view on the western bank. Ascending the eastern height, the traveller is

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amply rewarded for the exertion of climbing from rock to rock, in scaling the pine-covered side of the mountain, by the rich and extensive prospect which the eye there commands. At his feet the waters of the majestic stream; on the opposite side a towering ridge, near the summit of which appears, right opposite, emerging from the surrounding woods, a lonely pile of rocks, whimsically styled the Devil's Pulpit, which indignantly suffers but a few blasted pines to shade its sullen brow; at a distance an extensive country, variegated with woods and farms, watered by the meandering Lehigh, and ridge retiring behind ridge, till lost in the faint tints of the horizon—all burst upon the sight, and fill the mind with sublime ideas of the greatness of the Creator. The traveller may procure refreshments at the house marked in the view as standing in the Gap.

The shattered rocks, thrown together in wild confusion, and the frequent layers of round stones, which are found in the Gap, have given rise to the supposition that the Lehigh, being obstructed in its course by the blue ridge, was formerly dammed up into a lake, which, at length, bursting the barrier, formed the chasm now called the Lehigh Gap. Let the learned decide the question, if of importance.

P.

BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NOTICE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,

The Father of American Colonization.

HOWEVER honourable and exalted the title may be considered which we have thought proper to annex to the name of captain Smith, we venture to assert, and hope to make it appear, that it is not beyond what that hero deserved. If, for being principally instrumental in the preservation of Rome from the scenes of horror and blood meditated against it by Cataline and his associates, Cicero was hailed as the father of his country, with equal justice may captain Smith be denominated the father of

American colonization, he having been, of all Europeans, the most efficient and conspicuous agent in that important event.

Having always considered the memory of this extraordinary man entitled to higher honours than have been heretofore conferred on it by the citizens of the United States; and having frequently derived both gratification and amusement from a contemplation of his character and various achievements, we cannot but flatter ourselves, that the readers of *The Port Folio* will receive and peruse, with corresponding emotions, a biographical notice of a personage whose name is so conspicuous in the annals of heroism, and who has so irresistible a claim on our admiration and gratitude.

Captain Smith was, by birth, an Englishman. Descended of a respectable family, and heir to a competent fortune, he was born at Willoughby in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. From his very childhood he was remarkable for a fervid fancy, and a romantic disposition, and seemed bent on the performance of some daring and adventurous exploit, which might transmit his name with honour to posterity. It was not long till his spirit of enterprise began to manifest itself in something beyond the adventures of a child. When only thirteen years of age, he conceived an irresistible desire to visit the continent of Europe, where he felt persuaded that he would soon be able to distinguish himself by some manly and memorable transaction. To raise money secretly, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of his voyage thither, he sold his school-books, his satchel, and every other article of property placed at his disposal. His resolution, however, was suddenly checked, and his arrangements defeated, by the death of his father. This event placed him under the direction of guardians, who became more intent on the improvement of his fortune than the cultivation of his intellect. Pursuant to this plan, he was bound, at the age of fifteen, to a respectable merchant, in the town of Lynne. Here, his desire of visiting the continent revived in all its former vigour. Nor was it long till an opportunity of gratifying it occurred. The son of lord Willoughby, a nobleman of distinction, had just arrived at an age when it was deemed expedient that he should

commence the tour of Europe. Pleased with the manliness and accomplishments of young Smith, he invited him into his family, and they set out together on their travels through the continent.

During his continuance in France and Holland, our young hero applied himself, with great assiduity and success, to the study of the rudiments of war, a profession to which he exhibited now a settled predilection. Determined to devote himself entirely to military pursuits, he not long afterwards passed over into Scotland, encouraged by an expectation of honourable employment in the service of king James. Amused here with little else than courtly professions which were never realized, and splendid promises which remained unfulfilled, he soon left the north, with sentiments of dissatisfaction, and returned once more to his family residence, in the town of Willoughby. Meeting in this place with no associates possessing dispositions congenial to his own, he suddenly adopted a course of life altogether singular and romantic in itself, and productive of no small solicitude to his friends. Retiring into a deep and solitary wood, situated at a considerable distance from the town, he erected for himself a pavilion of boughs, where he fixed, for a time, his permanent abode. In this seclusion, resembling more the residence of an anchorite than a soldier, he devoted his time to the practice of horsemanship, the use of the lance, and the study of some favourite treatises on the art of war. Nor was it till they had procured for him instructors in these various exercises and pursuits, that his friends were able to entice him from his chosen retirement.

About this period a fierce and sanguinary war began to rage, between the Christians and the Turks, which summoned to the field the martial youth from all parts of Europe. On such an occasion young Smith could no longer slumber in the lap of repose. Fired at once by his devotion to Christianity and his love of glory, he determined to volunteer his services in the conflict. With this intention he hastened to Flanders, and thence passed through France, where, amidst various perils and difficulties, into which he was betrayed by inexperience, or hurried by youthful impetuosity, he never failed to manifest the

spirit of an undaunted warrior and a high-minded cavalier. He was now on the eve of an adventure of the most extraordinary and romantic character. Nothing but a source of authority which even scepticism itself must receive as unexceptionable, could induce us to record it among the realities of history. At Marseilles he set sail on a voyage to Italy. The vessel in which he embarked was principally filled with a large and promiscuous assemblage of pilgrims, who, whatever may be the fervency of their piety and devotion, are seldom very remarkable for their knowledge or liberality. Scarcely had they lost sight of land, when the heavens became suddenly overcast, and a fierce and threatening tempest was on the wing. This scene of terrors continuing for several days, nothing but inevitable destruction seemed to await them. The pilgrims at length concluded that such an awful visitation could be nothing less than a judgment from heaven, in consequence of the heresies and crimes of some of the passengers. Young Smith, being the only one on board of a religious persuasion differing from their own, was immediately singled out, as the source of their misfortunes. Nor did these sanguinary fanatics deliberate long as to the course they should pursue. With a temper of mind worthy of the disciples of Moloch himself, they seized their victim, and threw him into the sea, as an expiatory offering to the Ruler of the elements. Cool and collected even in this extremity of misfortune, our young hero, who was one of the most able and expert of swimmers, supported himself amid the waves, with great strength and undaunted resolution. Partly by his own incredible exertions, but chiefly, as we are willing to believe, by a special interposition of Providence in his favour, which announced to the world that he was born for other and higher destinies, he reached in safety a small uninhabited island, not far remote from the coast of Italy. On the day following he had the good fortune to be rescued from this abode of solitude and want, by a French rover, the captain of which treated him with parental kindness. He remained in this vessel a sufficient length of time to make the tour of the Mediterranean, visiting both the Mahometan and the Christian coasts. Falling in, at length, with a

Venetian vessel, richly laden, a desperate conflict ensued, in which the prowess of Smith excited the highest admiration and applause. The merchantman becoming a prize, the crew of the pirate was enriched by the booty, our hero receiving his full proportion. Soon after this he was generously placed on shore, to pursue his inclinations, and spend his money amidst the antiquities and pleasures of Italy.

The disposition, however, of Smith leading him rather to the tumults of a camp than to the peaceful walks of classic ground, amid faded greatness and mouldering ruins, he repaired to Vienna, where an army was embodying for an expedition against the Turks. Here he entered, as a gentleman volunteer, into the regiment commanded by the gallant count Meldrich.

He had been but a short time attached to the banners of the cross, when he signalized himself by his enterprise and personal bravery. During the siege of Olumpagh and Alba-Regalis he was the projector of stratagems, and the conductor of certain modes of attack against the enemy, which manifested in him an unusual talent for the art of war, and rendered the most essential services to the Christian cause. The command of a troop of horse, and, soon afterwards, the rank of first major, were conferred on him, as an acknowledgment of his high desert.

An occasion was now approaching, which gave to captain Smith a distinguished rank among the most celebrated champions of the age. The regiment to which he belonged had invested a strong Turkish fortress, garrisoned chiefly by renegados and banditti. Owing to frequent and vigorous sallies from the gates, the works of the assailants advanced slowly and with great difficulty. During the progress of the siege, a Turkish officer, on horseback, issuing from the town, challenged to single combat any Christian of the rank of a captain. This produced a signal commotion, accompanied with the most generous and high-minded emulation, among the warlike spirits of the camp. Hundreds of hearts panted for the honour of humbling the pride of this insolent Mussulman, and as many swords were ready to start from their scabbards to execute the deed. So numerous and pressing were the claims of valour, that it became

necessary to decide the contest by lot, when the turn of fortune proved favourable to captain Smith.

This youthful hero had now become the champion on whose sword hung the honour of the Christian arms. Consequences proved that so sacred a trust could not have been committed to abler hands. The ramparts of the town being filled with ladies, and men glittering in arms, the two combatants appeared on the fatal arena. Mounted each on a war-horse of singular elegance, and clothed in suits of splendid armour, they entered the field to the sound of trumpets. Rushing to the charge at a given signal, Smith, on the first encounter, struck his adversary dead to the ground. He then sprang from his horse, according to the rules and conditions of the combat, and, cutting off his head, and despoiling him of his armour, bore them both in triumph within the Christian lines. Mortified and enraged at the fate of their champion, and determined to wash from their arms so foul a blot, the infidel garrison sent forth from the walls two other officers, bearing the same defiance on their swords. These were severally engaged by our hero, with similar success, their heads and their armour augmenting his spoils.

After three such signal victories, Smith was regarded with admiration, and almost overwhelmed with honours. By his companions in arms his return to the Christian lines was hailed with tears and unbounded acclamations. Attended by a guard of six thousand men, and three Turkish horses led before him, each being preceded by a Turk's head mounted on a pole, he was conducted in triumph to the pavilion of his general. Here he experienced the most flattering reception, and was presented with a fine war-horse, richly caparisoned, and a cimeter and belt of great value. Shortly afterwards, the duke of Transylvania, coming to review the army, gave him his miniature, set in gold, accompanied with the most kind and flattering expressions, and other tokens of his exalted regard. He also issued, in his favour, letters patent of nobility, giving him for his arms three Turks' heads, emblazoned on a shield. These were afterwards recorded in the herald's office, in England, and became the permanent arms of Smith and his descendants.

Summing up the whole of his life and adventures, our hero might be hitherto denominated a favourite of Fortune. At length, however, a reverse was approaching, which overwhelmed him, for a time, with degradation and misery. At the disastrous affair of Rottenton, in the year 1602, where the carnage of the Christian army was so extensive, he was left among the dead on the field of battle, supposed himself to be one of the number. But the pillagers perceiving that he still breathed, and not doubting from the richness of his armour, that his ransom would be ample, made unwearied efforts to restore him to life, and contributed to his recovery by every attention that interest could suggest. Having regained his health, by means of the soundness and vigour of his constitution, and no one coming forward with a view to his redemption, he was soon afterwards sold at public auction among the rest of the prisoners. His purchaser was a Bashaw, who sent him to Constantinople as a present to his mistress, a young Tartarian lady of distinguished beauty. Smith, being now only twenty-three years of age, was in the lustre of life, with a noble countenance, an elegant person, and a deportment remarkable for manliness and grace. These qualities could not fail to attract the notice of his young mistress, to whose service he most assiduously devoted himself, nor was it long till they made a deep impression on her heart. This circumstance procured for him, on her part, the kindest and tenderest treatment, accompanied by every indulgence that might tend to alleviate his misfortunes and reconcile him to his situation. At length, to prevent him from being treated with harshness and indignity, and, perhaps sold, by her mother, whose mind had become tinctured with prejudices against him, Charatza Tragabigzanda (for such was the name of his fair mistress) sent him into Tartary, to her brother, who was timor bashaw of Nalbrits, on the Palus Meotis. This separation she did not intend to be of long continuance. Her object was, to allow Smith to remain with her brother till he should acquire a knowledge of the language, manners, and religion of the country, and till time should place her fortunes at her own disposal. She meant, then, to indulge her tenderness for him, and openly bestow on him her hand in marriage.

On delivering him to her brother, this young damsel recommended him to his favour with great zeal and the most affectionate expressions. The bashaw, however, received him with very different impressions. Suspecting the passion which his sister entertained for him, he only treated him the more harshly and unworthily. Smith's martial spirit, elevated by a consciousness of Tragabigzanda's love, submitted with difficulty to the repeated indignities he was forced to encounter. Provoked, at length, beyond the point of further endurance, by the brutalities practised on him in a barn where he was threshing, he assaulted the timor in his turn, and struck him dead to the ground by a blow with his threshing bat. This event took place about a league from the dwelling of his tyrannical master. His fortunes were now at the lowest ebb of desperation. There was no time to be lost. His preservation from torture depended on his immediate flight from the country. He, accordingly, stripped the dead body, and burying it under the straw, clothed himself in the timor's apparel, and mounting his horse, with nothing but a knapsack of corn for his subsistence, fled precipitately into the desarts of Circassia. After wandering two or three days in great solicitude, he was conducted at length, under the direction of a protecting Providence, to the main road which led to Muscovy. Pursuing this for sixteen days, under the utmost pressure of hunger and fatigue, he arrived at a garrison on the frontiers of Russia. He experienced here a most cordial reception, his present wants were all supplied, and he was placed in a situation to continue his journey in safety and comfort. Having travelled through various countries of Asia and Europe, he had the good fortune to meet, at Leipsic, with his old friend and patron, the duke of Transylvania, together with count Mel-dritch, under whom he had served with so much distinction. After passing some time in the society of these illustrious noblemen, the duke, at his departure, furnished him with letters setting forth his character as a soldier, the services he had performed, and the honours he had attained. At the same time, to repair, in some measure, his shattered circumstances, and to enable him to appear in a style corresponding to his military

standing, he presented him with the sum of fifteen hundred ducats.

Having seen much of the world, and being wearied by a succession of such singular adventures, Smith had determined on returning to his native country. He was, notwithstanding, induced to take, previously, an extensive range through Germany, France and Spain, the further to improve himself in military science. Led by the rumours of war, and the native affinity of his mind for dangers, he even passed over to Africa, and spent some time at the court of Morocco. Having visited the fortresses and examined most of the curiosities of the Barbary states, he finally returned to England, by the way of France. In his passage across the Channel, in a French galley, he had the fortune to fall in with two Spanish ships of war. A desperate conflict ensued, which, after continuing nearly three days, terminated in the entire discomfiture of the Spaniards.

England being now in a state of profound peace, Smith found in it no field for the display of his active and warlike disposition. After visiting his friends, and spending some time in the kingdom unoccupied and discontented, he cheerfully embarked with captain Grosnold, in the project of planting colonies in America.

Although by his adventures and gallant exploits Smith had acquired great celebrity in the eastern hemisphere, a richer and more brilliant meed of renown awaited him in the west. He had been hitherto raised to distinction and loaded with honours, as an intrepid warrior and a successful champion; but what was this compared with the reputation of a wise and enterprising colonizer of a continent!—a diffuser of civilisation and a propagator of Christianity throughout a territory of boundless extent, where barbarism and infidelity had heretofore practised their rites of impiety and their orgies of blood!

Captain Smith was one of the original company to which James I., under date of the 10th of April, 1606, granted letters patent for the colonization of America. He was also appointed to a seat in the first council of the "South Colony," as it was then denominated, and was afterwards elected president of that body. During his exercise of the functions of this office, his

services were of inestimable value to the infant establishment whose destinies he directed.

In company with his associates he set sail from England on the 19th of December, 1606, but did not arrive on the coast of Virginia till the 26th of April, 1607. In the mean time dissensions of the most serious and threatening aspect had unfortunately broken out among the adventurers. To such a height had these feuds arisen, that captain Smith had been in close confinement for thirteen weeks, under the charge of meditating the murder of the council and the usurpation of the supreme authority as soon as they should arrive on American ground. The real motive, however, for the arrest and rigorous treatment of this distinguished character, was the envy and jealousy which his superior powers and transcendent popularity had excited in the minds of the other members of the council. He had the good fortune and address not only to establish his own innocence, but ultimately to effectuate the overthrow of most of his accusers.

To specify in detail, within the limits of the present article, what he did and suffered for the first colony of Virginia, is altogether impossible. Volumes would be insufficient to do justice to his services. It is no extravagance of panegyric to say, that he was the quickening spirit—the vital principle of the whole establishment—the projector and accomplisher of every thing requisite for its comfortable subsistence and its preservation from ruin. Possessed of a vigour of constitution which formed a perfect counterpart to the hardihood of his mind, no sickliness of climate, no unwholesomeness of provisions was able to affect him, nor did his system grow feeble under the pressure of want. When others of his companions, therefore, were faint from fatigue or languishing under disease, his strength was unbroken and his health unimpaired. While dejection and despondency threw a cloud over the brow of every one around him, his spirits were buoyant, his fortitude unshaken, and Hope, the sweetener of toils and the stay of the unfortunate, never forsook him. On every occasion an increase of difficulties served only to invigorate his exertions, and to awaken him to some new and corresponding resources. Was the colony threatened with a scar-

city of provisions: the surrounding country was rendered, in some way, subservient to their wants. Did the savages approach them with hostile intentions: they were not only repulsed with slaughter, but terror and devastation were carried to their dwellings. Did any of the colonists, discontented with their situation and discouraged at their prospects, meditate a dastardly return to Europe, about to frustrate thereby the intentions of those who had projected the enterprise: the malecontents were either mildly won back to their duty by argument and remonstrance, or presented with the alternative of instantly abandoning their purpose or perishing in their first attempt to carry it into execution. Against the physical inconveniences resulting from the different seasons of the year, the best provisions were made which the nature and circumstances of the case would allow; and all these arrangements were attributable to the abundant resources of Smith.

So well known and at the same time so formidable to the savages did this celebrated character become, that he acquired among them an influence which was almost incredible. By treating them as friends or as enemies, according to the attitude which the mutability of their character induced them to assume, he seldom failed to mould them to his wishes. If at one time they would have murdered, at another they would with no less eagerness have adored him.

The adventures and enterprises of our hero among the aborigines of our country were numerous and interesting. One of them in particular deserves to be recited. It is that which relates to the celebrated Pochahontas.

When engaged in exploring the head waters of James' river, captain Smith was surprised and surrounded by several hundred Indians armed with bows and arrows. Against this fearful odds he defended himself with great valour, slew several of the assailants, and spread such terror among the rest, that none had the courage and hardihood to approach him. Having sufficiently checked the impetuosity of their onset, he endeavoured to effect his escape towards his canoe, which he had left by the border of a small lake. While thus engaged, directing his eyes to-

wards the enemy rather than to explore the track he was pursuing, he plunged suddenly, up to his armpits, into an oozy creek. Although inextricably entangled, and unable any longer to act on the offensive, he still kept his savage pursuers at bay, until chilled and benumbed by the coldness of the water, he threw away his arms and surrendered at discretion.

Having drawn him out of the creek and restored him to himself by friction and the heat of a fire, some of the savages made arrangements to bind him to a tree, while others were preparing to pierce him with arrows. But his presence of mind, which never forsook him, happily suggested to him the means of safety. Taking from his pocket a beautiful travelling compass inclosed in ivory, which he used for his guide in his excursions through the country, he so amused and astonished the whole party with a view of it, and by the account which he gave them of its extraordinary properties, that they immediately relinquished their preparations to bind him, and were almost ready to fall down and worship him.

During the whole time of his captivity, which lasted upwards of seven weeks, Smith contrived, by means of the inexhaustable resources of his mind, to maintain among the Indians an idea of his consequence and great superiority. To this he was repeatedly indebted for his life. On one occasion, by sending some of the savages as the bearers of a letter to his friends in James' town, commissioning them to bring him, on their return, certain specified articles, he filled them with amazement at the power he possessed of making paper speak. This measure, simple as it was, proved eminently serviceable to him in his subsequent transactions with these children of nature.

While Smith was in their possession the Indians were preparing for the assault of James-Town, with a view to the utter extermination of the colonists. For the more certain attainment of their object, they applied to him for counsel, and assistance, promising him as a reward, life and liberty, with as much land and as many women as he might wish to possess. He, however, represented to them, in strong terms, the extreme difficulty and danger of the enterprise; and painted in such glowing colours

the springing of mines, and the destructive operation of great guns, and other warlike instruments, that he effectually succeeded in deterring them from the attack. The representation he made had the happiest effect in elevating the colonists in the estimation of the natives.

Having abandoned for the present, all views of hostility against James-Town, the savages began to amuse themselves by leading captain Smith in a kind of triumphal procession around the country. In this state of barbaric pomp, accompanied at times with the most obstreperous rejoicings, they visited many places of note, till at length, they arrived at Werowocomoco, the residence of Powhatan, the emperor of the country. This chieftain possessed a sway that was not only extensive, but imperial, in the true signification of the term; for he exercised dominion over no less than thirty tributary kings. When Smith was presented to him he appeared in all the majesty of state. He was seated before a fire, on a wooden throne, resembling a bedstead, clothed in a flowing raccoon skin robe, with a fanciful coronet of feathers on his head. Although his aspect was fierce and his manners morose, he received his prisoner with something like courtesy. He ordered a table to be spread for him, furnished with an abundance of the best provisions his palace could afford. This banquet being ended, a council was held, in which it was determined that Smith should be put to death. The sentence was to be carried into effect by laying the prisoner's head on a stone and beating out his brains with massy clubs. No sooner had the murderous mandate gone forth, than arrangements were made for carrying it into execution. A large concourse of savages was convoked, to give solemnity to the scene; Smith's hands were bound, his head laid on a block of granite, and four clubs, placed in the hands of sturdy warriors, already raised to dash out his brains.

At this critical moment, when the last ray of hope was nearly extinguished, a protecting Providence, which had never for an instant forsaken our hero, most signally interposed to snatch him from destruction. The emperor Powhatan had a favourite daughter, named Pochahontas, then in the fourteenth year of her

age. Deeply interested in the fate of Smith, she had already, without effect, exerted the whole weight of her influence to save him from the sanguinary sentence of her father. Inflexibly determined to effect her purpose, or perish in the attempt, this amiable and heroic princess mingled with the throng at the place of execution. At the moment when the first club was about to descend, with the rapidity and heavenly disposition of the dove of mercy, she sprang forward from the crowd, clasped the prisoner in her arms, and covered his head with her own, in order that her interposition might either arrest the blow, or that she might become the first victim, and thus escape the pain of witnessing the murder of so interesting an individual.

This expedient, which, in point of benevolence and romanticism of character, has scarcely a parallel in the records of fable, was crowned with success. The whole assembly, rude and savage as were the individuals who composed it, was electrified at the sight. Its thirst for blood was converted, as by magic, into a sentiment of humanity. The emperor Powhatan, softened and subdued by this more than human daring of his daughter, staid, by his mandate, the hands of the executioners, and immediately reversed the fatal sentence. The prisoner was, accordingly, unbound, and restored to liberty, with an assurance that his life was no longer in danger.

A few days after this adventure, captain Smith was suffered to return to James-Town, accompanied by twelve warriors for his guides, and honoured by several presents from the emperor. On his arrival he found nothing in the colony but confusion and dismay. A party of malcontents, too powerful for those of better dispositions, had taken possession of an armed ship, the only sea vessel then in America, and were meditating an immediate return to England. Nor did this faction mean to go alone. In case of their opponents not coming into their measures and accompanying them voluntarily, it was their fixed resolution to compel them by force to abandon the settlement, and thus frustrate entirely the present attempt to colonize the country.

It was the first business of Smith to crush this conspiracy, which was now perfectly mature and ready for action. Accord-

ingly, finding that argument and remonstrance were employed without effect, he put himself at the head of his friends, and, turning the guns of the fort against the vessel, as she lay in the stream, prepared to sink her should she attempt to weigh anchor.

It was on this occasion that Smith most eminently signalized himself by his services to the enterprise in which he was engaged. Three preceding attempts to colonize Virginia had proved abortive. These repeated failures, accompanied with an abundant waste of life and treasure, had discouraged and checked, in no small degree, the spirit of colonisation in the mother country. This fourth project for effecting a permanent settlement in America had been commenced on a larger scale, and the arrangements in relation to it had been much more expensive than on any former occasion. Besides several adventurers of rank and distinction, who had zealously engaged in it, it was under the immediate patronage of sir Walter Raleigh, the most noble and enterprising character of the time. Had it, like the former, terminated unsuccessfully, the spirit of colonisation, if not entirely extinguished, would have been so completely paralyzed by the event, that it is impossible to calculate the time at which another attempt would have been made. We think it no violation of probability to allege, that the business would, almost of necessity, have lain neglected during the lives of the then existing generation of adventurers. Such an issue seems the more likely, in consideration of the perilous condition of England at the time, which gave to their country a just claim on all enterprising spirits of the realm. By frustrating, then, the intention of the malecontents, and averting the ruin which threatened the establishment, captain Smith rendered a service to the business of colonisation, which no price could sufficiently reward, nor any words sufficiently praise.

Without dwelling on the subsequent events of the life of our hero, in the knowledge of which we have to lament that we are somewhat defective, we shall close this article with an extract in relation to him from Stith's History of Virginia, written in the year 1747. This work, although somewhat antiquated, as to

its style and manner, is notwithstanding founded on original and authentic documents, and rich in many interesting details.

"I shall finish," says the author of it, "the character of captain Smith, with the testimonies of some of his soldiers and fellow-adventurers. They own him to have made justice his first guide and experience his second: that he was ever fruitful in expedients, to provide for the people under his command, whom he would never suffer to want any thing he either had or could procure: that he rather chose to lead than send his soldiers into danger; and upon all hazardous or fatiguing expeditions, always shared every thing equally with his company, and never desired any of them to do or undergo any thing that he was not ready to do or undergo himself: that he hated baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any danger: that he would suffer want rather than borrow; and starve sooner than not pay: that he loved action more than words; and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death: and that his adventures gave life and consistency to the colony, and his loss was their ruin and destruction. They confess that there were many captains in that age (as there are indeed in all ages) who were no soldiers; but that captain Smith was a soldier of the true old English stamp, who fought, not for gain or empty praise, but for his country's honour, and the public good: that his wit, courage, and success here, were worthy of eternal memory: that by the mere force of his virtue and courage, he awed the Indian kings, and made them submit and bring presents: that, notwithstanding such a stern and invincible resolution, there was seldom seen a milder and more tender heart than his was: that he had nothing in him counterfeit or sly; but was open, honest, and sincere: and that they never knew a soldier before him, so free from those military vices of wine, tobacco, debts, dice and oaths." C.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI. *Hor.*

[The following picture of the manners of a European court, which will at least amuse our simple countrywomen, we owe to a French critic. The memoirs themselves, have not yet reached us, but they probably contain the most authentic private history of the court of Berlin at a period much less known than the brilliant reign of the son of Frederic William. On this side of the Atlantic we may be permitted to smile at the vulgarity of manners, and the profligacy which will sometimes, it seems, approach even the person of the sovereign.]

Memoirs of the princess Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina of Prussia, margravine of Bayreuth, sister of Frederic the Great, written by herself, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 770. Paris, 1811.

MEMOIRS are much better adapted than history to make us acquainted with the great personages who have figured on the stage of life. The latter is often no more than a collection of brilliant falsehoods, dictated by hatred or base adulation, while the latter, not being destined to appear during the life-time of the authors, are written with unstudied carelessness and freedom, and contain besides, a thousand little anecdotes, which

though disdained by the historian are preferred by a great number of readers, to a recital of the most important events. These motives conspire, with many others, to explain the peculiar charm attached to memoirs, and forbid us to doubt the success of those of the princess of Prussia. It is indeed one of those books, the fortune of which is independent on the opinion of journalists, and is bought and read without any regard to the judgment of the critic, which, in this instance, comes too late. Unfortunately these memoirs written by a princess of highly cultivated mind, the sister of a truly great king, end at the moment when her brother ascended the throne; and this is the only regret which they leave behind them.

On the third of July, 1709, the princess royal, since queen of Prussia, brought into the world a daughter, who was very badly received, because a son was desired. *This daughter, says the author of these memoirs, was my little face.* Her education was confided to the daughter of an Italian monk, named Leti, who had left his convent to fix himself in Holland, the asylum of all the renegadoes of that kind, where he abjured the Catholic faith, and composed, for his subsistence, a number of hasty and middling works. "She had" says the princess, who loves to draw satirical portraits, "she had a heart and understanding perfectly *Italian*. She was interested, haughty, and violent; her morals did not disgrace her origin, for her coquetry attracted a number of lovers whom she did not suffer to languish; her manners were Dutch, that is to say, coarse." Such was the governess chosen to bring up a young princess of the blood royal, and if her august pupil did not resemble her, she owes much to the excellence of her natural disposition.

At length her father, Frederic William, till now prince royal, ascended the throne, and as he is a prince whose character deserves to be known, the memoirs contain a great deal of interesting matter in relation to him. From the day of his coronation Berlin was transformed into a great barrack; whoever wished to please the new sovereign was obliged to put on the casque and the cuirass, and thus were formed those fine regiments

which his successor employed so advantageously. The most remarkable of them was composed of giants; a soldier who was no more than six feet high was almost regarded among them as a dwarf. Frederic William was extremely careful in recruiting it; he thought that all men above six feet belonged to him; he therefore seized them wherever they could be found; and it is not forgotten that respectable Italian priests, carried off by his orders, had the pleasure of manœuvring for several years at Potsdam. These manœuvres occupied the king during the whole morning; he then dined in a family way, at a table which was served like that of any citizen of Berlin, and had nothing beyond the absolute necessities of life, and in the evening he kept a sort of tavern, where he smoked and drank, and got tipsy with his general officers. Such was the court of Frederic William king of Prussia. That of Lewis XIV, who was then still living, was, it must be confessed, rather more brilliant, but every king has his taste and his whims.

The father of the princess Wilhelmina treated his children more severely than his soldiers. It would be difficult to count the canings and the fisticuffs with which he gratified his son, afterwards the great Frederic, who could never appear before the king without being beaten, or at least insulted. But it is perhaps thus that heroes are formed. The princess too had her full share of the brutal liberality of her father, who often struck her. She tells us that one day, "he seized her by the hand, gave her several blows in the face with his fist, one of which knocked her over." She was not only beaten by the king but also by Leti, who for her amusement threw a candlestick at her head one day. "I escaped," says the poor thing, "with a few contusions." What added to her misfortunes was the severe diet to which she was condemned, for she was literally dying with hunger. There was nothing on her father's table but garden stuff so badly cooked that it disgusted her. Often indeed it was impossible to touch it, for after serving the other guests, Frederic William would spit in the dish, that his children might not break their fast. At other times he forced them to eat and drink what they disliked most, so that *they returned in his pre-*

sence what they had just swallowed. In short, says the princess, my brother and myself became as poor as rats from mere inanition. Milk, coffee, and dried cherries were their only nourishment for several months. A little anecdote will complete this picture of the austerity of their fasting. She was at this time confined to her chamber by order of her father, who threatened to send her to Spandau.

"One day" says she, "as madame de Sonfeld* and I were sitting at table, looking sorrowfully at each other, and having nothing to eat but a soup of salted water, and a ragout of old bones, filled with hairs and all sort of filth, we heard a hard knocking at the window, and on jumping up in surprise to see what was the matter, found a crow with a piece of bread in its beak. She put it down when she saw us, on the sill of the window, and flew off. Tears came into our eyes at this incident. Our situation is miserable indeed, said I to my governess, since it moves even beings without reason; they have more compassion on us than men who treat us with such cruelty."

What then had this wretched princess gained by being born in the bosom of greatness? The poorest peasant girl of Brandenburg was happier than the daughter of her sovereign. It seems that the education of the Spartans was soft and effeminate in comparison with that of the author of these memoirs. When, however, her docility gave satisfaction, she was allowed the pleasure of being present at the great reviews, and of standing for five or six hours exposed to the rays of a burning sun. More than thirty princes crowded to Berlin to enjoy this sight. On these occasions Frederic William threw money out of the windows, and displayed a great deal of magnificence. Fourteen dishes were served up on table to regale all these princes whom he invited, and his numerous family. But his court was never more brilliant, than when the czar Peter the great arrived with all his own. The details which the princess gives, prove that this interview had made a great impression on her. The czar, his wife, and all their court arrived by water at Mon Bijou, a country seat of the queen, who had taken care to carry away a part

* This was her new governess, Leti having been just dismissed. My God, said madame de Rokoule to the queen, who wished to keep her, "Let that creature go. Your poor child is suffering martyrdom. I am afraid she will be brought to you one of these days with her arms broken, for she beats her like plaster; she runs the risk of being lamed every day."

of the furniture, because she knew that the Russians broke every thing into pieces, wherever they passed. The king and queen met them at the water side. Frederic gave his hand to the czarina. When the czar landed, he said to the king, "I am very glad to see you my brother Frederic." Then coming up to the queen he offered to kiss her, but she refused. The czarina kissed the hand of the queen, and then introduced to her four hundred ladies of her train, who were chiefly German servants, who performed at the same time the functions of ladies, chambermaids, cooks, and washerwomen: almost every one of them carried in her arms a child richly clad, and when they were asked if these children belonged to them, they answered, with a curtesy, "the czar did me the honour to give it to me." It appears that at this time their northern majesties were exceedingly prolific, for the princess elsewhere tells us, that at the death of the king of Saxony, it was calculated that he had had three hundred and sixty-four children, which is a great deal even for a king.

The czar was subject to convulsions, and being seated at table near the queen, had a slight attack, and began making movements and brandishing his knife, which frightened her so much that she jumped up. But the czar quieted her, and squeezed her hand with so much force, that she cried out with pain. He laughed with all his heart at this, and said gallantly, "You have more delicate bones than my Catherine." This Catherine too was worth seeing:

"She was small, and all in a heap. Very much browned, and without either air or grace; it was enough to see her to judge that she was of low extraction. From her style of dressing, one would have taken her for a German comedian. Her clothes had been bought at a slop-shop, made in the old style, and covered all over with gold and dirt. The front of her petticoat was ornamented with precious stones, and the design of it was very singular. It consisted of a double eagle, the feathers of which were garnished with the smallest carat, and very badly set. She had a dozen orders, and as many saints and relics tied along the trimmings of her dress, so that when she walked, one would have supposed, from their jingling, that you heard a mule."

After the departure of this grotesque court, the queen went to visit Mon Bijou, where she found every thing so ruined that she was obliged to rebuild it almost entirely.

Had Berlin often presented such sights, the princess royal would have suffered less from ennui, but she did not see every day czarinas with four hundred such chosen ladies of honour. "*When these festivities were over, says she, we returned to our nothingness, and passed our days in fasting and retreat.*" Then too the domestic squabbles resumed their course, and became more violent when her marriage was under consideration. A famous astrologer had predicted that she would be sought after by four crowned heads; those of Sweden, Russia, England, and Saxony. The prediction was accomplished, but she married neither of those princes. The queen, who belonged to the house of Hanover, desired nothing so much as to marry her daughter to the duke of Gloster. To this the king would willingly have consented, but the court of England prolonged the negotiation, till Frederic William became impatient at the delay, and carried off all the Hanoverians above a certain height. The king of England demanded reparation, but could not obtain it. In the meantime an ambassador arrived from the emperor, who presented to the king a great number of giants, and assured him, in the name of his sovereign, that every Hungarian of six feet and upwards, was at his disposal. This was taking Frederic William by his weak side. He was sensible to so courteous an offer, cared no more about the king of England, and became the friend of the emperor. Though Austria sent giants, she did not, however, offer a husband to princess Wilhelmina. They therefore turned their eyes to the king of Saxony. "*He was then fifty years old, much broken for his age; the terrible debaucheries in which he had indulged, had caused an accident in his foot, which prevented him from walking for any length of time.*"* Such was the husband who was intended for a princess, who had not yet attained her twentieth year; but it was necessary to verify the prediction of the astrologer. Some unexpected difficulties, however, broke a treaty which had just been concluded at Dresden in the midst of the most brilliant festivities.

All these projects of marriage with crowned heads, or those which were hereafter to be crowned, having failed, the

* It was of him that it was said, when Augustus drank, all Poland was tipsy.

small sovereigns placed themselves in the ranks of her suitors, a margrave of Schwed, who did not at all suit the princess; a duke of Weissenfeld, who was not worth a farthing, but who drank as hard as Frederic William; and an hereditary prince of Bayreuth, who, without being beloved, or being a hard drinker, carried her off from his rivals. The queen made many efforts to get rid of this marriage, and renew the alliance with England, but the king had taken his side. Besides he would be the master, and the wishes of his wife were never his own. "*We must,*" he would often say, "*keep the women under the ferule, or they will dangle on the heads of their husbands.*" He was, as we see, a prince of an excellent understanding.

The princess Wilhelmina, then, who had been on the point of marrying kings, or those who expected to be so, was at last united to one of those small sovereigns, who were considered at her father's court as vassals. Frederic William, always grand and generous, had promised to do wonders for her; he was to give her the greatest advantages, and compensate, by a very ample dower, for the loss of a more distinguished rank. But yet, "every thing being well bargained and counted down, there remained no more than *eight hundred crowns for her support.*" It was, to be sure, very little; but after her departure, the king had her marriage contract given up to him, and finding that he had been too liberal, retrenched a part of this dower. This made her quit more willingly a city which so many causes had rendered odious to her, and flattered herself with the hope of passing a more quiet and tranquil life in the small states of her father-in-law. At her entrance on the territory of Bayreuth, she was received with a truly solemn pomp, by all the immediate nobility, who complimented her, and made harangues much longer than she could have wished; for harangues are among the inconveniences of greatness. With her usual dexterity in seizing whatever is ridiculous, she has drawn a most amusing portrait of these nobles:

"They had all visages such as would frighten children. Their faces were half covered with caps in the shape of wigs, in which a vermin as ancient as their own had established their domicile from time immemorial. These odd figures were set off with clothes which did not yield the palm of antiquity to the vermin,

as they were the inheritance of their ancestors, who had transmitted them from father to son. The greater part of these rags did not fit them, and the gold was so worn out that it could not be distinguished. This was, however, their dress of ceremony, and they thought themselves at least as respectable in these ancient rags as the emperor when dressed in those of Charlemagne. Their coarse manners exactly suited their accoutrements; one would have taken them for clowns; and to add to their charms, the greater part of them had the itch. I had all the difficulty in the world to keep from laughing at the sight of these figures. This was not all. Soon afterwards they presented to me originals of another kind, a set of ecclesiastics, whose harangues I was still obliged to swallow. They had collars round their necks which were so large, that they seemed like baskets. The one who complimented me spoke through his nose, and went on so slowly, that I almost lost my patience. At last I got rid of this Noah's ark, and sat down to table, where the first of the nobility were invited."

We must remember that these immediate nobles partook formerly of the sovereign power, and as they could make themselves feared, the princess had been very much pressed to show them great attentions. This she did as well as she could. At dinner, therefore, she began a conversation on different subjects, but she could get from these automatons nothing but yes and no. Fortunately, however, she introduced the subject of economy. In a moment all these charming faces opened, all their tongues were loosened, the wit of these personages displayed itself, and an important discussion commenced. The question was, whether cattle in low grounds was finer or brought a higher price than those of the mountains. Some supposed the affirmative; others took the opposite side, and all of them displayed acquirements which would do honour to the members of the agricultural society. They drank as they disputed, and drank so much that the immediate nobility got tipsy. The princess would have been very glad to be rid of this filthy grandeur, for though she was as yet only on the borders of the states of Bayreuth, she might have easily gone in an afternoon's excursion to pass the night at her capital. This, however, was not the intention of these gentlemen, who wished, on the following day, to present to her their respectable better halves. She was therefore obliged to pass the night in this fine castle of Hoff, *the principal staircase of which resembled a little wooden ladder.* As the next day happened to be a Sunday, her royal highness was regaled with a very fine sermon, in which the preacher, who was a protestant minister, passed in review all the mar-

riages that had taken place from the creation to the time of Noah. As he had no malicious intention, he called things by their names scrupulously, put dots over the *i*'s and omitted none of the most minute particulars. This caused a very great laugh from all the German counts and barons, while the princess and the ladies blushed for shame. After this pretty sermon, they sat down to table; the conversation was not less interesting, though the drinking was more copious than on the last evening. At the dessert these gentlemen who could scarcely stand, presented to the princess their very chaste spouses.

"They were in nothing inferior to their dear husbands. Figure to yourself a set of monsters with their hair dressed like chesnuts, or rather like swallows' nests, with false hair full of dirt and filth. Their dresses were as antique as those of their husbands. Fifty bows of ribband of all colours relieved the lustre of them, while awkward and repeated curtesies accompanied all this luggage. I never saw any thing so comic. Some of these apes had been at court, and played the part of the coxcombs at Paris, giving themselves airs and graces which the others strove to imitate. Add to this the manner in which they examined us; nothing can be imagined more ridiculous and laughable."

The princess has a singular talent for caricatures, if she has not exaggerated, we must allow that in comparison with these ladies, the famous countess of Thunderdentrunk, would have passed for a charming woman.

The next day they set out for Geffres, where the margrave, who was waiting for his children, received them in a low tavern, where he assured them the emperor had passed a night. After supper, he conducted his daughter-in-law into his chamber, where he conversed with her for two hours. This margrave was a very learned personage, who knew by heart all *Telema-chus*, and all the Roman history of *Amelot de la Houssaie*. Unluckily he had never read any thing else, and talked to her of them during the whole interview. The princess compares his long reasonings to the old sermons which are read to put one to sleep, but they produced a different effect on her "for she became sick, and would have fallen at full length, if the prince had not supported her." Notwithstanding this indisposition she arrived at Bayreuth the 22d of January, 1732, and made her entrance into that city, or that borough, under a triple discharge of cannon, for all these little princes of Germany would have

cannon. A carriage, in which the gentlemen were placed, opened this brilliant march, that of the princess, drawn by six hack-horses followed, then came her ladies, then the waiting people, and six wagons of baggage. The margrave with his court, received his daughter-in-law at the foot of the staircase, and conducted her to her apartment, which must have been of a magnificent kind, if we may judge from the description of the princess.

"I was introduced to it" says she, "by a long entry hung with cobwebs, and so filthy that the sight of it made me sick. I then entered a large chamber, the ceiling of which, though antique, formed its greatest ornament. The tapestry of it had been, I believe, very fine in its time, but was now so old and dirty, that you could not guess what it represented without the help of a microscope. The figures were drawn as large as life, and the faces so full of holes and worn out, that they looked like spectres. The dressing room was adorned with dirt-coloured furniture, and along side of it was another chamber, of which the tapestry, of green damask, varied, had an admirable effect. I call it varied, for it was in strips, and the linen appeared through it. I went into my bed chamber, the whole furniture of which was of green damask, with worn out golden eagles; my bed was so fine and so new, that in fifteen days time, the curtains would have disappeared, for as soon as they were touched, they went in pieces. This magnificence, to which I was unaccustomed, surprised me," &c. &c.

The margrave soon resumed the conversation of last evening, which had been so disagreeably interrupted. He made a long dissertation on Telemachus and Amelot de la Houssaie, and would have made it still longer, if supper had not been announced. The fare at Bayreuth was not worth much more than that of Berlin. "There were ragouts à la diable, seasoned with sour wine, large grapes, and onions." The princess was near fainting at the end of the repast, and withdrew to her apartment, which they had not had the attention even to warm, and the windows of which were in pieces. She suffered much all night, and had time to make sad reflections on her new situation, and this little court, where every thing wore the appearance of misery. She, however, loved her husband passionately, and his attentions and kindness were her only consolation.

She might have consoled herself, too, in the society of her father-in-law. But the portrait she draws of him, proves that he was by no means a favourite.

"His false physiognomy excited no prejudice in his favour, and may be ranked with those which promise nothing. He was extremely thin, and knock kneed; he had neither air nor grace, though he endeavoured to give himself both. His disordered body contained a very limited understanding, yet he knew his own

character so little, that he thought himself very sensible. He was polite without possessing that ease of manners which seasons politeness. Infatuated with self love, he spoke of nothing but his justice and his great art of governing. He wished to pass for a man of firmness, and even prided himself on it; yet in fact he had a great deal of timidity and weakness. He had no application to business. *Reading Telemachus* had spoilt his understanding.* His conduct was a mixture of high and low. At one time he played the emperor, and made himself ridiculous; at another he descended to forget his dignity. His greatest fault, however, was his love of wine; he drank from morning till night, and probably this contributed to weaken his understanding."

Such was the margrave, against whom she seems really to have many causes of complaint. If she solicited a favour, she was sure of a refusal, and money she did not dare to ask, though "*she was so poor that she had not enough to buy a dress.*" She laments much her unhappy situation, yet in the midst of her complaints she still finds means to enliven her readers, by very pleasant descriptions. Such is her account of the festival of St. Georges, on which the margrave, in imitation of the great potentates, conferred the order of the Red Eagle with royal pomp. On that occasion he stood up, very richly dressed, by the side of a table, on which he rested one hand, to ape the etiquette of Vienna. He even attempted to counterfeit the emperor, and affected a grave and majestic air, to inspire respect. He inspired none, however, in the princess, who found the ceremony so ludicrous, that she could scarcely preserve her gravity. She advanced with the hereditary prince, and were the first admitted to the audience; after which came the princesses, her sisters-in-law, and then the rest of the company. When the margrave had been overloaded with compliments, he conferred the order on two knights, to whom he addressed a discourse worthy of the occasion. At length they sat down to dinner. The princess could not remain there an instant, as the smell of the meats almost suffocated her, but in the evening she learnt that before the company separated, every one, except her husband, the prince, *was dead drunk.*

This event, in some measure dissipated the ennui of the princess; but the emperor of Bayreuth, conferred the order of

* These lines are italicised, says the French critic, in order to give a new argument to madame Genlis, who has so pleasantly declared herself the enemy of Fenelon.

the Red Eagle only once, and after this ceremony was over, his little court was still more tiresome than before, and the princess became perfectly disgusted with it. An opportunity offered of making a journey to Berlin, and she seized it with avidity in spite of the disagreeable recollections which her stay there must have excited. Her father, the king, received her coldly enough.

"Ha! ha!" said he, "here you are, I am very glad to see you. You are very much altered. How I pity you. You have not even bread to eat. If it were not for me you would be obliged to beg," and yet he did not give her a farthing. "I too am but a poor man. I am not in a condition to give you much, but I'll do what I can. I will give you ten or twelve florins at a time, as my affairs will permit, and this will be still something to relieve your misery. Then turning to the queen, you, madam, will make her a present of a dress, for the poor thing has not a shift on her back."

Discontented with both her father and mother, the princess lost no time in returning to Bayreuth. But there she found a new subject of complaint. The niece of her governess had, by her charms, seduced the old margrave, who wished to marry her. He now passed whole days with his mistress, making the most sentimental declarations, and finding new pleasures constantly in her society. To appear younger he very carefully brushed up his wig. If he was obliged to absent himself, the love letters circulated.

"These letters" says the princess, "were of the most tender kind, but so common place as to make one sick. All his views tended only to marriage, love being quite disengaged from the business. This last declaration might be very true, for he was so worn out, that he had only skin and bones left, and was troubled with disease in all its forms."

This did not, however, prevent him from appearing charming in the eyes of his lover, who calculated very well the advantages she would derive from such a marriage. The princess, on her side, did every thing she could to prevent the union, but her efforts would have been ineffectual, had her father-in-law lived longer. He wasted away sensibly, till he could no longer leave his bed, and the physicians did the rest.

Frederic William died about the same time, and was succeeded by his son. The margravine of Bayreuth, hoped that a brother, who had received from her so many proofs of sincere

friendship and unbounded attachment, would be anxious to give her marks of his gratitude. The event did not justify these expectations, for the king forgot the debts of the prince royal. To increase her afflictions, the margrave became faithless to her, and jealousy, an evil to which she had been till now a stranger, poisoned those years of her life, which should have been the happiest. Here finish the first part of the memoirs of the princess. Ladies who engage in this species of writing, are often reproached with occupying themselves too much with their persons. Thus the memoirs of mademoiselle de Montpensier are truly the accounts of a miss, who mentions public and private events, only as she plays her little part in them, and are filled with details of festivals and fashions, and disputes of etiquette, precedence, and genealogy, and other trash of that sort. There is something of this too, in the memoirs of the princess of Prussia, but the dose is not so strong. Blessed with a more solid understanding than that of mademoiselle de Montpensier, and perceiving that the public would not feel a very lively interest in the economy of her head dress, and the colour of her robes, she has not occupied herself exclusively with her *little face*, but attempted to make us acquainted with her father's court, and to draw caricatures of Bayreuth and its neighbours.

AMERICAN GALLANTRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A narrative of the particulars of the capture of major-general Prescott, and his aid-de-camp, major Barrington.

In the month of November, A. D. 1776, a detachment of British troops took major-general Lee prisoner, by surprise. Having a very high opinion of the general's abilities, I was resolved, if ever an opportunity offered, to surprise a major-general of the British army, with the view to procure his exchange. In the month of December, the same year, the enemy took possession of the islands of Rhodeisland, Connanicut, and Prudence. I being then in the service of this state, was ordered to the post at Tiverton, where I used the greatest endeavours to gain intel-

ligence of some British officer of the same rank with major-general Lee, whom I might surprise, and thus effect an exchange of that great man. On the 20th of June, 1777, a Mr. Coffin made his escape from the enemy on Rhodeisland, and was brought to my quarters. When asked where major-general Prescott quartered, he said at the house of Mr. Overing, on the west side of the island; and being requested gave a description of the house. I now entered very seriously upon the plan of surprising general Prescott, in his own quarters. A few days after this, a deserter came off the island, who gave the same intelligence as Mr. Coffin. I could not yet enter fully on the enterprise, there were so many obstacles presented themselves. The troops, as well as myself, were not long inured to service, and never had attempted an enterprise of this sort; and I was sensible if our plan should be blasted, that my country would reprobate my conduct as rash and imprudent; but after some considerable struggle with these difficulties, I determined to throw myself into the hands of fortune and make the attempt. I communicated my plan to colonel Stanton, the then commanding officer at this post, and requested his permission to put it in execution. He very readily gave me liberty to go and attack the enemy when and where I pleased. I then selected several officers in whose abilities and secrecy, from a personal acquaintance, I could confide. I then asked them if they were willing to go with me on an enterprise, but where and for what particular enterprise I could not then inform them. They all consented to go. The names of the officers are as follows: Ebenezer Adams, captain of artillery; Samuel Philips, captain; James Potter, lieutenant; Joshua Babcock, lieutenant; Andrew Stanton, ensign; and John Willcocks. The next step to be taken was, to procure boats, which was attended with some difficulty, as there was but two at our post; however, in two or three days we obtained five whale boats, and had them fitted in the best possible manner. All was now ready, except the men, who had not been procured, for fear it should create suspicion. As I wished to have them all volunteers, the regiment was ordered to be paraded. I then thus addressed them: Brother soldiers! I am about undertaking

an enterprise against the enemy: I wish to have about forty volunteers; and those who dare to risk their lives with me, on this occasion, will advance two paces in the front. At this the whole regiment advanced. I then thanked them for their willingness to go with me; but as it was not necessary to have the whole regiment, beginning on the right, I went through the regiment, and whenever I came to a soldier who understood rowing, and on whom I might depend, I chose him out from the others. Having thus obtained the men, and all things in readiness, we embarked on the 4th of July, with an intention to proceed to Bristol. After we got into Mount Hope bay, there came on a heavy storm of thunder and rain, by which I lost sight of all the boats but one; the two boats which were not separated pushed on with all speed and landed at Bristol at 10 o'clock at night, being the 5th. I went to the commanding officer's quarters, where there was a deserter, who had just made his escape from Rhodeisland; taking him into a private room, I questioned him concerning the enemy's position, whether there had been any alteration in the British encampment within a few days: he said there had not. I then asked him where the commander in chief quartered; he very much surprised me when he answered, in the town of Newport. I asked him if ever he went with such a guard as a sergeant and ten men to the west part of the island; he told me he had not. I again asked him if he knew of such a guard being detached from the grand parade every morning at eight o'clock, he said he did. I was now very well convinced that part of what he said arose from his ignorance of the quarters. At eight o'clock the other boats joined us. I then took the officers with me on a small island (called Hogisland) in plain sight of the British encampment and shipping, where, after we had viewed them some time with a glass, I thus addressed them: Gentlemen, the enterprise which I have projected, and which I want your assistance to execute, is this: to go on to the island of Rhodeisland, surprise major-general Prescott, at his own quarters, and bring him prisoner to the main. The officers, who knew nothing of my intention seemed somewhat surprised. I gave them all the intelligence which had been obtained, the si-

tuation of the house where the general quartered, the part each must act, and, in short, every particular of the intended enterprise; the officers then very readily consented to what I had proposed. After giving them the most solemn charge not to communicate to any one the least hint of our enterprise, we returned to Bristol, where we staid till the 6th, at night, when about nine o'clock, P. M. we embarked, and crossing Naraganset-bay landed on Warwick-neck, from whence we meant to take our departure for the island. On the 7th, the wind came into the E. N. E. which brought on a storm, and retarded the execution of the plan. On the 8th, the weather was fair, but there were several new obstacles which hindered our going. The next day, being the 9th, the weather promising, every thing appeared to invite us to the enterprise. The boats were now numbered, and every one assigned his boat and seat: to every boat there was one commissioned officer, besides one with me. Night now came. About nine o'clock, P. M. I formed my little party, consisting of forty-one men, officers included, into a circle, and thus addressed them: My fellow-soldiers! I think it my duty, before you proceed on our intended enterprise, to make you acquainted with it, with the importance and danger of it; to be brief, my plan is to go on to the island of Rhodeisland, and marching to major-general Prescott's quarters, to make him prisoner. I wish not to deceive you; the enterprise will be attended with danger, and it is probable some of us may pass the shades of death before it is accomplished. I will not ask you to encounter any hazard but what I shall be exposed to equally myself. I pledge my honour that in every difficulty and danger I will take the lead. I paused for a moment, when they all with one voice cried out, we will go, we will go. I then said: Soldiers! you must be sensible how much the success of our enterprise depends on the strictest attention to orders: I intreat you not to have the least idea of plunder, for if that has overthrown the greatest armies, what will it do with us, who are but a handful? I charge you not to utter a syllable; and when you come to the boats let each one place himself in his own boat and upon his own seat: if there is any one in the party who has been so

imprudent as to furnish himself with any spirituous liquors, I order him to leave them. I must entreat you, as you regard your lives and honour, that you keep yourselves cool, and at the same time be firmly resolved to face every danger that shall attend us in our present undertaking. I doubt not, if you succeed, that your country will reward you; if not, you will be rewarded in the eternal world, for we are endeavouring to get him who is bound in prison, viz. general Lee. As this may be the last time I ever shall have an opportunity of addressing you all, I offer up my sincere prayers to the great Disposer of all events, that he will be pleased to smile on our intended enterprise; if consistent with his will, may success attend us, and each one be returned to his friends. After this address we proceeded to the shore. I directed the commanding officer at this post to keep a look out, and if he should hear three distinct muskets to come on to the north end of Prudence to take us off, for we had reason to fear that the men of war would send out their boats and cut us off from the main. We were now come to our boats; that I went in was posted in the front, with a pole about ten feet long and an handkerchief tied to the end, so that my boat might be known from the others and that none might go before it. We went between the islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that the shipping which lay against Hopeisle might not discover us. We rowed under the west side of Prudence till we came to the south end, when we heard the enemy on board the ships cry out all's well. When we were within about three quarters of a mile of Rhodeisland we heard a great noise, like the running of horses. This threw a consternation over the minds of the whole party; but no one spoke, as I had given the most positive orders not to have a syllable uttered. Thinking on the matter for a moment, I was sure that the enemy could not have the least knowledge of our design, and concluded it must be horses running as they often would do. We now pushed for the shore. There was a man left to each boat to keep them ready for a push, for we expected that the enemy might try to impede our retreat. The party being now ready, we marched with the greatest silence in five divisions to the house where the general

quartered. The entrance into it was by three doors, on the south, the east, and the west. The first division was to attack the south door, the second the west, the third the east, the fourth to guard the road, the fifth to act on emergencies. We left the guard-house on our left, and on our right was a small house where a party of light horse quartered, in order to carry orders from the general to any part of the island. When we opened the gate of the front yard, the sentinel, who stood about twenty-five yards from us, hailed who comes there? we gave no answer, but continued marching on. There being a row of trees between us and the sentinel, he could not so well discover our number: he again hailed who comes there? we answered, friends; friends advance and give the countersign. I spoke as though in a great passion, and said we had no countersign, have you seen any deserters to night? This had been previously contrived as a decoy, which had the desired effect; for before he suspected us to be enemies we had hold of his musket, told him he was prisoner, and if he made the least noise he should be instantly put to death. We asked him if general Prescott was in the house. He was so frightened, that at first he could not speak; but at last, with a faltering voice and waving his hand toward the house, he said yes. By this time, each division having got its station, the doors were burst open. We first went into a chamber where we saw a Mr. Overing, the general was not there; we went into another chamber where Mr. Overing's son was. He said the general was not there. I then went to the head of the stair-way and called for the soldiers without to set the house on fire, for we were determined to have the general dead or alive; on this we went below and called for general Prescott; we heard a voice saying, what is the matter? I proceeded from whence it came, and entering a room, saw a man just rising out of bed, and clapping him on the shoulder, asked him if he was general Prescott, he replied yes, sir; I told him he was my prisoner, he rejoined, I acknowledge it, sir; I desired him to hurry; he requested he might stay to put on his clothes; I told him very few, for our business required haste. In the meantime, major Barrington, the general's aid de camp, finding the house was attacked, leaped out of the window, but by the time he was to

the ground was secured a prisoner. After the general had slipped on a few clothes we marched for the shore. We desired the general to put one arm over my shoulder and the other over one of the officer's, that he might go with the greater ease and despatch. Major Barrington and the sentinel were kept in the middle of the party. In a little time we came to the shore. The general seeing the five small boats, and knowing in what manner the shipping lay, appeared much confused, and asked me if I commanded the party, I told him I did: he said I hope you will not hurt me; I assured him, whilst in my power, he should not be injured. Before we got into the boats we put on the general's coat, for as yet he had on only waiscoat, breeches and slippers. We were very soon seated in our boats, the general in No. 1. After we had gotten a small distance from the shore, we heard three cannons and saw three skyrockets, which was the signal for an alarm. It was fortunate for us that the enemy on board the shipping could not know the cause of it, as they might with ease have cut off our return to the main. We proceeded on till broad day-light, when we landed at Warwick-neck, the place from whence we took our departure, having been gone six hours and a half. The general, when on shore, turned towards the island, and beholding the shipping, said to me: Sir, you have made a damned bold push to night; I replied, we had been fortunate. We went to the highest house, where the general and his aid-de-camp were asked if they would rest themselves with sleep, which they did. In the mean time, we sent to Warwicktown for a horse and chaise, with orders to the tavern-keeper there to procure the best breakfast possible for the general and his aid-de-camp, and sent an express to major-general Spencer, at Providence, communicating the success of our enterprise. It was not long before the arrival of a coach, which general Spencer had despatched to conduct the general prisoner to Providence. I accompanied them and related to general Spencer the particulars of our successful expedition. He was pleased to express his approbation in the strongest terms. It is unnecessary to add, that the principal object of the enterprise was afterwards effected, in the exchange of general Prescott for general Lee.

WILLIAM BARTON.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS ON POETRY.

THE following observations are submitted to the public, not as containing any thing very new, or otherwise remarkable, but with the hope that they may contribute to the entertainment of the readers of the Port Folio.

Poetry has been termed the language of passion. It is so; but it might, with still greater propriety, be called the language of ignorance. Ignorance magnifies, elevates, decorates, or deforms the object of its attention: it is not compelled to walk in the paths of propriety, or bounded by the limits of probability. But, when knowledge appears, all that was wonderful ceases; nothing is left that can awaken the passions, or stir up lively emotions in the mind. The object is seen in manifest connexion with its causes, relations, and consequences; and we immediately turn aside, satiated, to look for something that will give exercise to our powers, and free scope to our imaginations.

Burke has observed, that every sublime image must be attended with obscurity. The same observation may be made with regard to poetry in general. Nothing must be accurately defined, or described with the precision of truth; and the more extravagant and wild the similitudes, metaphors, and hyperbolical expressions, so much the more poetry there is in the composition, if knowledge be prevented from entering into the mind to destroy the illusion. The poetical spirit escapes exactly in proportion to the amount of knowledge that gains admission. Taste gradually refines, and composition becomes correct; but the *vis poetica*, which transported the uncultivated mind, is dissipated for ever.

There was once, no doubt, much poetry in the canticle where Solomon describes the beauties of his mistress, by comparing her head to mount Carmel; her hair to "*a flock of goats that appear from mount Gilead*;" her eyes to the "*fish-pools in Heshbon*;" her teeth to "*a flock of sheep*;" her nose to the "*tower of Lebanon*," and her neck to the "*tower of David, builded for*

an armory, whereon there hung a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men." But when Milton attempts to describe the first and loveliest of women, what kind of comparisons does he use? An improved taste seems to compel him to leave the regions of certainty, and to wander far in quest of vague and indefinite resemblances:

Grace, &c.

Every one must observe the extravagance of the comparisons made use of by the ancients, when examined agreeably to the principles of modern criticism. If, therefore, we admit the progression of knowledge among men, it will follow, that the time will come, when there will be hardly any such thing as a legitimate similitude. For the taste of a succeeding generation will fastidiously reject the comparisons of the generation preceding, until criticism will reject every thing as puerile but a plain statement of facts. If we could tell when that time would come, we might there fix, with tolerable precision, the era of the extinction of poetry, in every subject where the passions are not concerned.

There is no poetry in truth. Our curiosity prompts us to investigate; but, as soon as we had made a discovery, we desert what we have found, and search after something that is unknown. However, as long as men continue to be agitated and blinded by their passions, there will be abundant matter to exercise the ingenuity of poets.

Love, hatred, fear, hope, joy, grief, &c. agitate the mind, and produce that ignorance and blindness which is so favourable to poetry.

Love throws a mist over the senses, and multiplies unceasingly the illusions which govern the mind. The object of its adoration, though a mere earthly woman, becomes a goddess, endowed with all the attributes of a celestial spirit. Her person is ethereal; her actions and deportment are graceful and divine; nature, distressed, mourns in her absence; the flowers are revived in her presence; her frowns inflict torments and death,

and her smiles confer the blessings of heaven. Could every thing be seen exactly as it is, did every feature wear its natural appearance, there would be very little scope for the excursions of the muse.—Hatred distorts every feature of the object of its aversion; it enlarges and multiplies his faults, and diminishes or annihilates every virtuous qualification.—Fear magnifies every cause of apprehension, and surrounds itself with imaginary monsters. It mistakes the crowing of a cock for the sound of a trumpet, and a rustling among the leaves for the approach of an army. It extinguishes hastily the appearances of hope, and perceives, in the advances of succour, the approach of an enemy. Hope revives the fainting heart with delights in expectation, and strengthens the weary limbs with refreshments not received. Though the traveller is ready to faint in the deserts of Arabia, it raises his spirits and invigorates his powers, by the exhibition of cool shades, clear fountains, and gardens of pleasure at a distance. Joy is a poetical intoxication; it vents itself in pindarics of delirium and extravagance.

All our thoughts, in the first stages of infancy, are imbued with poetical enthusiasm. The novelty of every object, and our ignorance of natural cases, heighten, in many cases, our delights into raptures. We see the ever-flowing river, and wonder whence it comes. Our superiors inform us that it flows from the mountains. The green summits of the distant mountains afford another subject of delightful amazement: they seem to kiss the azure vault of the sky, and heaven and earth, gods and men, mingle in our minds in the most entrancing confusion.

Dr. Akenside, in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, supposes that he viewed the rainbow with more delight, after he had studied the Newtonian theory of light; but we are inclined to think that his muse must have led him into an error:

—Nor ever yet,
 The melting rainbow's vermil-tinctur'd hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
 The hand of Science pointed out the path
 In which the sun-beams, glancing from the west,
 Fall on the watry cloud, whose darksome veil
 Involves the orient.

Did not Akenside, when only two years of age, derive more pleasure from the sight of the rainbow, than after his mind had imbibed the principles of philosophy—Almost every one who attends to his own feelings, in the different periods of life, will answer readily in the affirmative.

Philosophy has given a deadly wound to the genius of poetry.

Eripuit Jovi fulmen, viresque tonandi;
Et sonitum ventis concessit, nubibus ignem.

It has destroyed the seven heavens, and dissipated the airy habitations of the gods. It has broken to pieces the spangled vault, which was supposed to be as hard as "a molten looking-glass," and scattered the stars through the dreary regions of the "vast inane." The muse can no longer ascend *up* to heaven, or go *down* to hell; for these terms are destroyed by philosophy. True it is, she has left a fearful object to occupy our attention—unlimited space. But this can never become the subject of poetry, because it is, in its own nature, incapable of exaggeration. Besides, the ignorance that is favorable to poetry is not that sceptical ignorance which arises from the extent of our knowledge and the consciousness of our limited capacities; it is that blind credulous ignorance which believe that its own dreams are realities, and that the fables of superstition are undeniable truths.

All attempts to describe the nature and attributes of Deity must, of necessity, fail, because there is no possibility of exaggeration, because there is nothing in nature that can be used as a comparison, and because we can give him no mode of action that will not strike every mind as a degradation.

Modern travellers and navigators have contributed powerfully to annihilate the entertainment and pleasure derived from the works of the poets. They have sailed every sea, traversed every continent, and visited islands the most remote and obscure. There is no mountain sufficiently high to be accounted the habitation of immortals, no island for Calypso, nor gardens for the daughters of Hesperus. Even the credulous cease to believe in the existence of those giants, dwarfs, and monsters, which formerly gratified their curiosity and awakened their astonishment.

Spirits are not supposed to walk at midnight round the graves which contain their dead bodies, nor do we any longer believe that the moonlight is enlivened by the music and dances of fairies. Enchanters, necromancers, and magicians, who formerly acted so conspicuous a part in ancient story, are not now tolerated to make their appearance. And those powerful genii, benevolent and wicked, created by the fervid imaginations of the people of the east, flourish only in the land which gave them birth.

An epic poem seldom succeeds, unless in a barbarous or semi-barbarous age; it must be, at least, before the general diffusion of philosophical knowledge. Homer, to give animation to his battles, could introduce his gods; but a modern poet can have recourse to no such expedient. The Greeks had, probably, as little doubt of the existence of Neptune and Apollo, as they had that Troy was besieged and taken by Agamemnon and his allies. What superior beings can a modern introduce, to give interest to his epic? for, as an ancient critic has said that some species of machinery is absolutely necessary, he must have recourse to something greater than man. Milton has rashly exhibited the Divine Being himself as taking a part in the action, promising, threatening, and discussing *knotty* questions in divinity. A complete failure was the consequence. Who can read this part of his poem, without being astonished at its absurdity, or shocked at its manifest impiety? His angels are brought forward with great judgment, by taking advantage of the traditionary belief that a third part of the heavenly powers were driven from their seats of glory in heaven. "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven, &c." By taking advantage of our faith in this passage, he has given an interest to the wars of the angels which they could, in no other manner, have obtained. Yet we find it difficult to conceive how these spirits could fight with the weapons of mortals, or contend after the manner of men. But, as angels are no longer employed as messengers to the children of Adam, as they are no longer believed to influence the affairs

of the world, no modern poet would be justified in allowing them to take a part in heroic achievements. They may make their appearance incidentally, by way of similitude, or other ornament, but nothing further. Who would venture to lend assistance to his hero, by the sword of Michael, or snatch him from danger through the friendship of Gabriel? We have already mentioned that magicians, however potent, must be excluded; and none but a Shakespeare must introduce a witch or a Caliban. There is, probably, faith enough left in the world to permit the rising of a ghost in an episode; but this ghost must not perform any manual operation, or become a principal actor in the poem. The guardian genii of states are very dull personages; and whenever Columbia or Britannia is mentioned, it excites an inclination to doze.

A modern poet, Mr. Barlow, makes Hesper (a fabulous existence) the grand manager in his Columbiad. This new god is elegantly described; but we take no interest in his actions. His appearance excites no emotion; nay, it casts a chill damp over the whole succeeding narrative. And when we find him tearing up a pine by the roots, and breaking loose the ice in the Delaware, we feel a violent attack of that *incredulous disgust* which is mentioned by Horace. Frost may be personated with some propriety; but what concern has the evening star with the breaking up of the ice? Gnomes and sylphs are insufferable, unless they are introduced playfully; and nothing is so cold and tiresome as allegorical beings. From these considerations we are ready to infer, that the age of epic poetry is past, unless the critics will consent that machinery shall be considered as no longer essentially necessary.

The idea of a philosophical poem appears to involve a contradiction. What has light to do with darkness—philosophy with poetry? The muse delights to clothe herself in the many-coloured mantle of fiction, and thus impose upon the enchanted eyes of the ignorant. If philosophy come forward, and tear off the robe, and take away the magical wand, what remains behind of the goddess? Philosophy begins with some incontrovertible axiom, and proceeds, slowly, to deduce unavoidable conse-

quences. If poetry be allowed to approach, and draw off the attention of the reader by her fantastical illusions, of what use are the labours of the sage? Every one must admit that a man whose mind is stored with poetical images, who suffers his eyes to follow every meteor dancing in the regions of fancy, cannot be well calculated for the investigation of truth; nor can the staid philosopher, whose business it is to strip off every delusive appearance, and draw forth the naked truth from her seclusion, be agitated by the wonder-working frenzy of the poet. We would not, however, forbid the muse sometimes to put on the long gown and philosophic beard of the sage, if it contribute to her amusement, or the entertainment of the public; but we cannot think highly of the patient inquirer into nature, who spends his time in turning syllogisms into verse. When shall we see a mathematical poet, one who wastes his days in jingling the Elements of Euclid into rhyme.

Professor Stewart, in his Philosophical Essays, professes his belief that "the pleasures of the imagination, as well as the diffusion of knowledge, are to be ranked among the blessings for which we are indebted to the progress of society;" and he further adds, that he "can enjoy tales of wonder with as lively a relish as the most credulous devotee, in the superstitious times that gave them birth."

We have noticed these remarks, as they appear to militate against our observations, and mean merely to ask a question, by way of reply. How can these tales interest us? or, How can they be wonderful, if they do not command some portion of belief?

(*†)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HINTS ON EDUCATION, BY DR. CHARLES NISBET.

Written soon after his arrival in America, and about the time of his entering on the duties of principal of Dickinson College.

THE business of a schoolmaster is to teach the principles of grammar, that of a humanist is to point out the beauties of the

classics, to teach history, antiquities and criticism, so far as they relate to the authors he explains to his pupils.

The schoolmaster must receive his scholars when they offer, and divide them into classes according to their capacities and time of study, which increases his labour in proportion to the number of these classes.

The fewer classes that a school consists of, the greater will be the progress of the scholars, and the labour of the master proportionably less.

If all the scholars enter at the same time, and proceed together, as is the custom of some great schools, the attention of the master would be less divided, and the scholars would receive greater benefit from his instructions.

A schoolmaster instructs by extempore and repeated admonitions; a humanist by premeditated and continued discourse, which his pupils are supposed to be desirous to retain, and commit to their memory.

If an able schoolmaster is appointed professor of the Greek and Latin languages, he can spare only as much time for his higher classes, as the others leave vacant, and it seems impossible in the noise of a school, to call the attention of youth to the beauty of a metaphor, or the propriety of an expression in the classics.

Nothing can be more false than to imagine that the progress of boys in their studies depends on the length of time that they attend the school; most of the time being ordinarily spent in dissipation, and impatient longings for the time of dismissal, in spite of the labours of the most skilful masters.

When boys are kept long in the school, they leave it with an exulting joy, and a resolution to give themselves no more trouble about their lessons, till they are obliged to enter it again, and the longer their confinement has been, this joy will be the greater.

Boys in school are with difficulty kept to their lessons under the eye of their master; but when his attention is necessarily confined to one class, the others feel themselves at liberty to do what they please.

While boys need the eye of their master to keep them to their studies, it is impossible that they should make any progress in the studies of humanity: far less can they profit by lectures in philosophy.

The university of Paris at its first foundation, contained only two professors, one of Latin and the other of Greek. But at that period, young men did not apply to these studies, till they were of full age, and capable of being taught by lectures.

The university of Edinburgh, as I have been informed by a learned professor of that seminary, had, at its beginning, only a principal and a professor of divinity, who drew their students from other seminaries, after they had passed their courses of philosophy. Other masters were added, in process of time, whose learning and diligence gave celebrity to the university, though their salaries are very small to this day.

But as this college is not intended as a rival to any of the other seminaries in America, and as the attendance of students, and the rewards of teaching cannot be great in a new country, it will be necessary for the trustees to use all proper means to increase their funds, and to choose proper masters for carrying on the studies of such as are already entered, or may in future enter this college.

Without pronouncing any censure on other seminaries, it may be affirmed, that the business of education is better managed by distinct teachers of particular branches of science, than by tutors, whose labour is bestowed in common, and whose diligence cannot therefore be traced in the progress of their pupils.

The private application of the students and the pertinent advices of their masters in their lectures, must be of far greater use to them, than a multiplicity of lectures, and tedious attendance, which often produce weariness, and an aversion to study.

One hour's teaching at a time, on any branch of science, will contribute more to the instruction of youth, and exciting them to diligence, than three or four hours of dismal attendance on a tutor, who must be as wearied, and as much at a loss what to say as his pupils. The practice and success of the most celebra-

ted universities in Europe, afford a sufficient illustration of this position.

The practice of the English universities who teach by tutors is not to be pleaded against that of other seminaries; because in England there are many encouragements to study, which are not to be found elsewhere. Students on exhibitions and charitable foundations, can afford to remain long at the universities, where, by the help of their large and noble libraries, they attain the learning and skill of celebrated professors, and may expect ample livings in an opulent church, in the gift of their pupils. But it must be obvious to every one, that no such advantages and rewards of study exist in America, and therefore no such well-qualified tutors can be expected.

As the study of geography, chronology, and history, are much in request in the present age, and may be attended by students, even before they enter on a course of philosophy, it will be highly proper to elect an able teacher of these, even before the philosophy classes are formed.

The time of attendance, after leaving the grammar school, may be four years: the first for the critical study of the Latin and Greek, geography, and the first six books of Euclid: the second for algebra and the higher parts of the mathematics: the third for logic, criticism, ancient and modern history: the fourth for natural and moral philosophy, with the elements of natural jurisprudence.

Every professor, by being elected to teach a distinct branch of science, will have occasion from year to year, to attain great experience in teaching, and to improve and enlarge his lectures. Whereas if the same person is appointed to teach different sciences, his lectures must be confused and imperfect to the last degree.

No corporal punishment should be inflicted on students after leaving the grammar school. But their errors should be corrected by small fines, or private and public admonitions.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

OF THE GREEK COMEDY.

It is necessary that we should distinguish three epochs in Greek comedy. The first, which very much resembled the ancient scenic representation, preserved, and at the same time, exceeded its licentiousness. The *old comedy* was nothing more than a satirical dialogue. They named the objects of attack, and held them up without scruple to public ridicule. This sort of drama could only be tolerated in an unruly democracy, such as prevailed at Athens. It is only in a multitude, devoid of principle, without discipline or education, that the slanders of calumny can be publicly encouraged and protected; because the people have no fear, and there is nothing to restrain them from the malicious satisfaction which they enjoy when let loose against the objects of their hatred or jealousy. It is a sort of vengeance which they exercise against their superiors; because civil equality, which consists only in an equality of political rights, does not destroy the moral, social, and physical inequalities that are established by the hand of nature; and nothing in the social order of things can place the knave on a footing with the fool, or assign the same rank to stupidity and genius.

At length the evil consequence of this practice was perceived, and it was forbidden by law to designate any person by name, upon the stage. But the writers of the day were unwilling to relinquish the easy and certain advantage which they possessed in the gratification of the feelings of malignity; and they depicted real transactions, under fictitious names. Satire lost nothing by this thin disguise; it constituted the second æra in the history of the comic stage, and these dramas are ranked in the *middle comedy*. They required new restraints; and the comic poets were prohibited from representing real persons or known and actual occurrences upon the stage. The inventive powers were then called into action; and it is in this third epoch that we must seek the rise of legitimate comedy. It is here that we distinguish

Menander, the founder and the model among the Greeks, as Epicharmus was among the Sicilians. The memory of Menander is still preserved, but time has destroyed his writings. He is only known to us by the imitations of Terence, who borrowed many of his pieces from him, with which he enriched the Roman stage.

Aristophanes wrote fifty-four comedies, of which only eleven remain, and these are to be placed in the first rank, or, *old comedy*. Eupolis, Cratinus, and himself, are the most celebrated authors in this walk of the drama. The Romans were acquainted with their writings, as we learn from Horace. Neither they, nor the writers in the two succeeding classes, have descended to our time: we only know that there were a great number of them. Aristophanes alone, and he but in part, has escaped this general wreck. We know nothing of him, excepting that he was not born at Athens, which entitles him to greater praise for his Attic style, so generally accorded him by the ancients; this purity of diction being peculiar to the Athenians; and it was owing to this excellence that Plato himself, the disciple of Socrates, derived so much pleasure from his writings. We should certainly rely upon the Greeks on this head, and particularly on Plato, who was so good a judge, and so little to be suspected of partiality in favour of his master's enemy. But, setting aside this merit, which is almost lost to us, because the graces of familiar dialogue are, of all others, the least apparent in a dead language, it is difficult, in reading this author, not to agree with Plutarch, who thus expresses himself in a parallel between Menander and Aristophanes:

“ Menander understood the art of adapting his style and proportioning his tone to all characters, without neglecting the comic and without burlesquing it. He never lost sight of nature, and in fluency and flexibility of expression he has not been surpassed. It may be said, that he is always consistent with himself, and yet varying as occasion requires; like a limpid stream which runs between two unequal and meandering rivers, following their windings and yet preserving its own course. He writes like a man of genius, like a man of social feelings; his page may be read, represented, and committed to memory; it will please

in all countries, and at all times; and while we peruse it, we are not surprised that he is considered as excelling all others, of his own age, in the elegance of his language, whether in conversation or in writing."

Such praise as this must augment our regret for the loss of his writings; and the opinion of Plutarch is corroborated by the circumstance, that these characteristics are precisely those of Terence, who took Menander for his model. But the same writer speaks very differently of Aristophanes. "He outrages nature, and addresses the populace rather than good men; his style is a mixture of continual inequalities, he soars even to bombast, descends to vulgarity, or trifles into buffoonery. In his language we cannot distinguish the father from the son, the citizen from the peasant, the soldier from the villager, the master from the valet. His impudence can only be supported by the lower order; his salt is bitter, sour, and sharp; his pleasantry generally consists in a play upon words, gross equivoques, and allusions, at once distorted and licentious. With him cunning becomes malignity, familiarity is vulgarity; his raillery rather deserves a hiss than a laugh, and his gayety is impudence. In short, he did not write for the sensible and virtuous, but to afford food for envy, depravity and debauchery."

Notwithstanding the opinion of Brumoy, who finds too much severity in this language, we cannot deny that a perusal of Aristophanes justifies this character in all its parts. The only objection that can be advanced against, is, that the author has neglected to state the merits which might be put against these defects; by which we might ascertain the reason of his popularity among the Athenians. I acknowledge the difficulty of conveying this idea of his excellence. To seize the spirit of Aristophanes, the memory should be able to recur to the history of that age, and be familiarly acquainted with the principal persons of Athens, as we are with those of our own day. This knowledge must always be but imperfect, on account of the lapse of time, which has destroyed innumerable traces. Nevertheless, those who have studied the idiom and the history of the Greeks sufficiently to read Aristophanes, can comprehend a great part of him, and compre-

hend in what his merit consists. But this difficulty itself enables us to perceive where he is weak and teaches us where he is defective. For, why is he so difficult to be understood, while we dwell with delight on the pages of Terence, of whose city we have not a more intimate knowledge than that which we possess respecting Athens? It is because Aristophanes described the individual, and Terence portrayed nature. For this reason the pieces of the one are only personal or political satires, parodies, and allegories,—things but of momentary interest; the pages of the other are exhibitions of characters, vices, absurdities and passions, which vary, to a certain degree, in their exterior forms, but which essentially belong to every age. In short, Aristophanes was a mere satirist, and Terence, as well as Menander, was really a writer of comedy. There is, between them, the same difference that exists between a comedian and a buffoon—between him who can do no more than counterfeit, and him who possesses the talent of imitation. How great is the difference between these arts! He who counterfeits takes a mask; he can only amuse you in proportion as you are acquainted with the original, and cannot amuse you long. But he who imitates, presents a picture which will always please, because nature is the model, and all the world is the judge. Let us go further and compare the copier with the limner; this is granting much, for there is a still wider difference between them. Shall I pay much attention to the portrait of one whom I have never known; a man who has been dead for a century—especially if it be no more than a caricature or grotesque figure? Certainly not. But a picture in which I can read characters, situations, the heart—always possesses attractions, even when I am unacquainted with a single person whom it represents. This is the foundation of these arts. I can fancy myself in ancient Rome at a rehearsal of Terence. I see a young man enter, who is agitated; he is in transports, and walks with a hurried pace: “What shall I do? Shall I go, or remain? Alas! I have not fortitude to adhere to my resolute determination, no longer to submit to abuses, caprices, and rebuffs! She drives me from her—she beckons me—and, I fly! No, no; not if she should entreat me herself with prayers!” I know not who it is that speaks, but I

say to myself, this is a youth who is very much in love. Immediately my feelings are excited, and I am attentive; and I comprehend the remainder of the piece,—which is in the same spirit, —with no less facility than pleasure.

I transport myself to Athens, and I imagine myself, not a man of the present day, but a Greek of one of the colonies of Asia Minor, in the time of Pericles. I have entered the Panathenon for the first time, with many others who are equally curious, at the festival of Minerva, which is celebrated every five years. I know, that at this period, they exhibit scenes from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and the comedies of Aristophanes and Eupolis, which attract all Greece. I promise myself great pleasure; for the Athenians are celebrated as excellent critics, and their poets sustain a brilliant reputation. I arrive just in time to see the *Iphigenia* of Euripides. I weep—I am enchanted—and I exclaim, How happy are the Athenians who boast this wonderful man! Next they announce a piece by Aristophanes, and I expect to laugh extravagantly. I see two slaves enter, and the people cry out, ha! look at Demosthenes—observe Nicias.—What do you say? these are slaves, they wear the badges of servitude; and Demosthenes and Nicias are two of your generals—brave men, of whom fame speaks loftily.—Yes, but look at the masks: they exhibit Demosthenes and Nicias. But why do you clothe your generals in the garments of slaves? It is a fiction. You shall see. Well, very well—but I came to see a comedy and not to unravel enigmas. The piece commences. Let us listen. [I translate faithfully.]

Demosthenes. Alas! alas! miserable creatures that we are! may the heavens confound this *Paphlagonian* (*bursts of laughter.*) whom our master has lately bought, so unluckily for us. Since this plague has entered the house, we are beaten all day.

Nic. Ah! may this villanous *Paphlagonian* perish with his lies.

Dem. Poor comrade, how do you find yourself?

Nic. Very bad—like yourself.

Dem. Come then, let us sing the complaint of Olympus.
(*They then sing a well known air by the musician Olympus*)

Alas! alas! why should we spend our time in unavailing complaints? would it not be better to find some means of protection?

Nic. Aye, but what can we do? Speak.

Dem. Speak thyself, that I may be relieved from my embarrassment.

Nic. No, by Apollo, do thou speak first, and I will follow.

Dem. Cannot you find some means of imparting to me what I wish you to say?

Nic. I have not courage. Let us see, however, if I cannot address you aptly, and after the manner of Euripides.

Dem. Oh! none of your Euripides and gardeners." (*A long fit of laughter.*)

Whilst it continued, I asked whether this Euripides, whom they ridiculed, was not the author of the play, which had just drawn forth my tears, and which had been so much applauded. —Yes, it is the same. He is the son of a gardener. (I am astonished; but the piece goes on.)

"*Dem.* Rather seek some little air—ah! a farewell song—that we may quit our master.

Nic. Say all that would follow, without so much preparation—let us run away.

Dem. Aye, aye, let us run away.

Nic. Add but a syllable, and say we *will* fly.

Dem. We will fly.

Nic. Very well."

(Here my ears are struck with the most gross obscenities, and stale jokes, worthy only of the lowest rabble, which I should never expect to hear among decent men, much less among women. I ask if this be the good taste of the Athenians, or the Attic style so boasted? But let us proceed.)

"*Nic.* The best thing that we can do, will be to take refuge near the statue of some divinity.

Dem. What statue? Do you believe then, that there are Gods?

Nic. To be sure, I do believe it.

Dem. For what reason?

Nic. Because they torment me more than I deserve."

Dem. I am of your opinion." (Here I admire the manner in which the Athenians speak of the gods upon the stage.)

"*Nic.* Let us talk of something else.

Dem. Yes, shall we tell the spectators what is the matter?

Nic. Well done: but let us inquire whether it will give them any pleasure." (They clap their hands, and I am surprised at finding that the spectators take part in the representation.)

"*Dem.* I will relate the story to them.—Our master is an old man, vicious, choleric, a bean-eater, nervous,—a Pnycean, fond of the bar, and somewhat deaf. At the last kalends, he purchased a slave, a Paphlagonian currier, an impostor, an arrant backbiter. This currier, knowing the humour of his master, has acquired an influence over him by flattery, caresses, praise, and deceit. People, he says, go to the bath, when you please, take this cake, eat, breakfast, receive your three oboli: shall I give you any thing to eat? Then he takes what each has brought and gives it to our master. To conclude, the very pie which I have baked, is taken from me, and given to the old man." (Here the laughter and plaudits are redoubled. It is much worse when the Paphlagonian, the tanner, appears.) Cleon, Cleon! they cry aloud, Cleon!—Who, Cleon! the general who rendered such an important service in taking the island of Sphacteria, and in relieving your besieged garrison in Pylia?—Yes, it is the same person.—Really you treat your poets and generals very well. However, I hear it to the end, and without comprehending any thing. Every thing is as obscure and inexplicable as the beginning: It is a series of grotesque farces, in which every one appears to see ingenuity, and which to me is an impenetrable mystery. The Paphlagonian slave becomes drunk and falls asleep on a hide. While he slumbers, they steal his *oracles* from him, for he is an impostor who always has his pockets full. These *oracles* indicate that a cook shall take the place of the tanner. They do not fail to produce one, with a portable store, containing victuals ready cooked. Demosthenes and Nicias persuade him that he is called by the heavens to be governor of Pnycea. At first he has some difficulty in believing it: but he is at length persuaded, and commences a dispute with this impostor, as to which of them

best understands the art of wheedling the old man. This play of buffoonery continues through three acts; the cook prevails and drives off his rival. I beseech my neighbour to have compassion on a stranger, and explain to me this mystery, in which I do not see a word to laugh at.—Nothing, he answers, is more simple, and I will enable you to comprehend it. The author of this piece is the mortal enemy of Cleon, who has denied to him the rights of citizenship; and not without justice: for it is not certainly known to what country Aristophanes belongs. He has taken great pains to get out of the scrape, and promises himself to take his revenge, by using his ordinary weapons; that is by bringing Cleon upon the stage, as he formerly did with Socrates. There is this difference, that Socrates is an honest and worthy man, though somewhat visionary, and that Cleon is an intriguer, who has found means, we hardly know how, to ingratiate himself with the people. His expedition to Pylos gave him great eclat; but he owes more to fortune than merit. Before he arrived to take the command, Demosthenes had made some progress in the business, and Cleon had nothing to do but reap the reward of his ability and skill. This is the meaning of the allusion to the Pylian pie, which had been baked by another, and stolen by him. This is the explanation of the allegory. He is called a *Paphlagonian*, not because he is a native of Paphlagonia: it is a play upon words, signifying that he has a loud voice.* He is called a tanner, because that was his trade originally.—Oh! that is the reason why such frequent allusions are made to hides, and that so much laughter is excited when they are mentioned.—Certainly; it is one of the best jokes in the piece.—Indeed, I must believe that the author thought so, as he recurs to it so frequently.—You see the whole of it. The *Paphlagonian*, who has supplanted his two fellows, near the person of the master, is Cleon, who has found out the art of taking the places of Demosthenes and Nicias, and of obtaining from the Athenians the rewards which they had earned.—Then this old dotard who is ridiculed so much throughout every scene, represents the Pny-

* *παφλαγίζειν*, to boil up with a noise.

ceans?—No, it is the Athenians, ourselves: $\pi\rho\upsilon\zeta$ is the name of the place where we hold our meetings. Oh! this Aristophanes is a fine fellow. Did you observe that he himself played under the mask of Cleon?—What, is it the custom for your writers to perform parts in their own plays?—No, there is no instance of it: but as none of our players would dare to assume the robe of Cleon, and irritate so powerful an enemy, he was compelled to do it himself. Is not this what you call patriotism?—Certainly it shows great hatred towards Cleon. But what has Euripides done to him?—He is a disciple of Anaxagoras, the friend of Socrates: and Aristophanes equally dislikes all three of them, because they despise his comedies; they never come to see them, but say openly, that they are scandalous farces. These philosophers are not fond of pleasure.—But you do not love each other, as you are so fond of those parts in which you are ridiculed.—Oh, yes, provided they make us laugh. Not long ago, Aristophanes amused us at the expense of Pericles.—What! the great Pericles, whose name is so highly revered all over Greece, and even in Asia, and to whom your republic, at this day, is indebted for all its splendour and power?—We are under great obligations to him, it is true; but it is for that very reason that we admire the spirit of the man who spares no one more than another. This is the very essence of republican equality. These great personages would become overbearing if our Aristophanes did not teach them reason. One of the great privileges of liberty consists in laughing at those who render us services; but, at the same time, we do not hold them in the less estimation. Do you think that the pleasantries of Aristophanes, prevent us from weighing the merits of Pericles, Euripides and Socrates? After all, who has any right to complain, when we claim no exemption for ourselves? You see what a portrait he draws of the old man, the eater of beans.—Now you remind me of that, to what does this reproach allude?—What! do you not know that in our assemblies, where we give our suffrages, we make use of beans for that purpose, and that we generally carry them in our teeth?—No, indeed, I did not know that.—But you have not then comprehended any part of the piece?—Not much; and what you have

told me, I must confess, has given me much regret.—You have lost a great deal. It is full of piquant strokes; every word contains some allusion to the character of Cleon. For instance, it is he who gave the people three oboli for the right of presence at the assemblies instead of two, to which they were entitled formerly. For this reason the slave says, take your *two or three oboli*. Do you not see the artfulness of the writer?—Yes; I conceive that this may amuse you. You know your Cleon by heart; you see him every day; you live with him. But of what consequence to me, are all these sarcasms against him? And why would you have me rack my brain to comprehend these dark allusions of your Aristophanes?—But he did not write for you. Who shall a dramatic poet seek to please, if it be not his own fellow citizens?—But when he undertakes to give pleasure to others, in his way, he should have nothing that is vicious, and perhaps no one would wish it were better. He entertains you according to your taste; but this taste may change, and your children must amuse themselves rather less than you did with the Pylean pie, and the hide of Cleon. I believe that Euripides, this son of a gardener, as Aristophanes ingeniously calls him, has established himself on a much more durable foundation. I shall not be surprised, if, in the ages that are to come, and among other nations, he be not still esteemed as a great poet; and your Aristophanes, if he should reach posterity, will be placed in no higher rank than a satirist, who succeeded in the easiest of all writings, and who, in the person of Euripides, has slandered a man that was born to write for all ages.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Analysis of the labours of the class of mathematical and physical sciences of the Imperial Institute, during the year 1811.—Natural Philosophy and Chymistry, by M. le chevalier Cuvier, perpetual secretary.

CHYMISTRY.

BLACK and Wilcke* have ascertained, that evaporating bodies absorb a considerable quantity of heat; and that the body

* In the original, Blake and Wilke. The French have a strange propensity to mispel proper names, particularly English. Arthur Young somewhere com-

exposed to evaporation is cooled, in proportion as the evaporation is quicker: on the other hand, it is well known that evaporation is retarded by atmospherical pressure, and goes on in vacuo, in proportion as the vacuum is more perfect.

Mr. Leslie, of the royal society of London, has devised a method of assisting the vacuum, by placing under an air pump some substance strongly attractive of humidity, which by absorbing the vapour so soon as it is formed, indefinitely accelerates the production of it: and he has thus succeeded in producing a degree of cold so rapid and intense, that water freezes in a few minutes, whatever may be the temperature of the atmosphere. The substances employed for this purpose, are concentrated sulphuric acid and muriat of lime.

Messrs. Clements and Desormes, two young chymists, have been employed in determining the limits of this process, and the economy of which it is capable. By calculating the quantity of caloric, contained in aqueous vapour, and the quantity of fuel necessary to produce a given quantity of vapour, they have ascertained that it requires little more than one part of fuel (charcoal) to reinstate (redesiccate) the absorbent of vapour which has served to freeze five hundred parts of water. Hence one hundred pounds of ice will only cost one pound and a few ounces of charcoal. The effect may be increased, by preventing the access of heat from without; by rendering the receiver an imperfect conductor of heat, as when made of two plates of polished metal separated by an interval of atmospherical air.†

This process is particularly advantageous in the evaporation of humid substances, for we avoid by this means the action of fire, which more or less alters the substances themselves.

plains of his French translator, ascribing his writings to M. Astor Jionge. I once heard honourable mention made in the assembly in a report of Hasenfratz, whom I had frequently met, of the citizen Gaupée: on inquiring I found it was myself who was meant. Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, is called by La Metherie M. Charp; and the late Dr. Taylor, of the Adelphi Society of Arts, formerly of Manchester, is dignified by M. Quatremere d'Isjonval, as le chevalier Charle Tadkos, *celebré manufacturier de Manchester*.

† If, instead of metal, the external vessel were dry pine, lined with flannel, it would be an improvement. Volatile alkali (*spiritus salis ammoniaci*) not being manufactured in this country in a large way, that I know of, the muriat of lime, which is the refuse of that process, and to be had for little or nothing in England, is scarce here.

Our late colleague, M. Montgolfier, had already conceived the plan of drying the juices of plants, particularly of grapes, by means of the air pump; and he had ascertained that by again mixing it when so dried, with water, he could bring it to a state of fermentation and obtain good wine. But the labour was too great: while on the principles of Mr. Leslie's experiment, the presence of an absorbent was equivalent to the continual action of the pump.

To prevent the congelation of the juices thus submitted to the process, M. M. Clements and Desormes, in the *Annals of Chymistry* for October, 1810, have given a description of a ventilator previously to be applied. The air pump is brought into play, when the ventilator can produce no more effect.

Every body will comprehend the great utility of this new method of preserving alimentary substances, diminishing their weight and bulk, enabling us to convey even fermentable bodies in full perfection to distant places, for domestic uses, for the army, and for the navy.

The same chymists propose the application of this method to the drying of gunpowder, which may thus be effected without the aid of fire, and without danger.*

They have also been occupied by experiments on evaporation on the common principles; and have found out a method of doubling the effect of a given quantity of fuel, on a solution. All that is necessary is, to make the vapour expelled from the first portion of the liquor pass into and through the second, to which it gives out its acquired caloric, and thus half performs the subsequent process. But the distillation of brandy has been the most improved by the modern discoveries on heat and evaporation; which have extended their beneficial consequences throughout the southern provinces of France. This has been brought about by the late Edward Adam,† distiller at Mont-

* Professor Leslie hearing of these suggestions of Messrs. Clement and Desormes, has thought fit to vindicate his prior claim to the uses to which his discovery can be applied, in a letter to the editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, and the editor of the *Phil. Mag.* (March, 1812), declares that he heard Mr. Leslie state the various important uses to which this process might subserve, while in London, in 1811.

† This discovery is neither more nor less than what has been in use in almost every distillery in Pennsylvania for several years, and is described by Kraft; and

pellier. His process consists in heating a great part of the wine intended to be subsequently distilled, by means of the brandy which arises in a state of distillation from the still which is at work. The brandy thus distilled over, is made to give out part of its caloric to the wine next in order to be distilled,* and then being conducted through various tubes cooled with cold water, it condenses in the last refrigerator in the state of spirit of wine. Hence, instead of procuring a liquor of 19° ,† from which, by successive distillation, spirit of wine of various strength is procured, a spirit of any given strength may be procured at once.‡ Moreover the old still was run but twice a day, while Adams ran his eight times, and procured one sixteenth more of spirit from the same quantity of wine. He also saved two fifths of the fuel employed, three fourths of the labour, and his liquor was free from empyreuma. It is no wonder that a process holding out such manifest advantages, should be speedily adopted; for those who rejected it must in time have been ruined by their ignorance and obstinacy. M. Isaac Berard has improved this process, and M. Duportal, chymist at Montpellier, has presented to the class an exact description of this new method, which has since appeared in print.

It is essential to remark here, that the first idea of heating fluids by steam belongs to count Rumford,§ a foreign associate

forms, I believe, but upon what pretensions I know not, a part of his patent apparatus for distilling. The tube through which the spirit passes when distilled off in the singling still, is carried through the wash intended for the next distillation, and contained in a vessel placed over the still. Hence the wash performs part of the business of the flake stand or worm tub, and is heated usually to about 150° of Fahrenheit, which is so much time and fuel saved. There is no difficulty in running Kraff's still a dozen times a day; and this is very trifling compared to the Scotch still, which can be run four hundred times in the twenty-four hours, and of which many descriptions have been published.

* The French now use Celsius's, or the Centigrade Thermometer, whereof the point of congelation of water is at zero or 0, and the boiling point at 100. Hence 26 degrees of the centigrade thermometer, will answer to about 79 of Fahrenheit, and 15 degrees of the centigrade, to 59 of Fahrenheit, making but a difference of 20 degrees of Fahrenheit between the freezing and boiling points of the concentrated prussic acid.

† See note p. 273.

‡ This forms part of the patent apparatus of Messrs. Dimond & Co. which a few years ago was at work on the road leading from Philadelphia to the Woodlands, Hamilton-village; but with what success I know not.

§ Since the heating of the dye-vats at Leeds and Halifax, in Yorkshire, by steam, on count Rumford's principle, several patents have been taken out in Eng-

of the class; who published it in London, in 1798. It is thus that a mere general principle, which appears at first without use or consequence, as an abstract truth, is capable of enriching a province.*

Count Rumford, who has made so many useful discoveries in natural philosophy, and who has particularly studied the uses of fire and fuel, has presented the class this year with several disquisitions on light. After having described various new forms of lamps, candles, and tapers, free from the common inconveniences, he has attempted to solve the important question on which philosophers have differed for the last century, namely, whether light be a substance emanating from the illumined body, or a motion impressed by such a body on an imperceptible surrounding fluid, expanded through space?

As a given quantity of a given combustible, disengages during its combustion the same quantity of heat, it ought, according to count Rumford, to disengage also the same quantity of light, if light were contained in it, after the same manner that heat is. For those philosophers that do not consider heat as a substance, agree that it is a force, a power, concentrated in a body, and which disengages itself in equal quantity as it was therein contained; like the recoil of a spring. On the contrary, if light be nothing but a motion impressed on the ether, by means of the vibrations of the burning body, its quantity may be proportional not to the quantity of combustible consumed, but to the vivacity with which the combustion takes place; and parti-

land for distilling by steam; none of which have any pretensions to be supported as the invention of the patentees. Two or three years ago I tried the experiment on a scale sufficiently large to ascertain that the process was effectual and economical. All that is necessary is a tight and strong boiler and cover, with a safety valve that can be loaded with about one atmosphere. Lately, some Newengland itinerant adventurers have been levying contributions in the middle and southern states, by selling patent rights for distilling by steam; and by an apparatus which I believe has in no instance succeeded.

* It is so with many other chymical inventions. Black's discovery of the prodigious absorption of heat in the formation of vapour, led to Boulton and Watt's improvements on the steam-engine, or rather Mr. Watt's. The discovery of oxymuriatic acid by Scheele, has greatly contributed to the enriching of Manchester and Nottingham: and Dr. Bancroft's discovery of the tinctural qualities of the bark of the North Amercian black oak, has contributed so much to the cheapness of yellows, olives, grays, lilacs, &c. on printed cottons, that it has prodigiously increased the export from England.

cularly to the length of time occupied in the heating of each particle to the degree required to impress the necessary vibration on the particles of surrounding ether. Having experimented according to these ideas, with lamps and with candles, he has found that the *heat* disengaged in a given time, is proportional to the quantity of oil or of wax consumed; while the quantity of *light* furnished in the same time, varies to an astonishing degree; and principally depends on the size of the flame, which also retards the cooling of the combustible substance. The wick of a small taper for instance, gives sixteen times more light than a common candle in burning the same quantity of wax, and in heating to the same degree the same quantity of water. Hence whatever augments the heat, increases the light: a discovery which leads to results truly astonishing.

Count Rumford, who had long known from former experiments, that every flame is transparent with respect to another flame immediately beyond it, has combined these two discoveries. Having constructed lamps, wherein several flat wicks were placed parallel to each other, and thus mutually protected each other from being cooled, succeeded in making them give out light equal to forty candles; and he thinks this effect has no bounds; which may become of the utmost importance in the management of public light-houses: for hitherto it has not been found practicable to carry the intensity of light beyond certain limits; since by enlarging too much the wicks that admit a double current of air, their light becomes diminished, owing to circumstances which the experiments we have just related, sufficiently explain.*

What we just now explained of the cooling of bodies by evaporation, forms a particular case of that law, which indicates that all expanding bodies absorb heat, and all condensing bodies give out heat. This law admits of some exceptions which have been long known and explained;† such as that of nitre, which under many situations preserves a large portion of heat, whose effects

* Count Rumford has explained the mechanism of his lamps in three papers read at the Institute: but I have not met with them yet.

† I know of no such explanation. The heat on the explosion of gunpowder can be accounted for by the oxygen contained in the nitric acid of the nitre.

become sensible during the inflammation of gunpowder: but there are also exceptions depending upon causes more obscure. Such is that which M. Thillaye, professor at the Imperial Lyceum, has made us acquainted with.

The mixture of spirit of wine with water is always accompanied with an increase of temperature, and a condensation greater than that which is indicated by the mean specific gravity of the two separate fluids: and this condensation explains the phenomenon of the heat given out.

But M. Thillaye has found, that when the alcohol is weak, the mixture gives out heat indeed, but rarefies instead of condensing. He has constructed tables founded upon these experiments, by which it appears that alcohol of ,9544, begins to exhibit rarefaction on mixture; which is at its maximum when the alcohol is at ,9688, and mixed with one part and a half by weight of water, and the increase of temperature is at 2°.

The opposite case is, that of condensation which gives out no heat but produces detonating substances, such as gunpowder. One of the most terrible kinds of gunpowder is that wherein oxygenated muriat of potash is substituted for nitre, or nitrat of potash. It is also one of the most dangerous; for simple percussion, without friction, occasions it to detonate. Nevertheless, use has been made of it for the priming of guns; for as it does not stand in need of any spark to inflame it, the effect required never fails to be produced. M. Page has invented platina touch-holes for this purpose, but as the slightest friction inflames the powder, it is dangerous to employ it even with this precaution.

Messrs. Botte and Gengembre have searched for a powder which should preserve the property of inflaming by a blow, without inducing the danger of spontaneous explosion; and after a number of trials they have discovered a powder possessed of these requisites. It is composed of 54 parts in 100 of super oxygenated muriat, 21 of common nitre, 18 of sulphur, and 7 of powder of lycopodium. It requires a blow from a very hard body, and what is singular, is, that the portion immediately struck detonates, while the contiguous particles inflame without

detonation, or explosion, so that the powder is free from danger. Hence it is of importance, as it facilitates the use of a process, which may be safely employed upon itself.

The researches of chymists on the means of supplying for internal consumption the scarcity of imported articles, continue to be made with all the zeal which the invitation of government is calculated to inspire.

Our colleague, M. Deyeux, has published instructions for the cultivation of the beet root, to render it more abundant in sugar. M. Zanetti has presented experiments on the saccharine quality of the juice of maize (*zea mays*: Indian corn). M. Delongchamps, physician at Paris, has made several essays on the juice of the garden poppy, compared with Turkey opium; and has found that the juice exuding through incisions made in the capsule possesses, when dried, exactly the same properties; that the expressed juice of the capsules (dried) is but of half the strength; and the extract of the leaves and stalks, of but one fourth of the strength. The first alone exhibits that intoxicating odour, on which the baneful effects of opium are believed to depend.

M. Chevreul, assistant naturalist at the museum of natural history, has been at work upon pastel,* to assist those who are desirous of substituting it for indigo, in the blue vat, and of making it resume the place of which the latter substance has deprived it: or rather he has made this interesting plant the object of researches still more general, tending to bring to perfection the processes of vegetable analysis. He has shown that the fecula of pastel contains a kind of wax combined with a green resin, or vegeto-animal matter, and an indigo in a state of disoxygenation, but which can easily be oxygenated. The filtered juice afforded him a surprising variety of substances, leading to the conclusion that what have been considered as the immediate

* Pastel. This is Woad. *Isatis. Glastum*. Dr. Thompson in his chymistry, v. 5. p. 276. 3rd edition, gives the name of Woad to the *Reseda luteola*, or the yellow dye used by the callicoe printers for their finer yellows, and grown in Yorkshire (why not in Pennsylvania?). But this is not *woad*, but *weld*, or *weld*: *La Gaude*.

principles of vegetables, will admit of further decomposition into substances still more simple.

The same chymist has presented a similar investigation of logwood, wherein he finds fifteen different principles, of which the most remarkable is the campechium; and to this is owing its tinging property. Campechium, is of reddish-brown colour, without taste or smell; it crystallizes, and gives out on distillation animal products; it combines with all the acids and salifiable bases, and forms, with the first of these, red or yellow combinations, according to the quantity of acid employed; and with the last, combinations of a bluish violet colour, which may answer still better than syrup of violets as a test of acids and alkalies. The oxide of tin, however, at a maximum forms an exception, inasmuch as it acts upon campechium as an acid, and reddens it, while sulphuretted hydrogen, which in so many cases acts as an acid, discolours the campechium.

Hitherto the theory of chymical affinities has been applied only to the reciprocal decomposition of soluble salts. It remained to be ascertained whether the insoluble salts might not be brought to an exchange of principles with some of the soluble salts. M. Dulong has examined this question in a general way, in a memoir presented to the class, as the first production of this young chymist. He has particularly examined the action of carbonats and subcarbonats, of potass and of soda, upon all the insoluble salts, and has arrived at this remarkable result: That all the insoluble salts are indeed decomposed by the last mentioned substances, but the interchange of principles is never complete: and reciprocally, that all soluble salts whose acid forms an insoluble salt with the base of insoluble carbonats, are decomposed by the latter, until the decomposition has reached certain limits, beyond which, the experiment cannot be pushed: so that combinations absolutely opposite, are produced under circumstances identically the same. M. Dulong remarks that no fact furnishes a more manifest contradiction to the theory of Bergman on Affinities. M. Dulong's explanation of these seeming contradictions, is founded on the degree of saturation of the alkali, which is always in excess, and on the appli-

cation of that principle so well established by Berthollet, that the mass or quantity influences chymical affinity. He deduces from his experiments, a method of foretelling what soluble salts are able to decompose a given insoluble salt.

The celebrated Scheele, in 1780, discovered that Prussian blue was the combination of iron with what is now called the prussic acid, which hitherto has only been procured in a state mixed with water. M. Guy Lussac, decomposed the prussiat of mercury, by distilling it with muriatic acid, and receiving the product in glass vessels, surrounded with ice, and rectifying it over carbonat and muriat of lime: by these means he obtained it in a high degree of concentration, when it exhibits some remarkable properties. Its odour is almost insupportable; it boils at 26° and freezes at 15° :* an interval so small, that when a drop of it is put upon paper, the evaporation of one portion of it produces cold sufficient to freeze the rest.

M. Boullay, apothecary at Paris, to whom we are indebted for phosphoric ether, has also formed an arsenic ether, which requires considerable quantities of alcohol and arsenic acid to produce it. The properties of this ether, and the theory of its formation, are much the same as those of sulphuric ether.

M. Chretien, physician at Montpellier, having discovered remarkable properties in the preparations of gold, in disorders of the lymphatics and siphilis, the attention of chymists has been directed to this metal. M. M. Vauquelin, Duportal and Pelletier, have examined anew these dissolutions, to ascertain more precisely the state in which they are found in pharmaceutical preparations. But the properties of chymical preparations of gold, are frequently so fugitive, that much uncertainty yet remains. In his first chymical essay, M. Obercampf the younger, has attempted to clear up some of this uncertainty. He has obtained sulphurets and phosphorets of gold, and has shown that the astonishing difference observed in the action of alkalis on the solutions of gold, depend on the proportion of alkali. If in sufficient quantity, the precipitate is black, and is a true oxide of gold; otherwise it is yellow, containing a muriat of that metal. The difference in the proportions of acid, produces also differences

* See note p. 274.

not less striking in the result: and in the precipitation by oxide of tin, the results vary according to the proportion of the oxide. The oxide of gold, according to M. Oberkampff, is composed of 90,9 gold and 9,1 oxygen.

Our colleagues, M. M. Thenard and Guy Lussac, have printed this year their physico-chymical researches, wherein they have collected all the memoirs which they have read to the class up to this time, and a considerable number of others, more or less important for the sciences which these young chymists cultivate with so much reputation.

M. M. Bouillon-la-Grange and Vogel have published a French translation of Klaproth's dictionary of chymistry, which in a few volumes presents all the essential principles of chymistry, founded on the latest discoveries, with equal precision and truth.

METEOROLOGY.

Since the fall of atmospheric stones has been observed, much attention has been paid to them. Gen. count Dorsenne has forwarded to the class, from Spain, one of these stones that fell in Catalonia. M. Pictet, corresponding member, has presented details concerning two others which fell upon a vessel (at sea): a circumstance hitherto unique in the history of these substances.

M. Sage has drawn up an historical memoir on the water-gusts, or water-spouts; in consequence of one whose ravages took place in the neighbourhood of Mont-Medy, the 23d of April, and another at Mogaux, near Lisieux, the 2d of May.

MINERALOGY AND ZOOLOGY.

The late M. Abelgaard, professor at Copenhagen, discovered a few years ago, a combination of alumine with the fluoric acid, before that time unknown to mineralogists. M. Bruun-Neergardt gentleman of the bedchamber to the king of Denmark, has presented an historical notice of this substance originally from Greenland. He describes the minerals that surround it.

M. Lelievre, member of the class, has found a gray corindon in some pieces of granit rock, sent to him from Piedmont, by M. Muthuon.

M. Brogniart, corresponding member, has completed his mineralogical description of the environs of Paris, which he undertook in conjunction with M. Cuvier, by taking the levelling of the different heights in the district described. The results will be published in a few months in the projected memoir of M. Brogniart and M. Cuvier, together with the researches of the latter on fossil bones.

M. Dauxion Lavaysse, of St. Lucie, has presented a geologic description of Trinidad, and the other islands near the mouth of the river Oronooko. These latter are low, and are frequently overflowed by the river, of which they appear to be alluvions. In Trinidad is a bituminous lake; and on the south side of the island, the sea throws up a considerable quantity of bitumen. Two hills in the neighbourhood have craters, and give out sulphurous exhalations. Sulphur, allum, and crystallized vitriol are found there. In another part of the island black lead and stone coal are to be found. In other respects, Trinidad so much resembles the neighbouring continent in the nature of its rocks, that there is room to believe it was formerly joined to the main land. All the strata are gray shist, or clay: calcareous stone and gypsum, so common in the Antilles, are hardly found in Trinidad.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
 And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
 Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
 Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
 But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
 A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;
 A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
 A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

THE NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL.

THE Neapolitan school was peculiarly distinguished for strange masses of light and shade. This principle was entirely opposed to the mild persuasive graces of Corregio. Strength and force of chiaroscuro were the distinguishing characteristics. It was sometimes denominated the bravura of the

pencil. Amongst the most celebrated disciples of this school the name of Salvator Rosa may be mentioned.

LIFE OF SALVATOR ROSA.

SALVATOR ROSA was born at Naples, in the year 1614. Like many destined by fortune to act a conspicuous part on the grand drama of human life, he was doomed, in the outset, to encounter poverty and want. He received his first knowledge of design from his kinsman, Francesco Francazano, an eminent artist, who perceived in him the budding prognostics of future eminence, and generously imparted to him the rudiments of design and colouring. Still his pupil was reduced to the lowest extreme of poverty, and was compelled, while prosecuting his studies, to support himself by sketching designs on paper, and selling them at very low prices. Nothing daunted by such obstacles, he redoubled his industry, and was all along cheered by the conviction that futurity would more than recompense his present sufferings by honours and rewards.

He painted a scripture-piece, entitled Hagar and Ishmael, that fell by accident into the hands of Lanfranc. That amiable and philanthropic artist was enraptured with the execution of the work, and made immediate and anxious inquiries for the author. He found him still oppressed with poverty and neglect, unconscious of the good fortune that awaited him, still sketching his designs upon paper, to provide for his daily meal. Lanfranc rejoiced in such an opportunity for the exercise of his benevolence. He immediately made a suitable provision for the young artist, and transferred him to the school of Spagnaletto.

This artist adopted the style of Carravagio, who, it may be remembered, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, united the fiercest extremes of light and shade, without their intermediate and connecting links. It was distinguished for its outrageous strength, for an energy of expression beyond nature and truth. This, Spagnaletto admired and adopted. Carravagio was thus delivered through the faithful and reflecting medium of Spagnaletto. Salvator, beholding the glare of Carravagio, occasioned by his so blending the fiercest extremes of light and shade, formed from

hence his design of opposing, not light and shade, but shades of different densities. This led him to the consideration of grave, awful, serious, and melancholy subjects; nor could the manner of this artist be better defined than by denominating it *the style of Carravagio reversed*. Carravagio was all glare; Salvator was never such: he chose a deeper and more pensive tone of colouring, and opposed one shade to another, instead of strong lights and dark shades, in the manner of his master. Hence it has passed into a proverb, as showery as *the style of Salvator Rosa*.

From Spagnaletto, Salvator passed to the patronage of Falconi, an artist of Naples, justly distinguished for painting battles and sieges. From him he acquired a freedom of hand. At this time Salvator's pencil was found to vibrate between the different styles of Falconi and Spagnaletto. It united boldness and freedom, sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other master, as the style of each happened to prevail. Freedom of hand was not the only thing obtained in the school of Falconi. Salvator there acquired more truth and propriety of colouring.

Now to account more accurately for the peculiarity of Salvator's manner, let us bear in mind his style thus adopted, and associated to a fancy naturally wild and terrific. Salvator delighted to contemplate Nature in her most awful forms—the ocean buffeted by storms, and the dying mariner—the dark and gloomy recesses of a forest infested with banditti—the frowning precipice—the landscape blasted by lightning—dens and caverns, the residence of assassins, possessed terrific and inspiring charms for Salvator. His early education served rather to inflame this propensity than to reduce it down to the sobriety of truth. He became thus, from causes partly natural, and partly adventitious, more the *poet of the pencil* than the painter. Conversant with such tremendous scenery, he imparted to his canvass a character of wildness and extravagance in whatever he attempted. Nature was made merely ancillary to such impressions. Wherever the woods were infested by outlaws and banditti, the surrounding scenery was dark and foreboding; the moon lent light enough to discover the danger, while hope

seemed extinguished in the shadows by which the sufferer was surrounded. The name of Salvator thus became proverbially associated with some horrible catastrophe.

The grand duke of Florence was enamoured with his style of painting, and he was invited by that prince to make that city his residence. This invitation he cordially accepted, and for nine years he was rewarded with the favour and patronage of the duke. He lived in affluence and ease, and was hospitable, accessible, and humane. Salvator displayed nothing of that gloominess of character in his life with which his paintings abound; for all his horrible and alarming ideas he seems to have reserved for his canvass alone. Having naturally a genius for poetry, he sometimes indulged his muse in satires, which were much esteemed by the inhabitants of Italy. Even the elevated genius of Michael Angelo was not a shield to afford him protection from the shafts of Salvator. He satirized the nudities of the pencil of that artist, for which he in requital received a severe chastisement from professor Fuseli. We fear that this elegant writer, while fighting for the honour of his two favourites, Raphael and Angelo, was more anxious to be brilliant than just. The reader may judge of the justice of this conclusion when we present him with two portraits of this artist, from the pencil of Fuseli.

When the professor undertakes to give a cool and dispassionate character of the artist, he thus calls to notice his beauties and his blemishes: "He delights," says he, "in ideas of devastation, solitude, and danger—impenetrable forests—rocky or storm-lashed shores—in lonely dells, leading to dens and caverns of banditti—Alpine ridges—trees blasted by lightning or sapped by time, or stretching their extravagant arms athwart the murky sky—lowering or thundering clouds, or suns shorn of their beams. His figures are wandering shepherds—forlorn travellers—wrecked mariners—banditti lurking for their prey, or dividing their spoils. But this general vein of terror, or of sublimity, forsook him in the pursuit of *witcheries, apparitions, and spectres; here he is only grotesque or capricious.*"

Bating the extravagance of the style, Fuseli here speaks the language of a sober and dispassionate critic. Would any one

believe that the following portrait was executed by the same hand?—"Salvator was terrific and grand in his conceptions of inanimate nature: he was reduced to attempts of hiding, by boldness of hand, his inability of exhibiting her impassioned, or in the dignity of character: his line is vulgar; his magic visions less founded on the principles of terror than on mythologic trash and caprice, and are to the probable combinations of nature what the paroxysms of a fever are to the flights of a vigorous fancy. Though so much extolled, and so ambitiously imitated, his banditti are a medly, made up of starveling models, shreds and bits of armour from his lumber-room, brushed into nature by a daring pencil."

It has been before noticed, that the predominant character of this artist was an *appropriation of his scenery to the incident he illustrated*. Thus, his robberies were committed by moonlight, in the recesses of a forest; because at such a time and place the deed was more terrific and hopeless. This affecting and almost palpable beauty, acknowledged by Fuseli, in his first character, is turned into a sarcasm in the second, and considered as an "attempt to hide, by boldness of hand, his inability of exhibiting impassioned nature, or dignity of character." The very individuality of character, the want of which the professor here complains of, if allowed at such a time and at such a place, would be a glaring departure from the rules of propriety. By what magic should it happen that, in the case we have mentioned, there should be light enough to distinguish distinctly the features of the victim, when the deed was done at midnight, and amid the gloom of a forest? The want of such individuality here constitutes the charm of the pencil. Fuseli is unjust both to Salvator and to himself.

In the works of Salvator there was a general pervading grandeur, indescribable by words; it extended even to the breakings of his grounds and the leafing of his trees. His works are now extremely scarce; some of them are in the hands of the English nobility. He was peculiarly eminent in landscape. His battles, by sea or by land, are touched with a free, but natural pencil, and his attitudes are full of dignity.



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Saul & the Witch of Endor.

His most admired piece is that represented by the annexed engraving, denominated Saul and the Witch of Endor. This woman, with hair erect, and surrounded by owls, skeletons, and various phantoms, throws incense upon a tripod. Before her stands the form of Samuel, enveloped in a white mantle, and the king, on his knees, hears his doom from the lips of the prophet. In the back ground are seen the two warriors who accompanied the monarch to the cave. The drawing is in the style of Salvator, rude, dark, mysterious, and bold. The countenance of Saul indicates fear and curiosity combined, while the lowering and retorted frown of the horrible shadow speaks the displeasure of the Almighty. There is a kind of frenzied dignity in the witch that contributes much to the terrific character of the piece, not at all enhanced by the owlish company she keeps.

A critic remarks, that the only fault of the piece is the modern armour worn by Saul and the two Israelites. It would be far more correct to say, that here is a needless departure from historical fact, to allow the monarch any armour whatever. Saul, having before commanded the destruction of the witches, was compelled, when he sought one, to change, not his armour, but his *raiment*. He disguised himself, lest the woman he sought, from motives of personal apprehension, should refuse the exercise of her supernatural agency. It was not until after the appearance of Samuel that the monarch was known to the witch; and she expresses more apprehension from his presence than from the spectre's. This painting was formerly seen in the palace of Versailles, and is now probably added to the spoils of the Louvre. Salvator died at Naples, in the year 1673, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

LIFE OF LUCA GIORDANO.

LUCA GIORDANO, another disciple of the Neapolitan school, was born at Naples, in the year 1629. He was surnamed *Frapresto*, or *despatch*, according to some authors, from the rapidity of his hand. One of his biographers denies this, and accounts for his name by the following whimsical circumstance.

The father is represented to have been avaricious to a proverb, and to have sold the designs which his son sketched on paper, while pursuing his studies, to young artists, at most extravagant prices. Finding this source of revenue so productive, he was continually urging his son to accelerate his hand. Whether Luca was at his work, or at his meals, his parent was continually pronouncing, in a stern and imperious tone, these words:—*Luca, fra presto*, or *Luca, make haste*, whence his name has been derived.

He first became the disciple of Guiseppe de Ribera, surnamed Spagnoletto, from whom he caught the style of Carravaggio. Afterwards, he studied under Pietro de Cortona, whose pencil, to adopt the language of an elegant writer, “ransacked the rainbow and the seasons for their hues.” Under his tutelage he was taught to substitute, for empty glare, softer and more sociable tints. Luca was blest with a mind ardent for inquiry and information, and was neither disposed to take the fierce style of Spagnoletto, nor the more bland and assuasive hues of Cortona’s pencil, as his model, without further research.

Determined to consult all the great masters, before he adopted the style of any, he journeyed to Lombardy. Having formed an acquaintance with Corregio, at this place, he studied his works with great assiduity, and became familiar with a style that united the two extremes of light and shade, by soft and almost imperceptible gradations. Still insatiable in quest of knowledge, he left Corregio, and journeyed to Venice. Becoming acquainted with Titian, he consulted his works, and adopted his chiaroscuro from this model. Afterwards he resorted to the works of Paolo Veronese, and successfully imitated the dignity of this master.

After having performed a pilgrimage to so many shrines, and offered his devotions to each, it became now necessary to inquire with what success all this labour and assiduity was attended. His fancy was vigorous and alert, and his memory incredibly retentive. That he acquired a freedom of hand by such labour it is almost superfluous to add, and that he was a great master of colouring may well be presumed, having been conversant with all the varieties. Let it further be added, that

the knowledge of this artist of the works of the great masters was not slight, summary, and superficial; it was deep, retentive, and embraced all the peculiarities of each. The following anecdote, related of this artist, would appear incredible, if it was not delivered to us from high authority. So well versed was he in all the peculiarities of each master, that, from memory alone, he would imitate them with such exactness as to deceive connoisseurs themselves.

Unluckily, this fancy so alert, and this memory so retentive, do not appear to have been founded on a judgment solid and enlightened. With astonishing promptitude and despatch, he could, when desired, employ his pencil in the manner of any of the most celebrated artists: this was *mécanical* merely; but to poise their respective excellencies, harmoniously to combine and adjust them, to fraternize their several styles, and from the mass to form a model for himself, appears to have been a task beyond his powers. His pencil now was touched with the graces of Guido, now with the harmony of Corregio; with the same ease it flaunted with the gorgeousness of Cortona, then soothed us with the more fascinating shades of Titian—emulated the dignity of Veronese, or shone with the meteor-like bravura of Carravaggio.

It was indeed the misfortune of Luca that he extended his researches so wide. Whatever individuality of character he inherited from nature, was lost amid such a mass of hostile beauty as he had industriously hoarded up.

His pencil illustrated the truth of what we so often discover in ordinary life, that many men may be found who possess treasures of knowledge, useless to themselves, and valuable to every body else. This graphic cameleon lived and died reflecting every hue, and leaving posterity to doubt at last what legitimately belonged to him.

The Spanish monarch was in possession of a picture from the hand of Giacomo Bassan. His majesty was extravagantly fond of his acquisition, and desired to have another painted in the style of that artist. Many painters of the first eminence were applied to for this purpose, all of whom declined, and acknowledged their incompetence. Hearing of Luca's preeminence in

this point, he employed him, and he executed the task so much to the approbation of the monarch, that he was rewarded with the honour of knighthood.

An author with much gravity remarks, that it is very surprising that such a master of the pencil should so often condescend to become the humble mimic of others. When this author is able to produce evidence that the painter had formed a decided style for himself, it will be then time enough to wonder that he should adopt foreign manners, and imitate other painters; but, until that time, all astonishment is premature.

A traveller reports that Luca painted so well in the style of others, that he could point out several pieces, now in England, and held in high estimation as the legitimate works of Titian, which were undoubtedly only evidence of the successful imitation of this artist.

One of the galleries of the marquis Peralto, at Milan, is ornamented with several heads by this painter, and executed in the style of the most celebrated Italian masters. Amongst these the head of St. Gregorie, in Guido's best manner, is peculiarly distinguishable.

The grand altar-piece, in the church of the Ascension, at Naples, is regarded as the most favourable monument of this artist's genius. The subject represents the battle of the angels and the fall of Lucifer. The archangel Michael stands in a noble attitude, with his feet planted upon Lucifer, and *both figures are supported by the air*. The countenance of the conqueror does not seem to indicate the joy of a human victor; but a certain lofty serenity, and confidence of triumph—such as we may presume, without violence, a glorious spirit would feel in contending with the powers of darkness. It is finely contrasted with the countenance of Lucifer, that expresses no dejection, but rage and unconquerable hate. Two of the evil spirits, loaded with the throne of their prince, are falling into the abyss, and a multitude of figures beneath are writhing in punishment. The composition is represented to be exquisitely beautiful, and to have a most surprising effect by the means of local colours. In such flights of the pencil something must always be surren-

dered to the imagination, we confess; still the painter should be careful not to trespass on credulity. Lucifer is here seen supported by the air, and bears the weight of his conqueror also, the very medium through which his routed legions are falling into the infernal abyss. The first impression excited by such a spectacle is not only that the grand enemy of mankind is sinking, but that he is carrying his victor along with him, for whom he forms a sort of pedestal. We cannot admit, without reluctance, that the same medium should prove so stable to Lucifer, and so treacherous to the feet of his angels. This incongruity might be saved by the interposition of a cloud.

The palazzo Durazzo is decorated with several pieces of this artist. One represents a dying Seneca in the bath; another a dying saint. Amidst the decays of nature, the eyes appear to be enlivened with confidence, and a smile brightens on the faded remains of a countenance where we can still discover vestiges of former beauty. The contest between Demetrius and Perseus, before their father Philip, ornaments another apartment of the palace. These are some of the paintings of this artist. He was respected and patronised by monarchs and princes, and his industry was liberally rewarded. He died in the year 1705, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

LIFE OF BARTOLOMEO MANFREDI.

BARTOLOMEO MANFREDI, although not strictly a disciple of the Neapolitan school, demands some notice, because he flourished under the same auspices with those who belonged to this class of painters. He was born at Mantua, in the year 1574. His parents were poor, and, from the wild and irregular sallies of his youth, were led to form melancholy anticipations. Capricious and versatile in his character, whatever business or occupation he pursued was abandoned as soon as its novelty was exhausted. While any thing was found to stimulate curiosity, and excite inquiry, he displayed a disposition, shrewd, alert, and intelligent, that vanished when such novelty ceased to attract. His genius then seemed to forsake him; he became heavy and dull, and all his ardour was extinct.

Pomerancio, a celebrated painter of that day, became by accident known to the boy, and apprehended that he found in him qualities which, under proper guidance and discipline, were capable of being trained to future eminence and use. With a laudable ambition he assumed upon himself the task of his instruction, and his rapid advances seemed to justify his hopes.

Painting is an art in its nature progressive, and is, not like the severe sciences, capable of administering satisfaction to the student. Every acquisition opens some new and undiscovered beauty.

The young Bartolomeo was thus enraptured, and, forsaking his old habits, he applied himself assiduously to the pencil. His advances were rapid, and outstripped the warmest anticipations of his master. While Pomerancio was indulging himself in those agreeable reflections that such benevolence naturally inspires, accident threw one of Carravagio's pieces in the way of his pupil. From that moment the precepts of Pomerancio lost all their attractions. Carravagio's manner was so bold, exhibiting such strong masses of lights and shades, Manfredi was caught and charmed with their splendour. The style of Pomerancio, which was totally destitute of this glare, appeared to his pupil cold, insipid, and uninteresting. It was to no purpose that his master endeavoured to point out the more unobtrusive beauties of his own style, and to incite to perseverance; Carravagio's mode was more dazzling, and that alone was sufficient to excite the emulous admiration of Manfredi.

As his master had no other object in view than the welfare of the boy, when he found him no longer inclined to receive instruction from his hands, he cheerfully surrendered him to the patronage of Carravagio.

The artist now found a character in all points congenial to his own; for his new master was fond of indulging in every species of excess, and devoted his days to the pencil, and his nights to dissipation and riot. Under such auspices Manfredi improved in his art, while his moral character was growing worse. He studied Carravagio in all points, and made him his model both in painting and depravity. He became, by dint of

application, so expert in the management of his pencil that, in a short time, his pieces were confounded with his master's. His genius seldom soared to the higher departments of the pencil: he rarely attempted historic pieces, contenting himself with subjects derived from ordinary life.

He described soldiers and peasants with great spirit. But he peculiarly excelled in delineating parties amusing themselves with cards, dice, or the bottle. His mind was here perfectly at home; he knew the various attitudes and gestures that gave a natural character to the piece, and he displayed, in such cases, what may with propriety be denominated the *raciness of the pencil*. Not being obliged, like some of his brother painters, to resort to fancy, his pictures were taken, warm and glowing, from real life, and his heart accompanied his efforts.

Carravagio thus acted in a double capacity; he became the master of his pupil, and the tutor of his riots. Manfredi was delighted to find that the precepts of Pomerancio, that checked his licentious courses, and represented them as insuperable obstacles to success in the graphic art, formed, in reality, no impediment to a mind constituted like his own. Taught to believe that genius, properly disciplined, could, in all seasons, command both fame and fortune, he conceived a moral character merely a secondary consideration, and only worthy the attention of those to whom Nature had denied her more rare and valuable gifts.

Sanguine hopes were entertained, by those who knew the artist only through the medium of his works, that fortune would amply remunerate so promising a genius. His reputation was rising rapidly in the estimation of the most competent judges, who looked forward with confidence to the period when he was to become one of the most promising artists of his age. With this view they encouraged him, turned the attention of the public to his labours, and whatever patronage could do to stimulate a generous ambition to rouse and to exert itself, was done to Manfredi.

Unfortunately there was within that defect which neither patronage, nor genius, nor fortune, nor fame, nor the favourable regards of mankind, nor the hopes of happiness, nor fears of punishment hereafter, are capable of subduing. Manfredi, while

surrounded by all these, was unable to resist the enticements of the bottle. Deaf to remonstrances, he surrendered himself a voluntary victim to such temptations, and fell a martyr to them in the flower of his youth. The day and year of his death remain unknown.

To such characters success and celebrity is as fatal as misfortune and neglect. Whatever depresses their spirits below, or raises them above their natural tone, drive them with infallible certainty to the bottle. In joy, they fly to that succedaneum to enliven their felicity; and in sorrow, to drown their cares in oblivion.

The style of this artist has already been described; it was enlivened by all the beauties, and marred by all the defects of Carravagio. He painted large as life, and no lower than the middle, in imitation of his master. His pencil was firm and free, and his colouring was allowed to have much force. His lights were too strong, and his shades too deep, and of course his chiaroscuro was censured for its outrageous strength.

The pictures of this artist are now extremely scarce; nor is it always easy to designate them from the paintings of Carravagio, since he imitated his master so exactly. His most capital work is supposed to be Hercules delivering Titæus from a vulture.

One of Manfredi's works, represented by the annexed engraving, is denominated *A Drinking Party*. The picture displays all the beauties and defects of Carravagio: it is a familiar composition, and therefore cannot be supposed to embrace the qualities requisite for the higher departments of the graphic art; such as invention, grandeur of design, and sublimity of expression. It possesses, nevertheless, much strength of colouring and truth of expression. The artist has here followed the example of his master, and has drawn his figures half length and of the natural size. The piece labours under the radical defect which the painter inherited from Carravagio. The chiaroscuro confers on it a force of expression beyond truth and nature; both of which Carravagio sacrificed to a boldness and intrepidity of pencil.



ASSEMBLY OF DRINKERS.

EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Since our last number, in which we expressed a desire to obtain information on the subject of Mr. Whitfield, we have received from a valuable correspondent, the following letters which very well illustrate some parts of the character of that extraordinary man.

Colehette, July 12th, 1741.

DEAR MR. R.

I am fully content with the note you have given. I pray God send you a good voyage, and keep you from the hand of the enemy. Take heed to your heart. If that be upright towards God, nothing can hurt you. Be pleased to desire Mr. Franklin, if any money be due upon my account, to pay it to Mr. Noble. My hearty love to your dear mother, and all friends. Their letters, when come to hand, shall be answered as soon as possible by, dear friend,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

Dear brother John joins in praying for your safe passage.

Bohemia, October 8th, 1746.

DEAR JEMMY,

Providence detains me here longer than expectation. I am determined, God willing, to go round Maryland, and to employ two days in writing letters. I am to preach, at Newtown, next Sunday. We have good times. You will take care of the letters. That for Mr. Zigenhagen, Mr. Brunholt is to have; those for lord Leven, marquis of Lothian, will go free from London. Send all the parts of the late newspapers concerning me with my thanksgiving sermon, if you can have a private hand, to Lewis in Bartholomew Close. Write to Syms—see your mother's letter, and believe me to be yours.

G. W.

Repeat my love to your wife, and all. You may tell captain Grant that I don't know but my dear wife may winter in Philadelphia.

London, April 29th, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

With this comes a pamphlet, in answer to one lately come out against the methodists, supposed to be done by the bishop of Exeter. You may have it reprinted if you think proper. My

honoured m—d would have wrote to you and others, himself, had he not been so much engaged in a multiplicity of business. He sends you, yours, and all inquiring friends, affectionate salutation. He is much better in health than he used to be when in America. The Lord blesses him daily, and causes his rod to bud and blossom. He has had great access lately to many of the great and noble, and has not failed to declare to them the whole counsel of God, and laid before them the riches of redeeming love; and some of which, we may comfortably hope, begin to experience the same. There is a comfortable prospect lies before us, and the fields are white, ready unto harvest, only labourers are wanting. Oh, may the Lord thrust out more, which are of a laborious spirit, and lift up their voices like trumpets, and shew the house of Israel their sins, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem their transgressions. We have very sweet seasons at the tabernacle, and many other places. There is a loud call for my honoured M—r, from all parts, both of England, Scotland, and Wales; but notwithstanding all this, he says nothing can wean him from America, and he intends, God willing, to pay it another visit the latter end of this year. I can now add no more, but beg my dutiful respects may find acceptance with yourself and dear spouse, as being, dear sir,

Your most affectionate,

Obliged, humble servant,

ANDREW HIBBEY.

London, February 24th, 1756.

MY DEAR MR. R.

I have been solicitous about you. Who would have thought of the enemy's coming so near your habitation? Surely in the midst of life we are in death. I hope you are enabled to flee to Christ for succour. He is indeed a strong and sure refuge. God knows what events await us here. Let us pray for one another. Our Lord's cause prospers. I must away. I commend you and yours to the Redeemer's never failing mercy, and am, my dear friend,

Yours, most affectionately,

G. W.

London, February 19th, 1757.

MY DEAR MR. R.

I have long waited for your particular account of the late calamities in America. God grant they may not be renewed this spring. He knows what is best. If we condemn and hang our sins upon Christ's cross, as well as shoot our tardy admirals,* we need not fear. May the Lord Jesus be with your spirit. Dear America lies upon my poor heart night and day. Pray remember me in the kindest manner to all, and accept of hearty love from, my dear Mr. R.

Your affectionate friend, &c.

G. W.

P. S. We have a new chapel at the other end of the town, which is made a Bethel to many. Dear captain Grant hath got a Bethel indeed. Lord prepare us to follow after! Amen, and Amen! I hear Mr. Franklin is coming over.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Germany.

Messrs. MEYER and WOLF, have published at Frankfort, in two large octavo volumes with coloured plates, a complete description of all the birds of Germany, entitled *Manual of German Ornithology*.

For a year past there has been published at Leipsick, a journal called *Sulamith*, dedicated to, and destined for the Jews of Germany. Among the principal articles contained in the five numbers which have yet appeared, are *Sketches of the progress of civilisation among the German Jews*—*The Price of Virtue*, translated from the Talmud—the *Vision of Bileam*, a translation—of confirmation among the Jews—an extract from two Hebrew works on the Jewish easter—on *Personification in Hebrew poetry*, and the ceremonies of the Jewish religion.

The Austrian journals speak highly of a journey to Constantinople, published in German, at Pest in Hungary, by count

* This alludes, we presume to admiral Byng, and the reverend minister has certainly put into a single sentence, two means of national safety not often united.

Vincent Beltriany, 1 vol. 8vo. p. 272. This voyage appeared in successive communications to an Hungarian journal in the years 1802 and 3, and being well received is now published separately with additions, so as to form a series of twenty-six letters.

At Gottingen the first volume of a voyage through Scandinavia, in 1806 and 1807, by M. J. F. Haussman, which is said to be an interesting account of those countries, in relation to physical science.

At Berlin, the first volume of travels through the southern part of Africa, in 1803, 4, 5, and 6, by Henry Lichenstein, with maps and plates.

At Leipsick, a new edition in sixteen volumes duodecimo of the plays of Shakspeare, with a commentary.

The indefatigable Kotzebue, has lately undertaken two new journals, one at Darmstadt, entitled the Basket of Flowers of Clio; the other at Koningsberg, under the name of the Grillon. This last is a kind of Macedoine literary, composed of all the parings of his port folio, and the news of the Almanack.

Austria.

THE imperial censure at Vienna, has published a list of works which may be circulated, and such as are prohibited. Among others, the collection of the works of Wieland, and of Goethe, are no longer forbidden. The separate works of each of these authors, for which a special permission was formerly necessary, may be freely sold, but without being advertised publicly.

The collection of Schiller's works, printed by Doll, at Vienna, are also permitted. His dramatic works may also be sold separately, and his other works, which were hitherto to be obtained only by permission, may henceforth be freely sold, but not advertised. Among the books which can be procured, only after a declaration of the purchaser's name, are the New Eloisa of Rousseau, and the miscellaneous works of Kotzebue. Among the works absolutely prohibited are the selected works of Voltaire, from the first to the ninth volume, which contain his romances and tales.

The following statement of the number of works printed in Austria, or imported into that country, with the decisions of the imperial censure on them, is taken from a Vienna Journal.

FOREIGN WORKS.

In 1806, 1629 works of which 1450 were permitted, and 179 prohibited.

In 1807, 1407 works, of which 1238 were permitted, and 169 prohibited.

In 1806, 125 Journals of which 8 require a special permission of the censure.

In 1807, 96 Journals, 5 of which require a similar permission.

Manuscripts, presented to the censure of Vienna.

In 1806, 576 manuscripts, of which 73 were not admitted to publication.

In 1807, 606 manuscripts, and 81 of them not admitted.

1811.

Mr. HOHENWART, bishop of Lintz, is about publishing the second volume of his *Botanical travels through Carinthia*; Mr. de Vert, at Clagenfurt, is employed on a *fawn* of Carinthia, and Mr. de End, announces a series of the finest situations in that country, with observations on the character of the inhabitants.

The fourth and last volume of Mr. Millin's travels in the south of France, has just appeared.

The German Journals speak favourably of a life of Charlemagne, just published at Tübingen, by Mr. J. C. Dippold.

They also announce that bishop Nordin, has recently printed in Sweden, a *Journal of King Charles XII.* in one vol. 8vo. This monarch was in the habit of keeping an exact diary of his least actions, and noting them in his calendar. This volume is extracted from these calendars, from the year 1676 to 1697. But they contain nothing interesting, being confined chiefly to events perfectly insignificant, as his being in such or such a place, where he stopped to dine in travelling, his hunting parties, the number of game killed, and the reviews at which he was pre-

sent. In short, this publication throws no light on his reign, and is of no service in an historical point of view.

The correspondence of Bonnet, with the great Haller, is about to be published at Geneva, in three large volumes. The manuscripts had been deposited by the first of these distinguished men, in the public library of Geneva, with directions to publish them a certain number of years after his death.

A Prussian captain named de Plotho, has published at Berlin, a *History of the Cossacs, from their origin to our own times*, with a *description of their country*, 1 vol. 8vo. Another work published in the same city, and said to be very entertaining is called *Letters on Russia, and the character of the inhabitants*, by W. Soltau, 1 vol. 8vo. with plates.

The brothers Riepenhausen, engravers, at Tubingen, have published two numbers of a work, under the title of *History of Painting in Italy, from its commencement to the present time*, with engravings from the best Italian masters, accompanied by explanations on the progress and successive development of the art of painting. The whole will consist of fifteen numbers.

At Halle, a journey to mount Caucasus and through Georgia, undertaken by order of the academy of sciences of Petersburg, in 1807 and 8, by Mr. de Klaproth, 2 vols. 8vo.

A German poet has published a poem in five cantos, entitled *the Rivers of Germany*, an inexhaustible subject.

Italy.

The chevalier Gherardo, has published at Florence, a life of Angelica Kauffman, with the portrait of that celebrated artist, who died, as is known, on the 5th of November, 1807.

The abbe Antonio Dragoni, of Cremona, has published under the name of Filofilo Sophista, a poem called *Conjugal Love*, in one volume quarto, magnificently printed, by Bodoni.

At Turin, has appeared the two first volumes of a work, intended to be comprised in six, entitled the *History of Western Italy, from the first invasion of the Gauls, under Bellocesur, to the coronation of Napoleon, Emperor of the French.*

At Florence, is announced for subscription, the literary history of Florence, by Dr. Giovanni Prezzings, in two volumes octavo. The first comprises the literary history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, to the death of duke Alexander de Medici, in 1537. The second will continue it to the year 1810. Also, a work of professor Matthæis called "Analysis of the virtue of Medicaments," which is very highly spoken of.

At Rome, the architect Guiseppe Valadier and the engraver Vincenzo, have united in publishing a series of the finest monuments of ancient Rome, to be published by subscription in large folio on vellum paper accompanied by an explanatory text. They are to appear three times a month. The first ancient monument in the order is the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, of which there are nine plates. The second will be the temple of the Sybil at Tivoli.

The celebrated sculptor Canova, is at present engaged on a mausoleum for Alfieri. He has just finished two Athletic combatants, which are exposed at the Vatican.

Mr. Petroni, advantageously known by his proverbs of Solomon printed at Naples, and his Napoleonide now publishing at Paris; has in the press an Italian translation of the fables of La-fontaine, which will be the first time that distinguished fabulist has appeared in an Italian dress.

There has been published lately at Placentia; an Italian translation, in verse, of the poems of Ossian, by Melchoir Cesarotti.

Dr. Michele Tenore, is publishing at Naples, a Flora Napolitana, in large folio.

1811.

The national institute of the kingdom of Italy, has received a new organization. It will in future be called the royal institute of science, letters, and the arts, and will be fixed at Milan, with four sections established in the cities of Venice, Bologna, Padua and Verona. Sixty of the members will have a pension of twelve hundred francs, the secretary general six thousand, and the whole expenses of the institute be fixed at one hundred and twenty thousand francs per annum. The number of honorary members is indefinite.

The ancient academy of Della Crusca at Florence, is reestablished, and will consist of twelve members chosen by the emperor on the nomination of the minister of the interior, and of twenty corresponding members. It is particularly charged with the revision of the dictionary of the Italian language—the preservation of the purity of that language—and the examination of works presented for the several prizes. It will also hold a correspondence with the class of language and literature of the French institute on the subject of their respective labors.

The Napoleon academy of Lucca, in its late public session, decreed the academic crown to a poem in six cantos, in ottava rima, entitled *Il Castruccio*, by the young and learned lady Costanza Moscheni, of Lucca; the accessit was given to a tragedy called *Erigone*, by Mr. Francois Benedetti, of Cortona, already known by other excellent productions.

It is known, that the last supper, painted by Leonardo da Vinci, on the wall of a convent at Milan, is so much injured, that it can be scarcely said to exist. In 1642, only a few features of it remained, and it is now known, chiefly by the numerous engravings from it, particularly that by Raphael Morghen, which though not perhaps a faithful representation of it, is a very admirable work. The abbe Guillon, in a pamphlet, lately published under the title of “*The Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, restored to the friends of the fine arts,*” attempts to prove that Leonardo da Vinci, had himself made a copy of this painting, and that the copy, which is superior to the original, has remained unknown in the convent (Chartreux) at Pavia. He suggests that this copy was made for Francis I. who having been made prisoner at the battle of Pavia, could not pay attention to the picture, which thus became the property of the monks in that city. Mr. Guillon’s proofs are not by any means conclusive, nor his reasonings free from objections, but he shows a great fund of erudition and a laudable though enthusiastic zeal for the arts.

THE ADVERSARIA, NO. III.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following ancient Madrigals are extracted from "An Howre's Recreation in Musicke, by Rich. Alison, 1606." However we may smile at their occasional quaintness, we cannot but admire the wisdom of the poet.

O heavy heart, whose harms are hid,
Thy help is hurt, thy hap is hard;
If thou shouldst break, as God forbid,
Then should desert want his reward.
Hope well to have, hate not sweet thought,
Foul cruel storms fair calms have brought,
After sharp showers the sun shines fair,
Hope comes likewise after despair.

In hope a king doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long,
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer long;
In hope the plowman sows his seed;
Thus hope helps thousands at their need;
Then faint not heart, among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

Though wit bids well to blow retreat,
Will cannot work as wit would wish.
When that the roach doth taste the bait,
Too late to warn the hungry fish;
When cities burn on fire flame,
Great rivers scarce may quench the same;
If will and fancy be agreed,
Too late for wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift
To follow will and leave the wit;
The wanton horse that runs too swift
May well be stayed upon the bit;

But check a horse amid his race,
 And out of doubt you mar his pace:
 Though wit and reason do men teach
 Never to climb above their reach.

I cannot forbear copying a song from the same book, in which, though not entirely free from the characteristics of the age, a lover sings the charms of his mistress with delicacy of taste and purity of sentiment

There is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lillies grow,
 A heav'nly paradise is that place
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
 Yet them no peer nor prince can buy,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
 Her brows *like bended bows do stand,*
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand,
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

No form in which WIT ever shows itself can be more entertaining than IRONY. The perpetual contrast between what it expresses and what it means; the arch ambiguity with which it puzzles listening ignorance and simplicity; the new poignancy with which it sharpens satire, the more refined zest it gives to praise—are merits, such as may, among the rest of its advantages, well contribute to recommend it to general favour. Its happy ambiguity of purpose, in particular, has often produced

effects sufficiently ludicrous and whimsical. STEELE is said to have been deceived so far, as not to perceive the ironical intention of that comparative criticism of the pastorals of Pope and Ambrose Phillips, which Pope sent him, to be inserted in the *Guardian*, and of which the publication made Pope and Phillips ever-after, mortal enemies. I have known a man, a voluminous author, an inexhaustible talker, a warm pretender to unequalled delicacy of feeling, and to matchless acuteness of discernment in matters of taste, who read with raptures Johnson's character of Dick Minim, the critic, in the *Idler*; not as an ironical description of a shallow, would-be critic, but as affording a system of rules by which any person might easily make himself a master in genuine criticism; and as seriously delineating the character of the truly accomplished judge of literature. Nay, what may appear more surprising, I found a young physician of my acquaintance, but the other day, diligently studying Swift's *Treatise on Polite Conversation* as a manual of politeness and delicacy which he might copy, and of wit, which he might retail as his own. This gentleman has received a liberal education, with very ample advantages; has been instructed in all the studies belonging to the most enlightened of the learned professions; has mingled not a little with the gay and the wise in the common intercourse of social life; is reckoned no fool—yet wants the penetration to discern that Swift writes but in jest—that his are not specimens of wit to be imitated, but vulgarisms, colloquial barbarisms—instances of gross ignorance, indelicacy, false wit and puerility, to be avoided, which compose the tissue of Wagstaffe's dialogues. Upon second thoughts, however, I can even more easily excuse this person, than the admirer of Dick Minim: for perhaps he who should glean the beauties of the most fashionable conversation of the day, would find his collection very little better than that of *Simon Wagstaffe, Esquire*.

Superstition of Justus Lipsius. The politics of Tacitus, the philosophy of Cicero, could not pluck the old woman out of the heart of this illustrious scholar. The modern disciple of Zeno was the slave of weak superstition. I have just ended reading

his account of the miracles performed by the Virgin Mary, of Halle, near Brussels, in the Netherlands.

A shrine and image had been there consecrated to the Holy Virgin, by a pious countess of Brabant. Many votive offerings had been afterwards added. Lipsius, from his very infancy a devout votary of the Virgin, in preference to all the other saints, had often, as he relates, experienced her favour upon his studies; had become a member of a society of which she was the sacred patroness; was excited by motives of pious veneration and gratitude, to visit her famous shrine at Halle. While he offered his devotions before the sacred shrine, he felt an inward emotion of extraordinary joy and piety, which prompted him to vow to the Virgin, to compose a work in her praise. An ode, the composition of that very time, records his vow. He fulfilled it, by writing, at his subsequent leisure, a panegyric account of the origin of the shrine and chapel of Halle, of the honours which had been devoutly paid to them, of the miracles which the Virgin had graciously performed at the request of persons stipulating votive offerings to be dedicated, in return, at her shrine at Halle. The miracles which he celebrates are such as these: the mutilation of a soldier's nose, who, coming on the assault of the town of Halle in a siege, had impiously threatened to cut off the nose from the image of the Virgin: the restoration of a lost hawk, at the prayer of the falconer by whom it had been lost, and whom his cruel lord was about to hang for the loss: the preservation of a man from perishing by a flood that suddenly filled his house,—who, by the aid of the Virgin, had been enabled to climb among the rafters, above the reach of the waters, while his wife and children were drowned below; the deliverance of an innocent person that had been seized by mistake, as an accomplice with thieves: the preservation of a tailor from dying by his *needle*, which he had unwittingly swallowed: the saving of a thievish soldier from death on the gallows, by the breaking of the rope by which he was suspended:—and others of a similar cast and complexion. The narrative of Lipsius is written in a style of admirably elegant Latinity. Here and there he rises into poetry, and imitates, with great felicity,

the iambics of Phædrus: he evidently wrote it *con amore*. He concludes the whole with a pious prayer, and with the formal consecration of a silver pen, to be, in his name, suspended as a votive offering, before the image of the Virgin, in the temple.

Lipsius, thus celebrating as miracles, merely natural and obvious incidents in life; Socrates, amid the agonies of expiration, anxiously providing a sacrifice to Esculapius; Julian, from the heights of philosophy, and of political wisdom, prostrating himself before Jupiter, Apollo and Venus; Pascal, for the sake of the most abject ascetic superstition, deserting the illustrious career of science, literature, and active virtue; are among those instances of mingled weakness and excellence, in which the imperfection of humanity is the most strikingly conspicuous; and which we cannot contemplate without being moved to sigh over the character of man, and with the poet, to regard him as

“The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.”

The speech of Metellus Numidicus, a grave and eloquent man, on the subject of marriage contained this passage: “If, Romans, we could do without a wife, we should be all without that source of vexation. But since nature has so ordered it that we can neither live *with* them happily enough, nor *without* them by any means, we must consult our lasting security, rather than a transient gratification.” To virgins are addressed the soft expressions, “my delight”—“my charmer”—“my soul”—“light of my eyes,” &c. But as soon as they become married women, then they are changed indeed; the terms then applied to them are “plagues”—“tempests”—“torments”—“curses”—“continual fevers,” and to sum up all in a word, “intolerable evil.”

Philippus Carolus's Commentaries on Aulus Gellius.

Favonius, the philosopher, addressed a young man who affected hard and obsolete words, in the following words: “You, as if you were conversing with the mother of Evander, use a language which has been for many years out of date, *unwilling that*

any one should know or comprehend what you mean. Why not then be silent, that you may fully obtain your purpose. But you are fond of antiquity you say, because it is ingenious, good, temperate, and modest; imitate then the ancients in your life, but speak the language of the moderns; and have always impressed on your memory and heart, what Julius Cæsar, a man of extraordinary genius and prudence, has written in his first book on analogy,—“avoid every unusual word as you would a rock.”

In the following eloquent eulogium on the happiness of a life devoted to literary leisure amid the shades of sylvan scenes, Pliny pays a just tribute, which may excite the envy and wonder of some of those who delight in the *fumum strepitumque* of a metropolis.

At my peaceful retreat at Laurentum, says he, in a letter to Minutius Fundanus, I neither hear nor speak any thing of which I have occasion to repent. There I live undisturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honourable repose! More, perhaps, to be desired than employments of any kind! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, best and most retired scene for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have ye inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town, with all its frivolous pursuits, and devote your days to study, or even resign them to indolence.

Nor has the schoolmaster of Pontremali, the enthusiastic Petrarch been less mindful of the influence of literature—but has described in a familiar allegory, those real benefactors of mankind, whose writings exalt the mind and purify the heart.

I have friends, says this author, whose society is delightful to me; they are persons of all countries, and of all ages; distinguished in war, in council, and in letters. Some present in review before me the events of past ages; others reveal to me the secrets of nature; these teach me how to live, and those how to die: these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit; and some there are who prepare my soul to suffer every thing, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly

acquainted with itself. As a reward for such great services, they require only a corner of my little house, where they may be safely sheltered from their enemies. In fine, I carry them with me into the fields, the silence of which suits them better than the business and bustle of cities.

The only account of Skelton, the poet-laureat, which remains, is to be found in a very old volume, so rare, that Steevens, to whom it belonged, wrote in it, that he never saw any other copy of the book. The title is *Merie Tales, newlye imprinted and made by master Skelton, Poet-Laureat, &c.* It is probable that this is a collection of all the jests of the time, appropriated to Skelton, because his happened to be, what the booksellers call a selling name. One or two extracts will give the reader a sufficient specimen of the poet-laureat's humour.

" Tale 1st. How Skelton came late home to Oxforde, from Abington.

Shelton was an Englyshe man born, as Skogan was, and he was educated and brought uppe in Oxforde; and there was he made a Poet Laureat. And on a tyme hee had bene at Abbing-ton to make mery, wher he had eate salt meates, and he dyd come late home to Oxfoorde; and he did lye in an ine named the Tabere, whyche is now the Angell, and he did drynke and went to bed. About mydnight he was so thyrstie or drye that he was constrayned to call the tapstere for drynke, and the tapstere hearde hym not. Then he cryed to his oste and hys ostess and to the ostler for drynke, and no man could heare hym. "Alacke!" sayd Skelton, I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke: what remedye!" At the last he dyd cry out and sayd 'fyer, fyer, fyer.'

When Skelton harde every man bustled himself upward, and some of them were naked and some were halfe asleep and amased, and Skelton dyd crye 'fyer, fyer!' (styll) that every man knew not where to resorte, Skelton dyd go to bed: and the oste and the ostess and the tapster wythe the ostler dyd runne to Skelton's chambere wythe candles lyghted in theyr handes, saying 'where, where, where is the fire?' 'Here, here,' sayd Skelton, and poynted hys fynger to hys mouth, sayinge 'fetch me some

drynke to quench the fyre, and the heate, and the drynesse in my mouthe:' and so they dyd. Wherefore, it is goode for every man to help hys own self in tyme of nede wyth some policie or crafte, so be yt ther bee no deceit nor falshed usid.

Tale 2. How Skelton drest the Kendall-man in the Sweat time.

On a tyme Skelton rode from Oxfoorde to London wyth a Kendall-man, and at Uxbrydge they beyted. The Kendall-man layde hys cap upon the borde in the halle, and he went to serve hys horse; Skelton took the Kendall-man's cappe, and dyd putte betwxe the lynyng and the outer syde a dyshe of butter. And when the Kendal-man had dreste his horse, he dyd come yn to diner, and dyd putte on hys cappe; (that tyme the sweatynge sycknesse was in Englande). At the laste when the butter had take heate of the Kendal-man's heade, yt dyd begyne to ron over hys face and aboute hys cheekes. Skelton sayd, Syr you sweate soore, beware that you have not the sweatynge sycknesse:' and the Kendal-man sayd, 'By the masse I'se wrang: I bus go tyl bed.' Skelton sayd, 'I am skill'd on physicke, and specially in the sweatynge sycknesse, that I wyll warrant anye man.' 'In good fayth,' sayd the Kendal-man, 'do see, and I'se bay for your skott to London.' Then sayd Skelton, 'get you a kerchief, and I will bring you abed,' the wyche was doone. Skelton caused the cappe to be sod in boat lee, and dryed it. In the mornyng Skelton and the Kendal-man dyd ryde merely to London.

Thus—to use the words of the colophon—endeth (two of) the merie tales of Maister Skelton, very pleasant for the recreation of the minde.

Baltimore.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.

STERNE.

So many instances of the plagiarism of this writer are given by doctor Ferrier (whose comments, by the bye, except in a short extract, I have not seen, and ought therefore to be excu-

sed, should I chance to select the same proofs of imitation) that he must certainly forfeit much of his claim to originality, unless with such as confine the term to oddity and singularity of manner.

Though not among the enthusiastic admirers of Sterne, I must confess, I have read him often, and with much pleasure. Nor have I been the less pleased, when I fancied I discovered imitations of Shakspeare, and other authors of genius. As to the writings of Burton, from which he is said to have gleaned very largely, they are utterly unknown to me; though I have somewhere met with his translation of Servius's Letter, and remember to have been struck with its similarity to the passage in Sterne, which indeed is there said to be an extract from Servius Sulpicius's consolatory letter to Tully: so that his guilt here, is merely that of having availed himself of Burton's translation.* But in the same place, where Mr. Shandy is running over the topics of consolation for the loss of his son, I have discerned a close imitation, or rather an adoption with a few trifling alterations of part of Bacon's essay on death, beginning at, "*Pempe mortis magis tenet, quam mors ipsa.*"

"Groans and convulsions, and discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies and the like," says the essayist, "show death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters death. Revenge triumphs over it; love slights it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupateth it. A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so often over and over. It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the same men to the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment, Tiberius in dissimulation, Vespasian in a jest, sitting upon a stool, Galba with a sentence, Septimus Severus in despatch."—Thus Bacon, and now Sterne.

"There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions, and the blowing of noses,

* In these remarks the reader will recognise an allusion to the extract from Dr. Ferrier, above mentioned.

and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room. Strip it of these, what is it? Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mourning—its plumes, scutcheons, and other mechanic aids—what is it? It is terrible no way. For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made. Vespasian died in a jest upon his close-stool, Galba with a sentence, Septimus Severus in a despatch, Tiberius in dissimulation, and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment."

Richardson, too, appears to me to be an author, whom Sterne often has in his eye; and in the following and other passages of Lovelace's description of his rose-bud, I think I perceive the original of a manner of narrating, which he very frequently and happily assumes.

"The people here at the Hart are poor, but honest, and have gotten it into their heads, that I am a man of quality in disguise; and there is no reining in their officious respect. There is a pretty little smirking daughter, seventeen, six days ago: I call her my rose-bud. Her grandmother (for there is no mother) a good, neat old woman as ever filled a wicker chair in a chimney corner, has besought me to be merciful to her."—"She is the only flower of fragrance that has blown in this vicinage for ten years past, or will for ten years to come; for I have looked backward to the have-beens, and forward to the will-bes, having but too much leisure upon my hands in my present waiting." Methinks this has much of the simple, tender manner of Sterne, in his account of his Maria, and elsewhere.

But though the charge of plagiarism should be acknowledged, and it should even be found, that where he is not an absolute plagiarist, he is an imitator, he still has a claim to taste for the selection of his models, and the many borrowed beauties he has so agreeably interwoven in his fabric: nor can the praise which has hitherto been given to his many tender and pathetic stories and descriptions, be justly retracted, however we may concur in the opinion, that his works are unfavourable to morals.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

The philosophic, or, as one might call it, cavalier manner, in which death is treated in Bacon's essay above alluded to, seems to be emulated by sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*, who in his turn thus speaks of the king of terrors; and gloomily enough it must be admitted, for one who is not afraid of him.

"I am naturally bashful, nor hath conversation, age, or travel, been able to effront, or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldom discovered in another, that is, to speak truly, I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof; tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife and children stand afraid and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before, in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest, disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures on mortality, and none had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo*?"

Our author was also a believer in spirits and witches, which might have served to strengthen the superstitious credulity of his admirer, doctor Johnson.

"I have ever believed," says sir Thomas, "and do now know, that there are witches. They that doubt of these, do not only deny them, but spirits; and are obliquely and upon consequence, a sort, not of infidels, but atheists." This intolerant believer, in this instance, for he is generally liberal, wrote about the year 1635. His reasoning seems to be, that because all things are possible to Almighty Power, therefore all things must exist, and that providence, or the order of nature, is rather a display of what can be done, than what is fit to be done.

Perhaps the example of one of the most respectable of periodical essayists, may apologize for the pedantry (if such it is) of parading a scrap of poetry in three different languages. This

is done by the Spectator in the case of a fragment of Sappho; in the present instance, in that of an animated passage of Horace, which has been made the subject of an imitation, both by Boileau and Pope. These poets are of the old school, and somewhat obsolete, it is true; nevertheless, I cannot think it right that they should be wholly discarded in favour of each "new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade,"—the Southey's, the Scotts, &c. &c. As observed by Machiavel, that free governments should frequently be brought back to their first principles, so may it be well enough in literature, now and then to take a glance at early classical authors. Under this impression, when henceforth, I have occasion to introduce them, I shall do it without ceremony.

THE ORIGINAL.

Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se eredebat miros audire trajedos,
 In vacuo letus sessor plausorque theatro:
 Cetera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
 More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:
 Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare, patentem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque reffectus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraeo
 Et redit ad sese: Pol, me occidistis amici
 Non servastis ait; cui sic extorta voluptas
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

IMITATION BY BOILEAU.

Jadis certain bigot, d'ailleurs homme sensé
 D'un mal assez bizarre eut le cerveau blessé:
 S'imaginant sans cesse, en sa douce manie,
 Des esprits bien heureux entendre l'harmonie.
 Enfin un medecin, fort expert en son art,
 Le guerit par adresse, ou plutôt par hazard.
 Mais voulant de ses soins exiger le salaire,
 Moi? vous payer! lui dit le bigot, en colere,
 Vous, dont l'art infernale par des-secrets maudits,
 En me tirant d'erreur, m'ôte du Paradis?

IMITATION BY POPE.

There liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
 Who, though the house was up, delighted sat,
 Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate:
 In all but this a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;

Not quite a madman; though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd, in short they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare,—
My friends, he cried, pox take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

Upon the comparative merit of these performances, all very sprightly, I shall not undertake to decide, though that of invention exclusively belongs to Horace. Pope, also, must be admitted to be more close and detailed in his imitation than Boileau. To avoid too much servility in their copies, it is observable, that each has varied, as well the character of his enthusiast, as the scene of his delusions, the one transforming the applauder in the empty theatre, into a distempered devotee, in communion with blessed spirits; and the other converting him into a crack-brained worshipper of the forms of the house of commons. It may be further remarked, that they both blend satire with their *badinage*, the first levelling at physicians, the other at politicians, according to the custom of their respective nations.

Was ever melancholy settling into despair, more aptly and eloquently depicted than in the brief *Tedet cali convixa tueri* of Virgil? What more could be done by the most laboured amplification?

Ye princes rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes!

Is a couplet in one of Dryden's tales or fables, on the reading of which by a gentleman, in my presence, he was so struck with its poetic beauty, as to break out into a rapturous expression of delight. Nor, when we advert to its vigour, animation, and boldness of metaphor, shall we find any reason to call in question the justness of this first impression.

THAT Catullus, though among the minor poets of ancient Rome, was considered by his countrymen as possessing a considerable portion of merit, may be inferred from the circumstance of so correct and judicious a poet as Virgil, having often condescended to imitate him. This fact may be ascertained, I think, from a comparison of the following passages:

Jupiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo
Gnosia Cceropiæ, tetigissent litora puppes. *Catullus.*

Felix, heu nimium felix si litora tantum
Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ. *Virgil.*

Non illi quisquam bello se conferet heros. *Catullus.*

Non illi quisquam se impune tulisset
Obvius armato. *Virgil.*

Magnis curarum fluctuat undis. *Catullus.*

Magno curarum fluctuat æstu. *Virgil.*

Tota domus gaudet regali splendida gaza. *Catullus.*

At domus interior regali splendida luxu
Instruitur. *Virgil.*

Dryden, moreover, among the moderns, bears testimony to the beauty and vigour of Catullus's muse. Speaking of his *Atys*, he says, "no modern can put into his own language the energy of this single poem." Nor can it be doubted, I think, that the following passage in Prior's *Henry and Emma*, though even exceeding the original in humility, was copied from the tender effusion of the subdued mind of *Ariadne*.

Yet let me go with thee, and going prove
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant: (she may scorn the name of friend)
What she demands incessant I'll prepare,
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair;
My busy diligence shall deck her board;
(For there, at least, I may approach my lord.)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
Her servant's absence; with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Emma goes much farther here, no doubt, than the generality of her sex will approve, *Ariadne* contents herself simply with

being the servant of her perfidious Theseus, since she could not be his wife, and descends not so very low, as to tender her services to a triumphant rival.

Si tibi non cordi fuerat connubia nostra,
Attamen tu vestras potuisti ducere sedes;
Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serva labore,
Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
Purpurea' ve tuum consternens veste cubile.

Further, when Otway says,

Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears he'll certainly deceive thee,—

it cannot but be suspected, that he remembered the

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles,

of Catullus.

The preceding passages of the Latin poet are all taken from the poem, which contains the lamentations of Ariadne on being abandoned by her cruel betrayer; which, beginning with the lines describing her ascending the craggy precipices of the desert isle, and vainly exploring, with straining eyes, the vast waves of the extended main,—

Ac tum præruptos tristis conscendere montis
Unde aciem in pelagi vastos protenderet æstus;

will compare with no disadvantage, with the pathetic wailings of Dido in the fourth book of the *Æneid*.

What more common at the present day, than in a conversation after dinner, to use the wine, the fruit-parings, nutshells, &c. to illustrate our descriptions? Thus admiral Rodney, as we are informed by Cumberland, in his memoirs, employed a parcel of cherry stones at the table of lord Germaine, to show how he would pierce and overthrow the French naval line of battle, should it ever be his fortune to bring them into action: and thus does Ovid, in his epistle from Penelope to Ulysses, written nearly two thousand years ago, recognise the same practice

among the Romans. The following passage adverts to the circumstance of marking out battles on the table, and representing the Simois, Sigeia, and the kingdom of old Priam by drops of wine.

Atque aliquis posita monstrat feria prelia mensa
Pingit, et exiguo Pergama tota mero.
Hac ibat Simois: hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steteret Priami regia celsa senis.

Such allusions as these, may be said to be brought home to our bosoms, and cannot fail to interest, by showing that civilized man in past ages, was much the same as at present.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE EMERALD ISLE—BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ERIN, dear by every tie
Which binds us to our infancy;
By weeping Memory's fondest claims,
By Nature's holiest, highest names,
By the sweet, potent spell, that twines
The exile's secret heart, around,
By wo and distance faster bound,
When, for his native soil, he pines,
As, wafted o'er the clouded deep,
And, shuddering at the tempest's roar,
He thinks how sweet its waters sleep
Upon thy lone and lovely shore:
By the indignant patriot's tear,
Oh, even by Misfortune dear.

ERIN, from thy living tomb
Arise—the hour of hope is come.
Think on what thou once hast been,
Think on many a glorious scene
Which graced thy hills and vallies green;

Think on MALACHI the brave;
Look on BRIAN's verdant grave—
Brian—the glory and grace of his age;
 Brian—the shield of the emerald isle;
The lion incensed was a lamb to his rage,
 The dove was an eagle compar'd to his smile!
Tribute on enemies, hater of war,
 Wide-flaming sword of the warrior throng,
Liberty's beacon, religion's bright star,
Soul of the Seneacha, "Light of the Song."

* * * * *

Dear country! if my counsel light,
A shepherd's whistle in the night,
Might claim a reverence from thee,
Though but for its sincerity—
I'd tell thy injur'd, honour'd land,
In patient dignity to stand;
But oh! from thee, and thine, be far
The rashness of a rebel war!
How often, in my school-boy day,
Have I renounc'd the school-boy's play,
To wander lonely o'er thy green,
And see, again, some favourite scene;
Or, up thy emerald hills, to roam,
And watch the curling smoke of home;
Or think upon the mother dear,
Who then on me was thinking there;
Or ask the peasant, as he toiled,
And, happy at my fancy, smiled,
If he thought the ocean bold,
Which awfully beneath us roll'd,
Ever saw such fruits and flowers,
Such mountains, fields, and mossy bowers,
Or such a lovely land as ours?
Oh then it joy'd my heart, to see
The patriot son of Industry,

Hold out to me his rugged hand,
 And swear, not such another land
 Our sovereign had at his command;
 Or give me half his scanty store,
 And sorrow that he had no more.
 Then would he, in his simple way,
 Along the neighbouring valley stray,
 To tell me all that surge had seen,
 And all the glories of that green,

In ERIN's elder day:

Alas! where once the palace rose,
 And, spread its gales, the festal bower,
 There now the desert hawthorn blows,
 Or, browsing on the woodbine flower,
 The red-deer fearless stray!

* * * * *

If humanity shows to the God of the world,
 A sight for his fatherly eye,
 'Tis that of a people with banner unfurl'd,
 Resolved for their freedom to die.
 'Tis a spark of the Deity bursting to light,
 Through the darkness of human control,
 That fires the bold war-arm in liberty's fight,
 And flames from the patriot, burning and bright,
 Through the eye of an heavenly soul!
 Oh! was it not noble and fair to behold
 Our isle, like a warrior, laced,
 With her spear of the hills and her buckler bold,
 Her banner of green and her helm of gold,
 Stand ready for battle braced,
 The sun, on the day,
 Sent his holiest ray,
 To brighten the patriot plume;
 The shamrock was seen
 With a lovelier green,
 And the air shed a sweeter perfume.

The face of our isle
 Wore an heavenly smile,
 As if conscious and proud of her brave,
 And the laurel flower,
 At that holy hour,
 Bowed its bloom o'er the warrior's grave,
 To tell him the land
 He had died to defend,
 Was no longer the home of a slave.
 No, there is not a spot where the pious are laid,
 But an angel is hovering near,
 To guard their high slumber and gladden their shade,
 With the triumph of purity here;
 And Nature, on that angel eye,
 Still casts a glance of sympathy!

After singing the individual praises of the heroes which Ireland has produced, the poet alludes to their general fame, and thus happily introduces the name of Wellington.

Monarchs may fall beneath their foes,
 Ages elapse, and nations die,
 But, round the hero's hallow'd brows,
 Pure and imperishable, glows
 The halo of eternity.
 Still, hovering round that vestal light,
 Angels awake their airy lyre,
 And still, to feed that vision bright,
 The Comet rolls his flood of fire!

Thus, WELLINGTON, when from us here,
 'Mid many a mourning nation's tear,
 Thy glowing orb must disappear,
 It shall arise,
 In brighter skies,
 Our path to cheer;
 And many a future child of war,
 Amid the battle's adverse sky,

Shall watch afar,
 That holy star,
 Still leading on to victory;
 And he shall see that leading light,
 Girt with many a satellite:
 The heroes now who fling their shield
 Before thee, in the battle-field,
 When thou art gone,
 Shall guard thy throne,
 Superb, on high,
 Still catch thy day,
 Reflect its ray,
 And cheer their isle
 With the bright smile
 Of constellated majesty!

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come Inspiration! from thy hermit seat;
 By mortal seldom found; may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye and raptured glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

THOMSON.

TO MISS M— K—.

Speed, speed, my lazy courser, speed,
 And faster yet and faster fly;
 Thy master's words thou dost not heed,
 Thou dost not hear thy master's sigh.

 But knew'st thou to what lovely fair,
 With tardy steps thou'rt moving on,
 Thoud'st in thy course, outstrip the pair
 That draw the chariot of the sun.

 Thou bird, that perching on the spray,
 My passing murmur seem'st to note,
 Fly to my fair one, fly, I pray,
 And tell it from thy warbling throat:

Tell my fond wishes to regain
 The walks belov'd I trod before;—
 Tell how I sigh to pass again
 The threshold of that well known door.

Ye winds! that wave the towering pine,
 And round its still green summit blow,
 Fly to the maid of mien divine,
 And whisper all my pleasing wo.

Once more, my lazy courser, speed,
 And if thou'lt faster drive along,
 I'll love thee as the noblest steed
 E'er known to fame in prose or song.

E.

—
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If you think the following lines worthy the honour of appearing in your miscellany, they are at your service, if not, commit them to the flames, and in this manner at least comply with Horace's advice.

"Ex fumo dare lucem."

By doing either you will equally oblige your humble servant,

PHILOPOTES.

TO MY FRIEND.

Oh friend! in melancholy mood
 On what afflictions do you brood?
 Does Chloe scorn your offered vows
 And fly from age and hoary brows?
 Then turn you from the scornful fair,
 And leave that fiend, fell wrinkled Care.
 Each season has its proper joy
 Which Wisdom bids us then employ.

When youth decays, and age comes on,
 Delight and life and joy are gone!
 So let desponding souls exclaim,
 That burn to dross in Cupid's flame;

Be mine the heart that often burns
Yet still, like fluid gold, returns,
A purer mass——should love decay,
Drinking shall drive Despair away.

When Nature's fires extinguished lie,
Nor catch the flame from Beauty's eye,
I'll turn to seize the inspiring hoard,
The glistening joys that deck the board,
The rosy can, the sparkling bowl,
Shall fill with pure delight my soul.

So will my friends and I partake
The lasting joys the dull forsake;
And round the social table ranged,
We'll think of scenes old Time has changed,
With brimful glass we'll toast the fair
That once relieved our souls from care,
With brimful eyes, and bursting praise,
We'll toast our friends of former days.
Oh! when with heart-warm friends we meet
To raise the sparkling bowl, how sweet!
And oh! how sweet when round the bowl,
We breath an atmosphere of soul—

Pleasure like this, shall close each day,
And keep perhaps, old Time away:
But should he come with sithe and glass,
We'll drink his health, and bid him pass;
And then, if he insist to stay,
We'll crown his brow with flowrets gay,
We'll welcome all his dancing Hours,
With wine and songs, and wreaths of flowers—
He'll plough our cheeks with furrows rare,
Only to plant his roses there.
And every now and then he'll stop
To wet with wine the blooming crop.
And when at last 'tis time to reap
He'll cut the flowers while we're asleep.

P.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A FAREWELL LAY.

SUSAN, farewell, (accept the lay
The Muse and I together send thee):—
And when "o'er hills and far away,"
May happiness for aye attend thee.

May smiling Joy with sparkling eye,
Lift to thy lip the cup of pleasure;
While sportive Loves around thee fly,
And keep forever full the measure.

May Fancy reign the livelong day,
At night may angels watch thy slumbers;
May Care be banished far away
With all the ghastly hosts she numbers:

May Health once more her sway resume,
For pleasure still on her reposes,
And bid thy cheek again to bloom,
A lilly nosegay set with roses.

In short, dear girl, may Heaven decree,
That thou in every grace improving,
Of rural nymphs, the queen shall be,
Forever lov'd and ever loving.

Once more adieu! this little prayer,
Is all the poet has to give thee;
But in it speaks a heart sincere,
A heart that never could deceive thee.

WILLIAM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Should the following Latin translation, of a passage in an admired English poem, be deemed suitable for The Port Folio, the author would be gratified to see it in a work, so honourable to the literary taste and genius of our country.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK V.—25.

Nunc, roseos Aurora ostendit plagâ in eoâ
 Gressus, et gemmis terram nitidis decoravit,
 Dum somnos excussit Adam: sic ille solebat;
 Somanus enim tenius fuit illi, puro alimento
 Et blandis placidisque auris, generatus: et istum
 Dispulerunt leviter, foliorum murmura sola
 Et spumantium rivorum; atque avium quoque cantus
 Matutinique arguti super omnibus umbris.
 Idcirco, miratus Evam reperire ligatam
 Somno præcipueque quietem ut propter acerbam,
 Crines turbatam, vultus tinctamque rubore.
 Innixusque suo lateri; atque incensus amore
 Sponsæ impendit subridente et fronte benigno.
 Visa est ipsa illi eximiâ formâ, et vigilansne
 Aut sopita ostendit delicias benè miras.
 Miti tum voce, (ut cum spiratur Zephyroque
 Flora,) manum comprehendens lenè, hæc ille locutus.
 ‘ Surge, ô formosissima, tu mihi tradita conjux,
 ‘ O nuper monstrata, Deique novissima dona
 ‘ Præstantissima, mihi recentia gaudia semper!
 ‘ Surge: refulget lux, et vocant frigida rura:
 ‘ Hora notando est, quàm nobis tenera herba virescit,
 ‘ Quàm sese pandunt citri, quàm myrrhaque manat
 ‘ Et calami fragrant, quàm natura colores
 ‘ Pingit, apisque ex floribus haurit roscida mella.’

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1812.

No. 4.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIEW OF FORT NIAGARA.

THE distant view, here given of *fort Niagara*, is intended to exhibit its *relative* situation, rather than a particular representation of the works. The country in its vicinity, and for many miles beyond it, on the American side, lies in forest. That on the British shore, from the light house, where this sketch was taken, up as far as Chippaway, above the falls, is in general well settled, and in a high state of cultivation. The town of Newark nearly opposite the American garrison, contains several hundred houses, with numerous stores, and is inhabited chiefly by natives of Scotland. The lake, viewed from this point, has all the appearance of the ocean, and in a gale of wind its waves and surf rise, and break with all its violence. The British garrison, whose flag is seen *beyond* the town of Newark, is about three quarters of a mile higher up the river, than fort Niagara. Previous to the late declaration of war, the officers were on the most friendly terms; and in the habit of frequently visiting each other.

We cannot close this notice without introducing a quotation from the poem called the foresters, by Mr. Wilson, the ornithologist, in which he describes, in the clear language of a close observer, the very spot which is the scene of this sketch:

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2 U

And, just as day its closing light withdrew,
 Niagara's light-house opened on our view,
 Its star-like radiance shone with steady ray,
 Like Venus lingering in the rear of day.
 By slow degrees the sinking breezes die,
 And on the smooth still flood we logging lie.

Roused by the morning, and the neighbouring drum,
 Swift upon deck with eager eyes we come,
 There, high in air, (the fortress full in view)
 Our star-crowned stripes in waving triumph flew,
 Hail, sacred flag! To sons of FREEDOM dear,
 Thy country's valour reared thine honours here;
 Eternal blessings crown her rich increase,
 HER BANDS OF UNION and her STARS OF PEACE.

Before us now the opening river pours,
 Through gradual windings and projecting shores;
 Smooth slopes the green where Newark's village lies,
 There, o'er their fort, the British ensign flies.

* * * * *

Soon full equipt the towering ridge we scale,
 Thence, gazing back, a boundless prospect hail.

Far in the east Ontario's waters spread,
 Vast as the Ocean in his sky-bound bed.
 Bright through the parted plain that lay between,
 Niagara's deep majestic flood was seen;
 The *right* a wilderness of woods displayed,
 Fields, orchards, woods, were on the left arrayed.
 There, near the lake's green shore, above the flood.
 The tall, white light-house like a column stood.
 O'er each grim fort, high waving to the view,
 Columbia's stars, and Britain's crosses flew.
 Thus two stern champions watch each other's eye,
 And mark each movement ready to let fly.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

An account of the people called Shakers: their faith, doctrines, and practice, exemplified in the life, conversations, and experience of the author during the time he belonged to the Society. To which is affixed a history of their rise and progress to the present day. By Thomas Brown, of Cornwall, Orange County, State of Newyork.

TO THOSE who are curious in examining the infinite varieties of human opinions, and the nice discriminations of the human character, there is no subject of more interesting speculation, than the diversities of our religious persuasions. That men should differ widely on all that relates to the ordinary pursuits of life—on every topic, where their immediate interests, or their worldly passions can intrude, is neither new nor surprising. But on matters of a merely speculative and abstract character, we should scarcely expect so singular a diversity as that which yet prevails, among those professing the same creed, aiming at the same object, by the same means, and appealing to the same standard of religious belief. Besides, instructing us in the knowledge of man, this diversity may however be rendered serviceable to our improvement, by teaching us at once, the humiliation which we should feel, at our imperfect judgments, and the charity with which we should regard the feelings and the opinions of our neighbours. Among the vast variety of religious sects, with which our country, more than any other in the world abounds, none appears more worthy of investigation, than the society which is the subject of the volume before us, on account of their peculiar opinions, and extraordinary mode of worship. On the religious doctrines of this sect, the correctness of their exposition of the scriptures, or the propriety of their ceremonies, we have not the least intention to offer any opinion. We disclaim all pretensions to dictate, and profess, because we feel a sentiment of respect, for the religious opinions of every part of the community. It was therefore, from motives of literary curiosity, merely, that we sought after the history of Mr. Brown, and although, we are sorry at finding it the offspring of disappointment, or perhaps, of some degree of resentment, yet the very curious information which it contains, will exempt it from the

neglect and inattention, with which we are disposed to regard every species of religious controversy. Mr. Brown belonged to the Society of Shakers, and left them—the ordinary reproaches on one side, of having been deceived, and on the other of being deserted, have attended the dispute: but to enable his readers to judge of the true state of the controversy, Mr. Brown has interwoven with the work, an account of his own life and experience. He was born, it seems, in the city of Newyork, in 1766, and represents himself as having led a wicked and immoral life, till the age of eighteen, when he received serious impressions, which produced a reformation in his character. After belonging to two religious societies, the Friends and the Methodists, which he successively left, he fluctuated in his opinions, and was a member of no sect, till, in the year 1798, he happened to read a pamphlet against the Shakers. This, instead of exciting an unfavourable prejudice, produced a curiosity to examine the principles of a society, which he hoped were misrepresented by the writer, and he accordingly repaired to Watervliet, (or Niskeuna,) in the state of Newyork, where there was a settlement of Shakers. By these he was so kindly received as to be induced to return to them, and after a full explanation, as he supposed of their religious opinions, to become a professor of their religion, and to procure the conversion of his father and family. But, though nominally attached to them, he does not seem to have been ever cordially and entirely of their sentiments. His faith was disturbed by doubts and difficulties, which he vainly attempted to remove, by laboured conferences with the elders. Their arguments appeared to him inefficient, and by degrees, their conduct lost much of the purity, which he had at first so warmly ascribed to it. He complains, that with regard to prominent articles of faith, he was deceived, by representations directly the reverse of what he realized on a further intimacy—he verified the truth of certain reports, which, in his early zeal, he had supposed calumnies against the society—he at length doubted whether they were in the actual enjoyment of the millenium, as they themselves believed, and under this impression he abstained from sharing in the devotions of the society, until in 1805, he was formally disowned by them. He determined to explain to the public, the

cause of this difference, and at the same time, to communicate all the information which he possessed, as to the principles and practice of the society. This resolution, he notified to the elders, with an offer of suffering them to inspect his manuscript, which they declined in a letter somewhat personally severe on the author, and he retorted in the same manner. Yet, though the work is thus obviously a party production, we should do injustice to the author, if we did not say, that no marks of intemperance or passion are visible in his narration. He seems, on the contrary, to inquire anxiously after truth, to use all possible means of enlightening himself on the important subject of his doubts, and even after his secession from the society, though he cannot adopt their principles, he renders ample justice to the good order and decency of their conduct, their exemplary charity, and the kind treatment which he experienced from the body of the community. These circumstances strongly recommend his narrative, and we shall therefore extract from it what is deemed most curious, as to the history, opinions, and practices of this singular society.

According to their belief, the people called quakers "were raised up to be the true witnesses for God, and to prepare the way for the second coming of Christ." They however, "lost their power by petitioning the civil authority for a redress of grievances, and by coming under its protection." Their place was supplied by the French prophets, a number of protestants in Dauphiny and the Cevennes who, about the year 1688, professed to be inspired, and gathered round them large congregations. The persecution of the Huguenots involved these persons in the general calamity of the French dissenters, and drove three of the distinguished prophets, in 1705, to England, where they resumed their predictions, and denounced judgments against the British nation and the city of London, and the established church, till they were prosecuted or persecuted by the magistracy, and punished. They boldly announced the coming of the millenium in three years time, and even fixed the 29th of April as the day when it would be manifested: but in this, as an historian, friendly to their cause, observes, "they erred by fixing a time which was not given to them to know." They asserted that they were sent

to proclaim the second revelation of the Saviour, and were fortified in their mission by the power of performing miracles, by the gift of languages, and a knowledge of all the secrets of the heart. These doctrines were accompanied and delivered with every possible contortion of body, foaming at the mouth, and particularly shaking and staggering. Notwithstanding every discouragement, the sect continued to increase in numbers and credit, till it extended from London as far as Lancashire. There a tailor, by the name of James Wardley and his wife, both of whom were of the society of quakers, became suddenly visited by the spirit of the French prophets, and began to promulgate their doctrines, which were so well received that, in 1747, a small society of shakers was formed at Bolton; and Wardley's wife was installed as the mother. In 1757 the society received a great acquisition by the union of Ann Lee, the most distinguished of all the mothers. She was the daughter of John Lee of Manchester, a blacksmith (and brother of general Charles Lee so distinguished during the American war,) and herself married to another blacksmith, named Abraham Standley. She had suffered much from his intemperance in drinking, and her constitution was injured by having been the mother of a large family, and these circumstances may have been the foundation of a revelation which she professed to receive against all marriage and sexual intercourse. In this the society concurred, and recognising that she had *received the greatest gift*, she was, about the year 1771, owned as the spiritual mother, and took the lead of the society with the name of mother Ann. The society, at this time, consisted of about thirty persons, when mother Ann professed to receive a gift or revelation to go over to America: and having accomplished this, the society in England decayed immediately after her departure. She arrived at Newyork in the year 1774, bringing with her, her husband, who, however, could not believe in the mission of his wife, and of course did not belong to the society, her half brother, William Lee, also a blacksmith, James Whittaker, a weaver, and five other persons who settled at Niskeuna since called Watervliet. Here they were at first known by the name of "the strange people," which was changed, during the war, to that of shaking-quakers, on account of their mode of worship, joined to their refusal

to bear arms, and their plain dress; but they are now called Shakers only. The society continued to increase by the gradual accession of proselytes till the death of William Lee and mother Ann, which took place in 1784, when many of the members seceded; but, by the industry of Whittaker, the surviving elder, it was still held together, and in 1787 contained, besides those in Niskeuna and Lebanon, many members in Massachusetts, New-hampshire, and the district of Maine, amounting, in the whole, to nearly three thousand believers. Elder Whittaker died in 1787. He was succeeded in office by elder Joseph Meacham, originally a baptist preacher who now succeeded in what Whittaker had begun, collecting the believers into families with a joint interest and union, and to hold all things in common. Persuaded at length of the necessity of "travailing out of a fleshly relation, of being purified from every principle proceeding from a carnal nature" and that "to become truly a church of Christ a joint temporal interest should be absorbed in one common and indistinct property;" several hundreds gathered at Lebanon in 1788, at Hancock in 1791 and subsequently at other places. As yet they were connected only by a verbal agreement to support a joint interest, not to bring each other into debt for any services or property they should give to the joint interest, and to submit their temporal concerns to the management of deacons under the superintendence of elder Meacham, who was first bishop and father of the church. But some of the seceders having brought charges against the church for their services, a written covenant was made authorizing the deacons to settle in such cases as they thought proper. Under this authority the deacons made some allowances to those who left the society, till at length they declined doing so for the future, alleging that as their service or property had been given to God, to take it away would be sacrilege, and as they went away from the church to the world, they had what they went for, "they had the flesh, and that was enough for them." Moreover, in the year 1800 on a suggestion that the company, not being incorporated, a member might recover by law, wages for his services or restoration of his property, a new covenant was signed giving up every thing entirely to the deacons, and stipulating never to make any de-

mands on them for services or property. Elder Meacham died in 1796 and was succeeded by Lucy Wright called mother Lucy, who was assisted by elder Henry Clough, on whose death, in 1798, Abiathar Babbat took his place and in conjunction with mother Lucy governs the church at present. For some years it had continued stationary, till about 1805 when a great revival of religion having taken place in the western part, of the United States, a committee of missionaries was sent from Lebanon, and are represented to have been very successful in disseminating their faith in the states of Ohio and Kentucky.

Such seems to be the history and the actual state of the church. Of its founders and most distinguished advocates, such as mother Ann, William Lee, and Whittaker the author draws pictures by no means flattering. After very minute inquiry he ascertained, at least to his own satisfaction, that both Lee and mother Ann were addicted to intoxication, that Whittaker and Lee had frequent quarrels for superiority in the church, and that practices were encouraged not only repugnant to morals but shocking to decency. These, however, are said to be no longer in use, as *the gift for employing them, has now run out.*

The more innocent practices of the Shakers are detailed at great length, and are well worthy of being known.

There had always been among the Shakers more or less operations, contortions and agitations of body, but they now became excessive, especially at their meetings, such as trembling, shaking, twitching, jirking, whirling, leaping, jumping, stamping, rolling on the floor or ground, running with one or both hands stretched out and seemingly impelled forward the way one or both pointed; some barked and crowed, and imitated the sound of several other creatures—these were gifts of mortification. Also hissing, brushing and driving the devil or evil spirits out of their houses; often groaning and crying on account, as they said, of the remains of the evil nature in them, or for the wicked world; at other times rejoicing by loud laughter, shouting and clapping their hands. There were several instances of some of them even professing to have gifts to curse such as censured their conduct; if they were reproved for it, they would justify themselves by referring to the instance of Elisha cursing the children in the name of the Lord; and also, to tell certain persons to “go to hell,” particularly such as had been of their faith and turned against them: (for whatever is said or done in the gift is right, though out of the gift it would be a sin.)

Their superfluous furniture, such as ornamented looking glasses, &c. in a number of instances, were dashed upon the floor and stamped to pieces; ear and finger-rings were bitten with all the symptoms of rage, and then sold for old metal. All this was done to testify their abhorrence of that pride which introduced these things among mankind—and likewise as a type of the destruction of Babylon. They said, “all *outward adorning and putting on of costly apparel* were the works of the flesh.” Among some, all books that they had, except the Bible,

they called anti-christian, and were burnt or otherwise destroyed. Some of them described circles on the floor, around which they would stamp, grin and perform all manner of grimace, and every act of disdain; they then jumped within the ring and stamped with the utmost vehemence, making a hideous noise. They considered the circle as representing sin in the world, and their actions round and in it marked their displeasure and abhorrence against sin; and likewise their stamping in the ring with a noise was figurative of the destruction of sin and passing away of the old heavens, according to the scripture expression, "as with a great noise." In short, these extraordinary proceedings were carried to a height scarcely to be conceived. They were also continued with but little intermission till the church was brought into order, as will be seen in the sequel. I may here observe, many professed to have visions and to see numbers of spirits as plain as they saw their brethren and sisters; and also to look into the invisible world, and to converse with many of the departed spirits who had lived in the different ages of the world, and to learn and to see their different states in the world of spirits. Some they saw, they said, were happy and others miserable. Several declared that they often were in dark nights surrounded with a light, sometimes in their rooms, but more often when walking the road, that they could see to pick up a pin; which light would continue a considerable length of time and enlighten them on their way. Many had gifts to speak languages, and many miracles were said to be wrought, and strange signs and great wonders shown by the believers.

These visitations must have been strangely inconvenient.

One instance among many others was related to the author by Lorenzo Dow, a well known itinerant preacher; while he was preaching in Kentucky, one of his hearers appeared to be jirked about the house in a violent manner; after repeated attempts, he at last got out of the meeting-house; he attempted to mount his horse, but his feet were jirked every way so that he could not get them into the stirrups, when all his efforts proved ineffectual, two men set him on his horse, but he was immediately jirked off on the ground, where he lay under the operations of violent twitches and jirks for some time, yet he escaped without any hurt.

The author's own experience is related with equal accuracy, and furnishes an excellent proof into what whimsies a heated imagination may lead the most sensible and sober men. In the early part of his noviciate at one of the evening meetings, He says,

We all appeared to be exceedingly happy, dancing, clapping hands, and shouting with all the vigour, zeal, and earnestness imaginable. This was the first of my joining them in their dance, as I felt a backwardness thereto; but as I was standing still looking on, one of the Elders whispered to me, and said, "Thomas, labour." I thought I must be obedient, and keep in union, so I stepped in among them, and laboured with them. Some spectators said after meeting, "we were deluded and full of the devil." Others, that "it was as merry a frolick as ever they saw." Some serious persons were much affected at seeing people proceed in this manner, under pretence of worshipping God. A couple who were most displeased, who felt sorrow, anger, and pity towards us, wept and said, "O take us away from this horrid sight:" notwithstanding, they soon after joined the society. I thought to be sure it was a wonderful sight to people who were present, seeing our worship. But this I declare, I was sincere, and I believe all the young believers were. We did nothing from a principal of hypocrisy.

His powers appear to extend as his faith advanced.

About this time I began to have operations of shaking, trembling, and stamping, similar to some of my brethren and sisters at Niskeuna; and likewise a gift, as it is called, of speaking languages, or unknown tongues. At one time I had a gift to sing; *but no one understood what I sung, nor myself neither.* These things I did not do as a sham, nor with intentions to make others think I was under the influence of divine power; but I really and sincerely believed I was influenced by the power of God; and these operations and gifts were in a great measure involuntary.

They told me that some had had gifts of mortification, to bark like a dog, and crow like a cock, make a noise like a squirrel, and mew like a cat. Also, that many have had gifts to rejoice by laughing, &c. Something like this I was an eye-witness to, shortly after the two brethren left us.

In one of our meetings, while dancing, I was seized with an operation of trembling and stamping, (which generally continued two or three minutes, in which time my eyes would be closed, and when the operation was over I always found myself several feet from the place where I was dancing;) one of the sisters, a young woman, seeing me coming towards a child that lay on the floor, instantly jumped and caught it up, for fear that I should stamp on it. This being seen by R. Hodgson, who was singing for us, he held his handkerchief to his mouth, till at last being unable to contain himself, burst out into laughter and left the room; all except two or three left the room, also laughing; when my operation ended, I found our meeting was broken up. I was surprised and wondered what was the matter, till one present informed me of the cause. Afterwards I told them I was glad there were no spectators present; because they might have concluded our dancing and operations were in reality (as some had intimated) a burlesque on all religion. Our brother, R. Hodgson, felt somewhat condemned for his conduct, particularly as he began the laughing; but that condemnation ceased, when he was told by the Elders he had a gift to laugh. For my part I had no faith in such gifts. But my faith in these operations was so great, that I believed if there had been a dozen children on the floor I should not have hurt one of them; for I doubted not but the power by which I was actuated would have kept me clear of them.

While I am on the subject of gifts and operations, I will relate another instance, which I received an account of soon after the above transaction.

One was, of having the arm extended and following the way the hand pointed. Elder Ebenezer Cooley related, that the power of God, at a certain time, stretched out his hand which he was constrained to follow, and which led him to a certain house where resided a man who that day had broken three of his ribs; and that his hand led him into the house and to the place where the man lay, and finally stopt on the broken ribs; the man immediately felt an healing power, and was restored whole in a few minutes.

In the evening we had a meeting, a few spectators being present; and a zealous, lively meeting it was. We danced near an hour; several turned round like tops. And to crown all, I had a gift to speak in some other language; *but the greatest misfortune was, neither I nor any other one understood what I said.*

But he afterwards, when his zeal had somewhat abated reduces these contortions of the body to an effect of enthusiasm merely, and gives an example of this gift of languages, which is not calculated to impress a very exalted opinion of its value.

Respecting such as speak in an unknown tongue, they have strong faith in this gift; and think a person greatly favoured who has the gift of tongues; and at

certain times, when the mind is overloaded with a fiery, strong zeal, it must have vent some way or other; their faith, or belief at the time being in this gift, and a will strikes the mind according to their faith; and then such break out in a fiery, energetic manner, and speak they know not what, as I have done several times. Part of what I spake at one time, was:—

Liero devo jirankemango, ad sileabano, duresm subramo, deviranto diacerimango, jasse vah pe eri evanigalio; de vom grom seb crinom, os vare cremo domo.

When a person runs on in this manner of speaking for any length of time, I now thought it probable that he would strike into different languages, and give some words in each, their right pronunciation. As I have heard some men of learning, who have been present, say, a few words were Hebrew, three or four of Greek, and a few Latin.

We confess that the whole specimen is Greek to us.

In their worship they do not pray, and seldom sing hymns, but chiefly dance. They do not pray vocally, they say, because as prayer is the breathing of the soul, it is known to the Almighty before it can be uttered in words. Singing a composition of words according to them may not be amiss, if *there is a gift for it*, but they prefer that every soul should sing its praises according to its own state and feelings at the moment. The use of dancing as a mode of worship can be best defended by quotations from our author.

All who are conversant with the sacred writings, know that dancing was practised by the people of God in ancient times; and in this way they returned thanks for mercies and blessings received; which the heathens and people of the world learned and stole from the people of God, and corrupted the same in their nocturnal recreations, and vain, ungodly mirth, as the Babylonians and Belshazzar did in their impious feast, with the golden and silver vessels taken out of the temple of the Lord. It has been objected by many, that dancing under pretence of worshipping God, is a solemn mockery. This objection, however, will cease, if we consider the frequent practice of this kind of worship in ancient times, as will appear on examining the following texts of scripture. Exodus xv. 20—xxxii. 19. Judges xi. 34—xxi. 21. 1 Sam. xviii. 6—xxi. 11. 2 Sam. vi. 14, 16. 1 Chron. xv. 29. Psalm xxx. 11.—cxlix. 3—cl. 4. Eccl. iii. 4. From these texts it is evident, that dancing was not only practised as worship, but that it was approved of God, and used more particularly on all festive occasions, as being the natural impulse of joy.

It is likewise objected, that the novelty of this thing evinces its impropriety, as it has not been practised in the Christian world. Here it may be observed, (as before) that dancing is the effusion of joy, which (though the church has long been without, and many in a mourning state) at length in this glorious dispensation of the second coming of Christ, according to the prophesy of Jeremiah xxxi. 4, emanates through the hearts of his people, and causes them to leap for joy. Therefore, it can be no objection, since the cause which it produces is as novel as the effects produced. No novelty can be deemed an impropriety, so long as it is the natural effect of a proper cause. Sacred dancing would not appear in so debased a light, had it not been perverted by the wicked generally for the purpose of nocturnal recreation; and by its pernicious consequences has become odious in the sight of every friend of morality.

If singing had, for many hundred years past, been only practised by the vulgar and profane part of mankind, it would now appear full as singular and strange

to hear a Christian society sing hymns as part of divine worship, as to see the Shakers dance.

If ever any people had cause to use such lively acts, expressive of their joy in God, certainly those in this day have, who have received and experienced the greatest blessing that ever descended to the children of men, even that which hath been long prophesied of, long desired and prayed for, by the sincere in every age of the world.

David rejoiced in the dance, because he had received the ark from among the Philistines. These people rejoice because they have received that of which the ark was only typical. The children of Israel rejoiced in the dance, because they had experienced a final deliverance from Egyptian bondage.

These people rejoice in the dance because they have experienced a deliverance from a more potent and powerful enemy, even him who hath reigned and ruled in the hearts of all the children of men ever since the fall of Adam. And because they have experienced a redemption from under the bondage of the reigning power of sin and Satan, and behold every spiritual enemy destroyed by the power of God, and behold their sins, as the children of Israel did the red sea, separated from them.

Christ informs us, that in the return of the prodigal son, "there was music and dancing"—Luke xv. We have all been prodigal children. We have all strayed away from our heavenly Father, and spent our substance, or used the talents he gave us, in sin and riotous living; and when we become sensible of our poverty and loss, and return, will there be less joy than at the return of the prodigal in the parable.

We read in the fourteenth chapter and sixth verse of Matthew, of vain, ungodly dancing, and the consequences attending. The wicked, instead of rejoicing, should mourn on their birth-days, and at all times, until they know their sins forgiven, and a reconciled God. Dancing, musical instruments, and singing, is not adapted to their state, and which in truth does not belong to them, but to the people of God. The wicked should rather go to the house of mourning, than to their houses of levity and ungodly mirth. Poor lost creatures, in a state of separation and alienation from God, and every thing good and lovely, sunk in the mire of their iniquities, polluted, according to Isa. i. 6. Have not such creatures much more cause to mourn, than to sing and dance? All that we do should be done to the honour and glory of God. We should praise him in and with every thing we enjoy. Every faculty of the body should be dedicated to his praise. Our tongues were made to bless the Lord; our voices were given to sing his praise; and the Psalmist calls on every thing that hath breath to praise the Lord; cl. 6.

Of the importance attached to this exercise, we may judge from the following:

Also this exercise of dancing or labour is particularly called the works of God; as I have often heard the Elders, or the one who has the lead of the meeting, after speaking a few words, conclude by one or the other of the following sentences: "All who feel justified—Or such as have not violated their consciences—Or those who have no sin covered, may prepare to labour in the works of God."

I may further observe that it is their belief that their dancing for worship, is so sacred, reverential, and awfully solemn, that no person dare, or can join in it, who has not confessed his sins; and the few who through wantonness have attempted it, have always failed in proceeding, by instantly being taken with some violent pain, or contortion of the body, one instance excepted; as I have been informed, "a person who, from motives of sport, joined them in the dance; but after they had finished, he was unable to stop, but continued dancing near two hours."

The doctrines of the Shakers, as far as we can collect them from the volume before us, are these. They believe that they have

experienced the second coming of Christ, and are enjoying what is called the millenium, by virtue of a superior dispensation from the Deity to their society. The existence of this happy state is proved first inwardly, because by confessing their sins to the elders they receive power to forsake and *feel* forgiveness for them, second, outwardly because their church possesses the apostolic gifts, such as working miracles, and the gift of tongues which have ceased in all other churches. They believe the scriptures, and think they contain abundant proof of the truth of this second coming; they confess habitually to the elders; they say that those who believe in the second coming; may attain perfection even in this life; they will not take up arms, nor swear before a magistrate. Their church is governed according to the Mosaic dispensation: for as the Lord spoke to Moses, and he delivered to the people the words which he received, so in this church Christ is the head. His second coming is spiritual, and the first in the ministration is the mother of the church, who receives immediately the revelation of the will of God, which she communicates to the elders whom she has appointed over the several families. The temporal affairs are managed by deacons. Of Ann Lee, the great head of the church, they believe that, though

absent in body, yet she is present in spirit. They believed that she was wholly actuated by the power of God; and that she, with Christ, had been the subject of prophesy; and that she was equal with Christ and suffered in spirit like unto him in a death to a fallen nature, in order to finish the work of man's final redemption. They believe she was the woman prophesied of by St. John that fled into the wilderness, and that Niskeuna was the place; and that in this place of retirement she was nourished for a time, times, and half a time, i. e. three years and an half, when she became known by opening and preaching the gospel as before related. Many of them believed that the man child, spoken of in the Revelations, was James Whittaker; and that he, or rather that spirit which he possessed, was as a rod of iron against sin, which in the progress of the work would rule all nations. Ann Lee, when addressed with the title of mistress or madam, sometimes remonstrated against it, saying, "I am Ann the word," meaning to signify that she was the word in the same sense that Christ is called the word in the first chapter of the gospel according to St. John. She was sometimes called the Elect Lady, but the believers have generally called her Mother, and Whittaker and Lee Fathers; because through or by them they were begotten in the gospel, brought forth into a new creation or birth, and empowered from babes to become men in the work of their redemption.

And of their confidence in the revelations or *gifts*, as they are divulged by the elders, the following will serve as an example:

We had considerable conversation respecting the ministration doctrine. I told them at last, if the Elders were to tell me they had a special gift for me to

go to Albany and walk across the North River on the water, I would go, and exercise all the faith I possibly could; and if I could not walk on the water, I would walk in, until I could not touch bottom; I would then turn about and come out, and conclude there was no gift of God in it.

The one who spake before, a zealous believer, (and who has since stood as leader) said—"I would do more." I asked him what more. He answered—"I would walk in as you have said, and if I did not rise I would swim; and if I could not swim across, I would drown before I would come back against the gift of God."

I replied—I think I went full far enough in the gift; but you have gone beyond all bounds of reason.

To preserve the purity of their hearts they avoid the temptations of interest by throwing all their property, as we have hitherto remarked, into a common stock, and secure themselves from the influence of the flesh by discouraging not only the natural passions, but the ordinary affections of our nature; they discountenance marriage and every sexual connexion; and endeavour, as the following specimens evince, to melt down our social and domestic affections into a general love of all as brothers and sisters.

According to their faith, natural affection must be eradicated; and they say they must love all equally alike as brothers and sisters in the gospel. It would exceed the limits of this work to give a particular account of the various schemes that have been contrived to destroy all natural affection and social attachment between man and wife, parent and child, brothers and sisters, especially towards such as have left the society. Two instances that occurred about this time as specimens of others may suffice. A mother, who had renounced the faith, came to Niskeuna to see her daughter. Eldress Hannah Matterson told the daughter to go into the room to her carnal mother and say—"What do you come here for? I don't want you to come and see me with your carnal affections."

The mother being grieved, replied—"I did not expect that a daughter of mine would ever address me in that manner."

The daughter in obedience to what she was taught, replied again—"You have come here with your carnal, fleshly desires, and I don't want to see you," and then left her mother.

Some time after, one Dunham Shapley, who had belonged to the society, called to see Abigail his sister at Niskeuna, whom he had not seen in six or seven years; but he was not admitted; he waited some time, being loth to go away without seeing her; at last she was ordered to go to the window and address him in the language of abuse and scurrility. The words she made use of, it would be indecent to mention. For this she was applauded, and that in the author's hearing when he belonged to the society.

Totally ignorant as we are of the author we do not hesitate to say that he writes and acts like a very sober good sort of man. There is even an interesting simplicity displayed in his earnest endeavours to learn the doctrines of the sect, and leave nothing untried, no solitary meditations, no painful conferences to reconcile them to his ideas of reason. Soon after his initiation he communicated his doubts to a friend in this quaint way:

I perceive they have heretofore fed us with milk, but we will soon have some meat; and I think they have flung out some pretty tough pieces already; but they have covered them in such a manner with milk, that you have not seen them, nor chewed them; but I have got hold of some pieces, and find them exceedingly tough indeed. I was asked what the faith of the church was, and wherein they differed from the description I had given.

And then he complains to the elders of contradictory doctrines:

At first we were treated like children, and had many pretty pleasing stories told us—As, “act your own faith; the gospel don’t bind creatures.” But now, as I have been told, “the gospel is like a tunnel; the farther we travel in, the narrower it grows.” If squeezing into the narrow part of a tunnel, is not binding a creature, I know not what is.

In truth one half of his grievances, as he himself states them, would have justified the revolt of a much meeker man. His secret confessions of sins to the elder, had it seems leaked out through the society; he detected elder Hezekiah in an intentional mistatement as to Ann Lee’s character, a point which was vital to the Shaker faith, and he found at last that there could be no compromise with the society, but that all was to be believed, or all abandoned. After some time too, he discovered that he must renounce his favourite and delightful amusement of reading.

I know of several who, soon after they joined the church, have been counselled by their Elders to dispose of their books, and have accordingly done it. Elder Ebenezer being at my house once, on his seeing a number of books, he said:

“Ah, Thomas must put away his books, if he intends to become a good believer.”

Conversing once with the Elders, at Cornwall, about books, they then endeavoured to persuade me, that there was no profit in reading. I said, I think I had better spend my leisure hours in reading than sleeping, or doing nothing; and asked them what I should read. Elder Meacham answered, “Almanacks and Spelling-books,” i. e. as I understood him, nothing at all.

Even thinking was deemed disobedience.

A short time after, I being five or six days with a family of believers (for I still spent much of my time with them) at eleven o’clock one night, they all having retired to rest, and I laying awake in a dry, well finished room; and in which was a stove and fire, there fell a large drop of water on my temples: on examination, I could not discover where the water came from. I told the believers of it in the morning.

One said—“Ah! it is some warning for you, respecting your unbelief.”

I then assigned some inconclusive reasons how the drop might have become formed in the room, and its falling.

One replied—“Ah! that is the way you render a natural reason for the cause of every thing; and so reason away your faith, and yourself out of the gospel.”

We do not therefore know how to blame his secession, particularly after the specimen which he gives of their manners.

It appeared to me that they exercised but very little patience when they observed any thing among the spectators disagreeable. If any one sat with his hat on, the leaders of the meeting, or those who were the most zealous, appeared to be much displeased. I asked some of them, if they made much ado about such trifling things, and exercised so little patience, what they would do, if they should have dirt and stones flung in at them, as had been the case with some other sects, when assembled for public worship. I observed, that I believed they would bear it with much less patience than others had done, unless there was no possibility of helping themselves.—But what I most disliked, was a speech of Issachar Bates about this time, to a Methodist minister, who sat on the fore seat. This man appeared to be very attentive to Issachar's discourse, and most of the time, he looked him in the face. At this, Bates appeared to take offence.—Accordingly, he left the subject on which he was discoursing, and stretched out his hand toward the clergyman, and cried out—“*Brute, brute, brute, you are beneath the beasts of the field.*” After meeting, the Methodist preacher went and stood before the fire to warm himself. Bates went and stood by the side of him; and by his looks, I thought he was like a dog that was ready to snap. Oh! thought I, what a spirit you show.—“Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.” After meeting, I went home with the family, of which Seth Wells had the lead. To him, I expressed my decided disapprobation of Bates' conduct; and told him that Bates had greatly insulted the man, and done enough to excite in the breast of any one, the highest feelings of resentment. I observed that the Methodist preacher bore it with calmness, and showed the spirit of a christian.—Whereas, Bates had exemplified the spirit of the Devil.

All Seth said in reply, was—“I don't know that we have any right to condemn Issachar's gift.”

From this disagreeable picture however we turn with great pleasure to the description of the good order and decency of their deportment, their regularity and industry, and shall conclude by quoting the account of their habits and employments.

Their houses are well calculated and convenient. In the great house at Lebanon, there are near an hundred; the men live in their several apartments on the right as they enter the house, and the women on the left—commonly four in a room. They kneel in the morning by the side of the bed, as soon as they arise, and the same before they lie down; also before and after every meal. The brethren and sisters generally eat at the same time, at two long tables placed in the kitchen, men at one and women at the other; during which time they sit on benches, and are all silent. They go to their meals walking in order, one directly after the other; the head of the family or Elder, takes the lead of the men, and one called Elder Sister takes the lead of the women. Several women are employed in cooking and waiting on the table—they are commonly relieved weekly by others. It is contrary to order for a man or woman to sleep alone, but two of the brethren sleep together, and the sisters the same. It is contrary to order for a man to be alone with a woman—also to touch one another. If a man presents any thing to a female, or a female to a male, due care must be taken by each one not to touch the other. It is contrary to order for a woman to walk out alone, or be alone. A man and woman are not allowed to converse together, except in the presence of some of the brethren and sisters. They sometimes have what they call union meetings, when several of the brethren and sisters meet together, sit and converse and smoke their pipes. If a man is on the road from home alone in a carriage, it is contrary to order for him to admit a woman to ride with him on any account whatever. It is contrary to order, or the gift as they call it, to leave any bars down, or gates open, or leave any thing they use out of its proper place, consequently they seldom have any thing lost. It is according to the gift or order,

for all to endeavour to keep all things in order; indolence and carelessness they say is directly opposite to the gospel and order of God; cleanliness in every respect is strongly enforced—it is contrary to order even to spit on the floor. A dirty, slovenly, careless, or indolent person, they say, cannot travail in the way of God, or be religious. It is contrary to order to talk loud, to shut doors hard, to rap hard at a door for admittance, or to make a noise in any respect; even when walking the floor they must be careful not to make a noise with their feet.—They go to bed at nine or ten o'clock, and rise at four or five; all that are in health go to work about sun-rise; in-door mechanics, in the winter, work by candle-light; each one follows such an employment as the Deacon appoints for him. Every man and woman must be employed, and work steadily and moderately. When any are sick, they have the utmost care and attention paid to them. When a man is sick, if there is a woman among the sisters that was his wife before he believed, she, if in health, nurses and waits upon him.

If any of them transgress the rules and orders of the church, they are not held in union until they confess their transgression, and that often on their knees, before the brethren and sisters.

Each church in the different settlements has a house called the office, where all business is transacted, either among themselves or with other people; each family deposit in the office all that is to be spared for charitable purposes, which is distributed by the Deacon to those whom he judges to be proper objects of charity; he never sends the poor and needy empty away.

We have been thus liberal in our quotations from this volume, not only because its contents are of a nature to excite a lively interest with regard to so extraordinary a sect, but also because the work is not of a kind to attract the notice of our readers generally, however they may be gratified by the substance of it. We need scarcely repeat that in relation to these persons, whom we have never had the good fortune to see, we do not prejudge their opinions or their character, and that we feel that these pictures are from the hand of an enemy, a sentiment which qualifies our belief and induces us to suspend our judgment, of much of the curious matter which his volume contains.

2.

KNICKERBOCKER'S NEWYORK.

A history of Newyork, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty: containing among many surprising and curious matters, the unutterable ponderings of Walter the doubter, the disastorous projects of William the testy, and the chivalric achievements of Peter the headstrong, the three Dutch governors of New-Amsterdam; being the only Authentic history of the times that ever hath been published. The second edition with alterations. By Diedrich Knickerbocker.

WE are glad to perceive that the public favour has demanded a second edition of our friend Diedrich's history. Aware of the nice delicacy of his character, and the alarm which applause, however well merited, never failed to excite in his sensitive mind, we have hitherto expressed our approbation of his writings in phraseology the most guarded and cautious. Even this however, was, it seems, too strong for his susceptible temper. According to the evidence of his biographer, he took to his bed for three days, after barely reading our notice of his labours, and has since died, leaving us in doubt how far our approbation may have hastened his end. However we may lament the consequences of this fatal compliment, we rejoice at any opportunity of being able to deliver our opinions without wounding the morbid sensibilities of his character.—We may now, therefore, assert with freedom, that Diedrich was born with a fine genius and strong powers of humour, and that habit had strengthened his natural tendency to investigation, till he had become a keen and minute observer. To the nice and delicate shades of conduct and manners, he had given much of his attention, and possessing an intuitive power to seize whatever was ludicrous in passing events, he saw every thing with an original eye, and painted it with colours of such gay good nature, and so much of drollery and quaintness of humour, that whether in conversation or in writing he was always welcome. He had, moreover, a copious and natural style, without artifice or pretension, yet strong, vigorous, and manly; and whenever in the midst of his eccentricities he ceased to be sportive, his fine imagination enabled him to be always elegant and engaging, and oftentimes brilliant.—His friends regretted, that he should have lavished so much humour on obscure personages, and obsolete customs; on people whom

nobody knew, and usages that had lost their interest, and that instead of taking his visitors into a garret, to look at an exquisite Flemish painting, which could not be appreciated till the piece was dusted, and the characters explained, he had not taken a broader canvas, on the first floor and given his fancy more scope on a subject intelligible to all the world. Yet, they scarcely knew how to blame so natural a partiality for his forefathers, and indeed with all his whims and eccentricities, in his accounts of Communipaw and the Dutch governors there, is mingled so much good merriment, that his readers are content to let him dig even deeper into the rubbish, and bring up the precious ore after his own manner. The works of our friend Diedrich, are now too well known to require at this date, any analysis from us. We shall however, reserve ourselves for his next appearance; for though his biographer assures us that he is dead, a circumstance which may prevent his resuming his pen, yet we trust that either his ex-landlord Handaside, or some of his kinsmen, at Schaghtikake, will carefully preserve his posthumous works.

Σ

TEMPER, OR DOMESTIC SCENES, A NOVEL, BY MRS. OPIE.

THE name of Opie, is undoubtedly respectable in the literary world, but it is justly questionable, whether the two present volumes will increase our reverence for the author. In drawing imaginary characters, if they are represented to outrage all probability, there must be some adequate motive, or object for such exertions. If this grand principle is adhered to, the events related, may pass off as probable, notwithstanding they would, under any other circumstances, be pronounced utterly incredible. St. Aubin, the hero of this little work, had made a solemn vow at the death bed of his dying father, that his mother's well-fare should be in all cases the first object of his efforts. Now we are prepared to find this warm, dutiful, and generous youth, disposed to sacrifice every thing it would be heroic to sacrifice; to encounter every risk, and to brave every danger: but unfortunately these are not amongst the class of adventurers the

author allows us to anticipate. The mother is made a downright fool, and the same duty that obliged her son to consult her welfare, imperiously demanded that he should apply to the lord chancellor for an order to confine her under the statute of lunacy. Instead of this, St. Aubin suffers her to frequent all company, to become the laughing stock of all her associates, to involve him in debts beyond his ability to pay, to stand at the door of a state house and to harangue the motley group there assembled on the incomparable character of her son, and then to borrow money of him to pay to the people for having listened to such nonsense. Nay, his filial reverence is extended so far, as by silence to submit to the charge of felony, when his mother was the real culprit, and allow himself to be a thief by proxy. Finally, much to our joy and consolation the old woman dies, talking all the while about gewgaws and lace, and consulting, with much gravity, what colour she shall next choose for her gown. The same kind of serious caricature pervades almost all the other remaining characters in the work, in a greater, or less degree. Emma, the heroine of the tale, is the grand daughter of Mrs. Castlemain. She had formed an early attachment for St. Aubin, by whom she was tenderly beloved; their acquaintance commenced from their earliest years; and yet she is on the very point of being married to a person, for whom she entertained no kind of attachment, on account of some apparent neglect of St. Aubin, notwithstanding she had the most unequivocal evidence all this time of his continued affection. That the pride of Emma should be offended by St. Aubin's neglect, was natural; that it should have operated so as to have broken off all regards for St. Aubin was natural; that it should have even been the means of creating an attachment towards another lover is likewise natural; but that Emma should ever have consented, while her own attachment towards St. Aubin lasted, to have given her hand to another, and even to have persisted in that determination, after his conduct had been fully, and to her own satisfaction explained, is a phenomenon indeed. This second lover proves to be her brother, and the heroine of the tale is relieved from her dilemma by an event as improbable, as her own conduct was monstrous and unnatural. If this event

had been brought about, and no such relationship had existed, Emma would have drawn upon herself, not indeed the charge of incest; but a species of crime allied to prostitution, that matrimony rather aggravates, than lessens. Mrs. Castlemain persecuted the mother of Emma, on account of a marriage formed against her inclinations, and endeavours to compensate her cruelty to her by kindness towards the grand child. And yet this woman aids and abets with all her interest, the intended marriage between her grand child and a man who had no claim to her affections whatever, and who, moreover, had not one single amiable trait of character, neither faith, nor honour to win the regards of Emma. The author herself seems to consider how shocking the nature of such an alliance would have been; for she makes Emma consider the bridal bed to which she was rushing with such precipitate insanity, as but the precursor to the grave. Mrs. Castlemain had witnessed the consequence of such a connexion in the person of her own daughter, and was now attempting, in the person of her grand child, a recapitulation of the identical offence. There are certain points never to be surrendered by a novelist if the readers are to preserve any kind of reverence for the characters introduced, and amongst the rest, the awful sanctity of matrimonial alliance is not the least conspicuous.

Mrs. Opie's volumes certainly contain some characters of interest, and some well drawn scenes: but there seems to us a want of animation and vigour, and truth of nature, for which, no combinations of incident can compensate.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF THE PRETENDER.

For the following original and very interesting letters, which will be perused with no common degree of attention, we are indebted to the politeness of a gentleman and a scholar who is as curious to collect as he is capable of appreciating the hidden treasures of literature.

It is indeed not among the least singular events which accompanied the exile of the unfortunate pretender, that his confidential communications to a faithful subject, should thus appear for the first time before the world, in a country which when he wrote was almost a wilderness. The history of these curious documents

is so well explained in the introductory notice from our correspondent, that we can neither add any thing to his narrative, nor do more than cordially approve his sentiments.

“ The earlier letter of the pretender is subscribed with *his own signature*; but the letter itself is written by a different hand. It appears to have been written to Robert Gordon, who, in the year 1734, was the *titular* lord viscount Kenmure, *baron of Loch-invar*, and baronet; whose father, William, lord Kenmure, having been in the rebellion of 1715, and made prisoner at the battle of Preston Pans, was beheaded at London, on the 24th of February 1715-16. The gentleman to whom the letter is addressed, was his eldest son, by Mary, daughter of sir John Dalziel of Glenae, baronet: he was outlawed, together with his brother John. The death of William lord Kenmure is referred to by the pretender, when in his letter to the son, he makes mention of what his father “suffered,” for his attachment to the Stuart cause. What part, or whether any, sir John Dalziel, the grandfather of this titular lord Kenmure, took in the rebellion of 1715 (if he were then living), I cannot say: but Robert Dalziel, also of Glenae, and nearly related to sir John, was then earl of Carnwath; and having been engaged in the same rebellion, his estate was forfeited, and sold by the government. It is observable, that the predecessors of both these lords, Carnwath and Kenmure, were strongly attached to the cause of king Charles I. The first earl of Carnwath, particularly, served that ill-fated monarch in the field; in consequence of which, he suffered much, by sequestration and otherwise, and, while again engaged in the service of his legitimate sovereign, Charles II. he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and suffered several years confinement. The distinguished loyalty of both families, procured their advancement to the Scottish peerage, in the reign of the first Charles. Thus, their adherence to the Stuarts, to which dynasty they bore an hereditary attachment, involved them deeply in the misfortunes of that house.

“ It is not known to whom the other letter was addressed; nor is it signed by the pretender: but it appears to be in *his hand writing*; and was, probably, the rough draught of one sent to some partisan of the Stuarts; this original, *in the hand-writing of “the king,”* as he is called, having been transmitted to lord Ken-

mure, for the purpose of being shown to his friends, and thus answering the end, in some sort, of a circular letter. Yet this is merely a conjecture of my own. Both letters are, however, deduced to me from the same source; both of them bear internal evidence of their genuineness—and both are endorsed (in the manner I have noted at foot of the copies), in an old fashioned hand, evidently written by the same person.

“James Francis Edward, the unfortunate prince by whom these letters were written, was born at the palace of St. James, in London, on the 10th of June, 1688: consequently, he was forty-six years of age, at the date of the first letter, and nearly fifty-two, when he penned the second. He was the only surviving *legitimate* son of king James II. by the lady Mary d’Este, daughter of Alphonso d’Este, III. duke of Modena, his queen; whom James was married to, while duke of York—after the death of the lady Ann Hyde (mother of queen Ann) his first wife. I style James Francis Edward the “legitimate” son of king James—not that I consider him, or his descendants, as having had any rightful title to the British crown, to which their pretensions were, clearly, *illegitimate*; but, because I believe him to have *really* been the son of James, and his queen, Mary, notwithstanding we are told by historians, for obvious political reasons which had their effect at the time, that he was a son, “of whom it was *pretended* the queen was delivered.” The fiction produced its intended influence upon the minds of the people generally; and served as a powerful auxiliary to establish the reigning house of Brunswick and Hanover on the British throne.

“This little sketch of the genealogical history of the author of the *two letters*, may tend to diminish in the minds of the reader, the criminality of that truly unfortunate prince, and of his successor, in their efforts to regain for themselves, and to restore to their family, that crown which *they*, as well as their adherents, *believed* to be the hereditary right of the Stuarts.”

LETTER I.

Albano, June 18th, 1734.

I cannot but take very kindly of you the zeal and duty you express for me in your letter of the 25th May, and hope you will

yet have one day, an occasion of giving me further marks of them in your country's and my service: you cannot follow a better example than that your father left you; the signal proofs he gave me, of his attachment to my person and cause, and what he suffered for it, can never be forgot by me, and will be the strongest inducement to me, to give you particular marks of my favor and kindness, which I doubt not but you will always deserve by continuing in your present sentiments towards me.

JAMES R.

Endorsed thus, apparently written at the time of its receipt, *K. Jas. Lettr. to Ld. K. 1734.* (And under this endorsement recently written) *to Lord Kenmure.*

LETTER II.

May 5th, 1740.

SIR,

I received in due time the letter or paper written by your friend in March last, with another short paper in the same hand that accompanied it; I have perused both wt attention and satisfaction, and can easily remark in them a fund of experience, good sense, and affection for our country and my family. I am no way surprised, that my character and principles should be so little known, where he is, neither I nor my children have many occasions of declaring our sentiments, 'tis true, we make no secret of them; but those who may be acquainted wt them, are but too often under a necessity of concealing wt they know on such heads. It would be a subject of just concern to me, if any who profess my religion, should, by their writting or discourse, have given ground to attribute to it all maxims so contrary to its true principles as those mentioned in your friend's letter. And if any of my wellwishers in general, declare in their conversations for arbitrary power, they are greatly against my sentiments and interest. As for those who are brib'd tools to support the present arbitrary government, surely nobody can consider them as my friends, whatever may be their professions, but these are inconveniencys and misfortunes, for which I cannot be answerable, and which, I have it but little in my power to putt any remedy, while the enemys of my family, make to be sure, the most of every thing that can tend to our disadvantage, and can

do it without restraint. It is therefore, no wonder that I should be so misrepresented and little known; were our conduct in the city of Rome, put in a true light, it would not a little contribute to dissipate the ill-grounded fears and jealousys of many. And as for my sincerity in what I may promise, even during exile, I think without having recourse to my present character, no doubt should be had on that head, by any reasonable man, who will rightly consider the present situation of my family. We have now been more than fifty years out of our country, we have been bred and have lived in the school of adversity, unacquainted with flattery and power, which always attend princes on the throne, and equally unacquainted with certain ambitious views, which are too common wt them. If long experience teaches us how little we may depend on the friendship of foreign powers, (whatever view of a present interest may have formerly or may hereafter) induce them to undertake in our favours. Our restoration, no doubt, would be much more agreeable, both to our subjects and ourselves, were it to be brought about without any foreign assistance; but should it happen, that any foreign power contribute to place me on the throne, it might be visible to all thinking men, that I can nether hope to keep it, nor enjoy peace and happiness upon it, but by gaining the love and affection of my subjects. I am far from aproving the mistakes of formed reigns, I see and feel the effects of them, and should be void of all reflection, did I not propose to avoid them with the utmost care, and therefore, I do not entertain the least thought of assuming the government, on the footing my father left it. I am fully resolved to make the law the rule of my government, and absolutely disclaim any pretensions to a dispensing power. I am sensible of the ruine and oppression with which our country is distressed, may make the greatest part of the people desirous of a change att any rate, but for my part, as naturall and as just as it is for me to desire that I and my family should be restored to our just and lawfull right, I am far (att my age especally,) from desiring that should happen but upon an honourable and solid foundation, cemented by a mutuall confidence betwixt king and people, by which the welfare and happiness of both may be well and effectually secured. It is manifest that not only justice, but

even the nation requires my restoration, because I can never have a separate interest from that of my country, nor any hope of peace or tranquillity for myself or my family, but, by consulting the affections of my people, and having only in view their honour and happiness. I am persuaded there are many persons of great talents and merit, who would be of that opinion, were my true sentiments known to them, though they are not all looked upon as well wishers of my cause. Nether can I wonder that they should have prejudices against me, they have been bred up in them from their youth, and constantly confirmed in them by all the artifices imaginable; but I hope the time is not far distant, in w^{ch} they will see things in a true light, and if they lay aside all unjust prejudices against me, and lay as much to heart as I do, the prosperity and happiness of our country, I make no doubt we shall be entirely satisfied wth onanother. 'Tis fitt your friend should know that I have by me, a draught of a declaration which there never has been any occasion to publish: this declaration was drawn in consequence of the sentiments and expressions in this letter. It contains a general indemnity without exception, for all that has past against me and my family, a solemn engagement to maintain the church of England, as by law established in all her rights, privileges, possessions, and immunitys whatsoever; and as I am utterly averse to all animositys, and persecutions on account of religion, it also contains a promise to grant and allow a tolleration, to all protestant dissenters. I also express in it an utter aversion to the repealing the habeas corpus act, as well as to the loading my subjects with unnecessary taxes, or raising any in a manner burthensome to them, and especially to the introducing forreign excesses, and all such methodes as may have hitherto been devised and pursued to acquire arbitrary power, att the expence of the liberty and property of the subject, and besides, there is a general article of my readiness, to settle all that may relate to the welfare and happiness of the nation, both in civil and ecclesiasticall matters, by the sincere advice and concurrence of a free parlement. In fine, were I known, and justice done my sentiments, it would (I am convinced) make many alter their present way of thinking, and induce them, to concure in measures for my restoration, as

the most effectually means, to restore peace and happiness to our country. I thank God I am without resentment against any body. I shall never retain any memory of past mistakes, and shall never make any other distinction amongst my subjects, but such as true merit and faithful service may authorise and require. I have ever the greatest abhorrence to all dissimulation, and will certainly never promise any thing during my exile, but what I shall perform after my restoration.

(Endorsed in the same hand as the others,) *The king's letter.*
fr. Rome, 1740.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS

ON THE WINTER RETREAT OF THE SWALLOW.

THERE are few if any of the feathered race whose natural history has contributed more to awaken curiosity and arrest attention, or has exhibited a more extraordinary mixture of truth and fiction, fact and fable, than that of the swallow. The frequency, swiftness, and playful familiarity of this little favourite during the summer, the suddenness of its disappearance in autumn, and of its return in the spring, are circumstances which have strongly attracted the notice of observers. But those points which have excited the liveliest interest, and been most distinguished as subjects of speculation, are, the place of its residence and the condition of its existence during the winter.

On these topics it is known to the ornithologist that three opinions have been prevalent among philosophers, each being defended with an equal degree of zeal by its respective advocates. It has been contended,

I, That the swallow migrates annually from high latitudes, to pass its winters in a warm climate, where it can procure a sufficiency of its favourite food, and enjoy a temperature congenial to the delicacy and sensibility of its constitution.

II, That it is not a bird of passage, and, therefore, does not

migrate to a distant climate; but retires within the clefts of rocks, caverns, hollow trees, and other similar places of security, and there slumbers away its winters in a state of torpidity.

III, That it retreats about the close of summer, not to any dry-land abode, but to the bottoms of lakes, rivers, or arms of the sea, where, embedded in sand or mud, it remains perfectly torpid, till awakened into life by the return of the spring.

It is worthy of remark that the last of these hypotheses has been maintained more particularly by the naturalists of Sweden, and the two first by those of Britain, France, and America. It must not, however, be concealed, that certain late writers, in the United States, have come boldly forward as advocates of the *watery hibernation* of the swallow.

On that hypothesis, which places the winter habitation of the swallow in the clefts of rocks, in caverns, or in hollow trees, we shall not, at present, particularly dwell. As it is not opposed to any general law of animated nature, it is marked by no inherent improbability, sufficiently strong to render it incredible.—It does not, at least, deserve to be denominated fabulous. Many warm blooded animals are known to pass their winters in a state of torpidity, and that the swallow may be included in the number does not amount to a physical impossibility.

We are willing to admit, with Dr. Barton (we do it however with great reluctance) “that swallows have occasionally been found in the hollows of decayed trees, in different parts of our country, during that very season, when it is supposed these birds are in a more southern climate.” With that enlightened naturalist, however, we must also contend, that these are to be regarded as “extraordinary instances, which very rarely occur,” and not as facts illustrative of the common habits and history of the swallow.

We are persuaded that the entrance of these birds into such places of retreat (if it ever occur) is altogether accidental, and that none have ever been found there, except either such as, through indisposition, weakness, or wounds, have been unable to accompany their fellows in their annual migration, or those which have been surprised by cold weather in the spring, in consequence of a premature return to a northern region. Under

such circumstances, these unfortunate little animals are induced by motives of self preservation, to avail themselves of the best practicable asylum from the inclemencies of the season.

Were it a general fact, that all the swallows of our country actually hybernate in such places, it is impossible to admit, that they would not be annually found in immense numbers—sufficient, even, in a single year, to close the controversy by conclusive evidence.

Before proceeding further in our investigation we shall offer, by way of a preliminary argument in favour of the hypothesis we purpose to defend, a few remarks in reply to professor Kalm, one of the ablest and most decided advocates for the submersion of swallows. “Natural history, says the professor, as all other histories, depends not upon the intrinsic degree of probability, but upon facts founded on the testimony of people of noted veracity.”

This position we admit to be true, provided the facts related appear in a common or reasonable shape and are neither opposed to nor above, any of the established laws of nature. But when such opposition or superiority exists, the matter is beyond the sphere of common testimony. In such a case, the evidence necessary to confer on facts the character and authenticity of real history, must be such as would, under any circumstances, be received as sufficient for the establishment of miracles—a miracle being nothing else than a supernatural event—something above or contrary to, the laws of nature.

Earth and air are the natural and indispensable elements of man. A watery abode is absolutely incompatible with the terms of his existence: for, when he ceases to respire he ceases to live. The same thing is true with regard to all really warm-blooded animals. Submersion, even though of short duration, proves no less fatal to them, than the deadliest poison. It may be assumed, then, as a law of nature, that a subaqueous habitation is incompatible with the life of warm-blooded animals.

If, notwithstanding this, a few voyagers or travellers, even of unimpeached veracity, were to publish an account of a newly discovered island, the human inhabitants of which they should declare to be accustomed to spend five months of the year on land, in the full display of all their faculties, and the other seven in a

state of torpidity, at the bottoms of their lakes, rivers, or arms of the sea—should such a narrative, we say, be given, what would be its reception with a discerning public? Surely no weight of human testimony would be sufficient to confer on it the character of history. Its own intrinsic improbability, arising from its opposition to a law of nature, would mark it as essentially false and fabulous. In such a case the gross improbability of the story, deduced from physical considerations alone, might be fairly and conclusively urged in opposition to all human testimony adduced in its support.—These remarks amount, we think, so near to self-evident truths that no reasoning is requisite for their establishment. Their application to the present subject will appear in a subsequent part of this article.

In the further prosecution of our inquiry, we shall, *first*, take a brief view of certain testimony in favour of the submersion of swallows, advanced by the advocates of that hypothesis: We shall then submit to the consideration of our readers a few of the facts and arguments, which militate most strongly against such an opinion, and favour a belief in the migration of these birds to a southern climate.

The writers who have offered positive testimony, with a view to the establishment of the submersion of swallows, may be properly divided into two classes. The first assert, that they have witnessed, towards the close of summer, the actual descent of these birds into the water: The second, that, in the depth of winter, they have seen them drawn up in a torpid state, from the bottoms of lakes, rivers, and other bodies of water, and awakened to life by the application of heat.

Of the former class the most distinguished individual is Dr. Wallerius, a Swedish chemist. This writer informs us, "that he has seen more than once, swallows assembling on a reed, till they were all immersed, and, went to the bottom" i. e. the bottom of the lake or river where the reed grew.

The credibility of this assertion is much impaired, not to say, entirely destroyed, by the following considerations.

A reed, being a tubular plant, and containing in its cavity a quantity of air, is specifically lighter than water. It will not, therefore, sink in this fluid, unless forced downwards by a considera-

ble weight. The same thing is also true with regard to the swallow. This bird, possessing an unusual extent of plumage in proportion to its size, will not spontaneously sink in water, in consequence of its great specific levity.

How, then, can two substances, each specifically lighter than water, sink together to the bottom of a river or a lake, without some additional weight or pressure to carry them down? Contrary as it is to the laws of nature, the thing may be pronounced to be physically impossible. The testimony of Wallerius, therefore, is evidently fallacious. If not pressed downwards by some adventitious force, the swallow is as buoyant on water as a cork.

There are on record various other stories of swallows having been seen suddenly plunging, in whole flocks at a time, into ponds, lakes, or rivers, to fix in their sandy or oozy bottoms their winter residence. An instance of this kind is said to have been observed, a few years ago, in the channel of the Hudson, opposite to the city of Newyork, where the depth of water is sufficient to accommodate a first rate ship of the line. Narratives of this description, marked as they are by an intrinsic incredibility, which must be palpable to every one, are unworthy of refutation. We would as soon think of giving reasons seriously why herring could not mount into the air, or wild geese burrow in the ground, as why swallows could not descend to the bottom of a deep lake or a rapid river.

Among the narratives of those who profess to have been eye-witnesses of the resuscitation of swallows, after a state of long submersion, that of professor Kalm appears to be the only one worthy of attention. "In January, says this learned author, the lake of Lybshaw (a lake in Polish Prussia) being covered with ice, I ordered the fishermen to fish therein, and in my presence several swallows were taken, which the fishermen threw in again; but one I took up myself, brought it home, which was five miles from thence, and it revived, but, died about one hour after its reviving."

In relation to this statement we would briefly observe, that if a swallow were first rendered so torpid by the action of cold, as to have its respiration completely suspended, and in that, condi-

tion submersed in water, or placed under the mud of the bottom of a river, it might possibly remain there for a considerable time, and be afterwards resuscitated by the application of heat. The same thing is perhaps true with respect to every animal capable of being reduced, without absolute destruction, to a state of torpidity. When completely torpid an animal may probably be preserved under water nearly as well as in any other situation. Supposing professor Kalm to have been accurate in his statement (of which we cannot help expressing the utmost degree of doubt) this must have been the case with the swallow, which he saw reanimated, after having been taken from under the ice.* It must have been overtaken by the water when already in a torpid state.

We do not, therefore, deny the *possibility** of a few swallows having revived, in consequence of proper treatment, after having lain for days, weeks, or even months, under water. We only contend against the generality of the fact, and shall endeavour to make it appear, that such is not the usual habit of these birds. We deny, further, the probability of such swallows having placed themselves in that situation by their own voluntary act. They must have been first rendered torpid, and then placed there by the hand of accident. Nor could they ever, by their own exertion, have extricated themselves from such a situation. Without assistance from some quarter, their state of torpidity would have been without end.

We shall proceed to the statement of a few further facts and arguments, which not only militate against the hypothesis of the submersion of swallows, but favour a belief in their annual migration.

Our first argument, under this head, is derived from Dr. Barton's "Fragments of the natural history of Pennsylvania."

"My friend, William Bartram, says the Doctor, assures me that he has seen, in the spring, large flocks of our swallows upon their passage from the south, and, in autumn, on their return southward, from Pennsylvania through Carolina to Florida, where, however, neither of them winter, but continue further on south-

* Although principles of courtesy induce us to admit the *possibility*, yet those of reason imperatively forbid us to believe the *fact*.

ward. I cannot, continues our author, but consider the testimony of this gentleman, in matters of this kind, as of high value."

This fact, as far as it goes, must be regarded as conclusive. It rests on the word of a gentleman of accurate observation and unimpeachable varacity, and is not invalidated by any inherent or concomitant improbability.

Many similar facts may be collected from the journals of navigators and the writings of naturalists. We are informed by Mr. Adanson, that, on the sixth of October, about fifty leagues from the coast of Senegal, four swallows settled on the ship in which he sailed. These birds were recognised by our author, as the swallow of Europe, and appeared to him to be on their passage from that continent to the coast of Africa.

Even professor Kalm himself, although in direct opposition to his own opinion, furnishes us with a valuable fact on this subject. In prosecuting a voyage across the Atlantic, he witnessed the settling of several swallows on the vessel in which he was embarked, when about midway between the continents of Europe and America.

From a memoir published by sir Charles Wager, in the fifty-third volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society, we extract the following paragraph, which favours the doctrine of the migration of swallows. "Returning home, says our author, in the spring of the year, as I came into soundings in the British Channel, a great flock of swallows came and settled on all my rigging: every rope was covered; they hung on one another like a swarm of bees; the decks and carving were filled with them. They seemed almost famished and spent, and were only feathers and bones; but, being recruited with a night's rest, took flight in the morning."

The flight of swallows, when observed in the autumn, has been always in a southerly, and, when in the spring, in a northerly direction. This fact rests on the testimony of many respectable naturalists, and tends to establish the doctrine of the northerly and southerly migration of these birds.

Swallows, in common with other birds, moult, i. e. exchange their old for new feathers, at stated periods. This process, however, never takes place during the summer residence of these

birds in northern latitudes. That season is appropriated exclusively to nidification, the pleasures of love, and the care of their offspring. They must moult, therefore, during their absence from us in winter. But this they could never do, did they lie all that time in a state of torpidity, at the bottoms of lakes, rivers, or arms of the sea. The business of throwing off an old and putting forth a new crop of feathers, is no less the result of vital action, than the general nourishment and growth of the body.

Unanswerable objections to the hypothesis of the submersion of swallows arise, we think, out of the nature of the situations, in which, during that period, they are supposed to reside. Not to mention again the impracticability, of these little animals descending to any depth into the water, in consequence of their specific levity—a circumstance to which we have already alluded—and to pass unnoticed the hazards they would run of being devoured by rapacious fish, water serpents, and other aquatic animals, they would still incur many further dangers of being destroyed by the changes which the banks and bottoms of rivers and lakes suffer, in consequence of the action of their own waters.

By means of the autumnal and winter rains, and the melting of snows in the spring, these bodies of water are subject to frequent swells, and occasionally to sudden and extensive inundations. Hence their shores, and the mud and sand which lie at their bottoms, are sometimes promiscuously washed away, by the impetuosity of their currents, and at other times covered with vast quantities of alluvial matter, which their waters bring down and deposit in their course. We need not add, that occurrences like these would prove destructive to swallows in their state of submersion.

In high latitudes, swallows disappear as early as the latter end of August, while the weather is yet very warm, and sometimes, after long and severe winters, appear again in the spring before the lakes and rivers are free from ice. These facts we hold to be totally subversive of the hypothesis of submersion.

A state of hybernation in animals is always the result of necessity, not of choice. If, then, the temperature of the month of August, when the mean heat is as high as 75° of Fahrenheit,

renders it necessary for the swallows to take shelter from it, by descending to the bottoms of lakes or rivers, how is possible that these same birds can ascend again, in the spring, amid sheets of floating ice, and through water but little above the freezing point? Such a fact, we are persuaded, has never occurred. Wise and self consistent as she always is, Nature admits not among her works such a paradoxical phenomenon, as that of a bird becoming torpid beneath the heats of August, to be recalled to life by the chills of April. Animals that are known to hibernate, never enter on that semimortuous state till the actual commencement of cold weather.

One of the strongest evidences of the fallacy of an opinion is the incompatibility or contradictory nature of the facts with which it is connected. Such incompatibility, however, in a very high degree, must be encountered by the advocates of the submersion of swallows.

Even in the climate of Pennsylvania, if we take one of these birds, on its first appearance in the spring, and immerse it in one of our lakes or rivers, all but the head, so that the process of respiration may still go forward, it will become, in a short time, so torpid as to be unable to fly, or to make any effectual effort to escape from the surrounding element. If in this situation, it be left to its fate, it will immediately perish, by the same mode of action, in the water, which proves fatal to all warm blooded animals. In plain and direct terms, it will be drowned.

Here, then, the advocates of submersion are reduced to the dilemma of either abandoning their hypothesis altogether, or admitting the self-contradictory position, that the very same temperature of the water, which has already roused a swallow from the deepest torpidity, will in a few days or even hours afterwards, reduce it again from a state of perfect life and activity, to the same deathlike condition. We need not add, that to attribute such opposite effects to the same cause, is an abuse of reason, an outrage on philosophy, and is in manifest contradiction to every principle of common sense.

Sensible that, in common times, swallows may be as easily drowned as other warm-blooded animals, we conceived that in case the hypothesis of their submersion were true, their constitu-

tion must, at the period of their disappearance in autumn, undergo such a change as to render them indestructible by the action of water. To reduce this supposition to its proper test, the following decisive experiment was performed.

In the close of the summer of the year 1796 we were so fortunate as to get possession of two swallows (*the hirundo rustica*) just before the annual disappearance of these birds. We kept them uninjured till the disappearance took place. Immediately on the occurrence of this event, we repaired to the Schuylkill, where we immersed our two little prisoners in the river, with weights appended sufficiently heavy to drag them to the bottom.

That our experiment might be rendered as unexceptionable as possible, the weights were fixed in such a manner, as to draw down one of the swallows head-foremost, and the other in the contrary direction. We made choice of a place in the river where the actions of our birds could be distinctly observed.

These little animals no sooner came into contact with the water, than they manifested signs of great alarm, and struggled earnestly, as if desirous of escaping from the embraces of an element which was altogether unnatural to them. When immersed to the bottom, air began to escape from them, partly from their lungs, and in part, perhaps, from among their feathers, and rose to the surface of the water in numerous bubbles. They exhibited for a short time the anxiety and convulsions of animals in a drowning state, and in less than three minutes became perfectly motionless. Having allowed them to remain under water about three hours, we drew them out with such caution as to prevent them from sustaining any mechanical violence, and made use of every mean we could devise to restore them to life. Our efforts, however, were entirely fruitless. The birds were reduced, not to a state of torpidity or suspended animation, but of absolute death. The water had affected them precisely as it would have done other warm blooded animals if made to sustain its action for an equal length of time. They were irrecoverably drowned.

Experiments similar to the foregoing have been since performed, at different seasons of the year, with the same result. Have we not reason, then, to conclude, that all swallows would,

in similar situations, and at all seasons, share precisely the same fate, whether immersed in water by their own act, or by the hand of an experimenter?

Should we even admit the practicability of swallows descending, without being actually drowned, to the bottoms of lakes and rivers, of their becoming torpid there, and remaining in that condition unmolested throughout the winter, in what way could they possibly be resuscitated in the spring? It is known to physiologists that warm-blooded animals can pass from a state of torpidity to that of active life, only through the medium of respiration. When about to revive, respiratory efforts constitute the first of their voluntary actions. In such a situation, if air be excluded from them, they can never return to a state of activity, but must either perish entirely, or remain forever in their torpid condition.

To this general rule swallows by no means constitute an exception. These birds have been rendered torpid by means of cold, and restored to life again by the application of heat. During this process their dependence on air for a recovery has been clearly demonstrated. Their first voluntary efforts have always been those of the respiratory kind, or what are denominated, in common language, gasping for breath. Nor have they been found capable of any considerable degree of muscular exertion, till respiration has become perfectly free, and even continued so for some time. We need scarcely add, that it is impossible for these birds to breathe when submerged to the bottom of a lake or a river. Equally impossible is it for them to acquire, without respiration, strength sufficient either to shake off the accumulated mud of a whole winter, or to rise beneath its pressure to the surface of the water.

Here, then, the advocates of submersion are reduced to a most serious and perplexing dilemma. They must either admit that swallows can breathe at the bottoms of lakes and rivers, where there is no air, or that they can pass from torpidity to active life without the aid of this vital process. An admission of either branch of the dilemma would be an error too gross to merit refutation.

In the construction and mechanism of the heart and large blood vessels of animals, nature has drawn lines of essential distinction between the truly aquatic, the amphibious, and the terrestrial. Judging from this source, swallows are found to be no less really terrestrial than the human race. This fact alone must convince the naturalist that they are destined for an exclusive residence in air. Judging, therefore, from first principles, as well might we expect man himself to descend, without drowning, to the bottoms of lakes and rivers, to remain there throughout the winter in a torpid state, and to emerge again to life on the return of spring.

Although in matters of science, analogy alone does not constitute a ground of conclusive evidence, yet when it coincides with facts it is not to be disregarded. But, as far as it goes, analogy is directly opposed to the hypothesis of the submersion of swallows.

On examining the habits of all the animals that pass their winters in a state of torpidity, we do not find one that forsakes its native element in making choice of a hybernating residence. Aquatic animals do not, on this occasion, seek an asylum on land, nor do the truly terrestrial retreat to the water. Each one chooses to reside, during its torpid state, in that element which is congenial to its nature, when in the enjoyment of perfect life. Why, then, should swallows alone, constitute an exception to this general rule? Why should these birds, which are among the most perfectly terrestrial of all animals, choose, without the slightest necessity to compel them to the choice, a watery residence for more than six months in the year?

It has been already observed that a state of torpidity in animals is always the result of physical necessity. None hybernate that are capable of escaping the severities of winter, by migrating from a northern to a southern climate. None are doomed to encounter this annual approximation to death, except such as are disqualified for the performance of a long journey. Of this description are several of the smaller quadrupeds, in high latitudes, and a great proportion, if not the whole, of the class of reptiles. Exposed as these animals are to numerous enemies, ill qualified for a journey by land and wholly incapable of making

their way over large rivers, they are prevented from migrating to a southern climate. Possessed of constitutions unable to endure, unprotected, the rigours of their native winters, they are obliged, during that season, to retreat to the best hybernacula their own inclement regions can afford.

How different is the case with regard to birds in general, and particularly with regard to swallows, which are among the most active of the feathered race! No unfitness for migration confines them to a particular region, no physical incompetency exists to prevent them from travelling over seas, mountains and rivers from the pole to the line.

When swallows disappear in the autumn, the young of the preceding season can be easily, on examination, distinguished from the old. This, however, is not the case on their return in the following spring. During the absence of these birds, such a perfect similarity takes place, that it becomes impossible to distinguish the parents from their offspring. This similarity, however, could not occur, were they consigned during the winter to a state of torpidity. In that case, no vital actions would go forward in their systems to produce a change in their general appearance. Each swallow would awake in the spring possessed of the same colour length, and firmness of feathers and other parts, which it had carried with it in the autumn to its winter retreat.

The preeminent capacities of the swallow for migration will not be denied. For the powers of its wing, in relation both to swiftness and long continued exertion, it is surpassed by none of the feathered race. We strongly suspect that it would leave behind it even the eagle himself, in a journey from the temperate to the torrid zone. But to what purpose are such high capabilities lavished on this bird, if it be doomed to pass seven months of the year in a state of inaction?—a state below the lowest of the vegetable tribe.

The superior fitness of this bird for migration constitutes the principal cause, why it is not supposed to migrate at all. With such rapidity and ease does it pass from one climate to another, that it halts but seldom to refresh itself by the way. Travelling in perfect silence, or, at least, with but very little noise, pursuing its course through an elevated region of the atmosphere, and

descending but a very few times during its journey for the purpose of procuring food and drink, and of reposing from its toils—these are the reasons why it is so rarely observed on its passage. Did it fly as slowly, or were it obliged to halt as often as the pigeon, the wild goose, the stork, the sparrow, or the wren, its migration would be a phenomenon as notorious as theirs. It really amounts to an absurdity too gross for toleration to suppose, that nature suffers these latter birds to migrate, clogged with their comparative weight and inactivity, yet denies the same privilege to the swallow, notwithstanding its superior qualifications for the task. Why should Nature, like a partial, unjust, and cruel parent, wantonly deprive the swallow of the pleasures of existence for more than half the year, while no such restraint is imposed on any other individual of the feathered race!

It is important, in the present inquiry, to state, that by certain modern travellers, the swallow has been discovered in great numbers, during the months of January and February, in the country of Amazonia, and other tropical sections of the continent of south America. In the summer, however, it is not to be found in these burning regions. As well, then, might the inhabitants of south America contend, that this bird takes shelter from the heats of their climate, by burying itself at the bottoms of their lakes and rivers during the summer, and returns to its native element in the autumn, as we, that it retreats to such lodgings from the inclemencies of our winters, to be awakened again into life by the mildness of the spring.

We shall close this article by expressing a belief, that the period is not far distant when the story of the torpidity and submersion of the swallow will be regarded as equally fabulous with that of Proserpine, who, after her forced marriage with the "gloomy Dis," was represented by the poets as passing annually six months with her husband, in the infernal, and six with her mother, in the celestial regions.

c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—TOUR THROUGH JAMAICA.

Blackness, Jamaica, April, 1811.

DEAR W.

Notwithstanding all that poets have said of the pleasures of perpetual spring, I cannot but think, that variation of season we experience in northern latitudes, possesses greater charms, and affords more diversified gratification. The human mind is organized to receive delight from novelty. A constant uniformity even of excellence is ultimately disgusting. After a severe and rigid winter, we hail the rosy bosomed spring with delight, as it brings with it, that novelty with which we are pleased; when that has ceased, we rejoice at the approach of summer, and then of autumn, and again of winter. The whole year performs its varied round, still yielding to a mind at ease, some new delight from novelty, and some fresh gratification from constant change. But here there is no diversity of season; perpetual summer reigns in the prime of youth, and clad with endless verdure. The eye, on which side soever it casts its view, sees Nature ornamented with her diversified mantle of green, which continues without alteration from year to year. There are but few deciduous trees in the island, and they reproduce so rapidly, that the fall is never observed. One would almost be induced to believe, that Nature's poet, Thomson, had visited the tropics, from the following very correct and elegant description:

" See how at once the bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The *short liv'd twilight*; and with ardent blaze
Looks gayly fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The *general breeze* to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

Here in eternal prime,
Unnumbered fruits of keen delicious taste,
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands, that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain."

SUMMER.

Yet the verdure here is by no means so rich and brilliant as that of colder climates. There is in its appearance something

sickly and dull. It wants that gloss and brilliancy, by which the vegetable productions of our country are distinguished. In many parts of the island, this, no doubt, proceeds from the want of rain, as in those places rain frequently does not fall for six months. The foliage, therefore, of the trees and shrubs is almost perpetually covered with dust, which effectually destroys the brilliancy of its surface, and the beauty of its verdure. To a person coming from a cold country in the midst of winter, every thing here appears to be forced. The sudden transition from a region where all was gloomy barrenness, to a country where every thing wears the face of summer, produces, for a time, a very singular sensation. It is not, until we have become accustomed to it, that we can perfectly remove from our minds the impression of its being forced and unnatural.

On the north side of the island the trees attain a much greater elevation than on the south. Yet, I can perceive nothing very remarkable in their magnitude even here. Messrs. Edwards and Long, speak of their enormous forests with wonder. I have not yet seen but one, the cotton tree, that could properly be called above the ordinary size of trees. Their forests are for the most part puny and diminutive, intermingled to such a degree with vines and withes, as to render them almost impenetrable. Trees are frequently seen arising from between the different interstices of the rocks, to a considerable height, which gives them a very picturesque appearance.

On my return to Blackness, I passed through a Maroon town, which they denominate Accompong, from the name of a conspicuous black general of that name.

These men formerly belonged to the Spaniards, who, after they were conquered by Venables, fled from their habitations, accompanied by a number of negroes and mulattoes. Judiciously conceiving that their masters could now no longer afford them protection, they thought proper to abandon them, and retreat among the mountains of Jamaica, under the direction of leaders they themselves appointed. Here, like wild men, they continued for many years, committing, with impunity, depredations on the soldiery and planters. It was long before they were brought to a capitulation, during which they did much injury to the white

inhabitants of the island, whom they robbed and murdered on every occasion. Their numbers daily increased, though troops were constantly sent out to subdue them. Their accurate knowledge of the geography of the island, rendered every attempt at first to conquer them useless and impossible; but by erecting barracks near their supposed haunts in various parts of the island, they were ultimately obliged to capitulate, and are now, though they have had several insurrections since, reduced to peace. Government allows them a certain portion of land on which they live, and which they cultivate, merely to produce articles of domestic consumption. They possess in the island five towns, in each of which a white superintendent resides. Their towns are Accompong, Charlestown, Nanny, or Moortown, Scots-hall, and Furry's-town. These Maroons are usually employed for the purpose of taking up negroes that run away. In this pursuit they are eminently skilled, and are seldom or never unsuccessful. For every runaway negro they catch, they are allowed by law 2*l*. and for every mile they proceed, one bit or 7½*d* Jamaica currency.

They have officers among them, who are, I understand, regularly commissioned by the governor, and who constantly wear cockades by way of distinction. The captains wear a silver chain and medal, on which their names are inscribed. Many of these officers have a very warlike and martial appearance. When they go in pursuit of negroes who have run away, they are armed, and proceed with as much regularity, as if they were in quest of an enemy. When they stop at the plantation of any gentleman, they are sometimes extremely insolent, and instead of politely asking, generally demand what they want. The law, however, as it respects them, is sufficiently rigid—they are deprived of almost all the privileges which the whites possess—they are prohibited, under a heavy penalty, from purchasing slaves, and are punished for enticing them away, and for committing tumults or riots.

The mode of fighting, practised among the Maroons was very singular; the action was commenced with a hideous yell, or war whoop, similar to that of the American Indians. This was done to excite terror in their enemies, and none who were un-

accustomed to these sounds, could listen without feelings of the deepest horror and dismay. While performing their evolutions, they would cast their bodies into a thousand forms, and roll and writhe with amazing dexterity. They practised this, with a view to avoid the shot of the enemy. After the firing had ceased, they approached their adversaries with the same dreadful yell, with which they commenced the action. They could fire with the same certainty and success running as standing. Their intimate acquaintance with the island, gave them a great superiority over the white troops, who were called out to oppose them. These, they would frequently lead into narrow defiles, and, while concealed behind trees or under bushes, often cut them off to a man. They always endeavoured to avoid pitched battles, well knowing the superiority of the enemy in military skill and discipline, and conscious of a defeat if they risk a battle. They could communicate, by means of a horn, information to each other with extraordinary despatch. Their senses of seeing and hearing are represented to have been acute beyond credibility. These, however, they yet in some degree retain, and can see the impression of a foot on a leaf, when scarcely any other human being, without the most minute attention, can discover it.

The negro slaves of the island, men, women and children, are under the deepest dread of these Maroons, whom they constantly labour to avoid as beings of another world.

This afternoon I had an opportunity of seeing how they prepared tamarinds for exportation. The process is extremely simple. This fruit grows abundantly in Jamaica, and forms an important article of commerce. It is prepared in the following manner: The fruit, when perfectly ripe, is taken out of the pod and placed in small casks in layers; boiling sirrup is then poured over them, until the casks are thoroughly filled, after which they are closed and all is then completed. I go to morrow to see the process of sugar making, when I shall endeavour to give you a description of this very valuable plant.

Adieu.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

OF THE GREEK COMEDY:

(Continued.)

THIS dialogue, which I have supposed to have taken place in an Athenian theatre, has already given some notions of the character of Aristophanes. A rapid survey of his writings, and some detached traits, some sketches of scenes, will be sufficient to complete the picture: for we must not imagine that there will be any need of inquiring in this place, into plan, action, plot, interest, dramatic laws, or any theatrical elegances: no such thing. Let us suppose that in the time of Louis XIV., a poet of the day, a jester, would amuse himself, by exhibiting upon the stage, the duke of Beaufort, the great Condé, the king's brother, the ladies of Chevreuse and Montbason; and wish to place, in a ridiculous light, all that passed at the archbishop's palace, Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, the parliament and the markets: Suppose his satires put into scenes, some real and some imaginary, were a compound of the wit of Rabelais, the dumb show of Harlequin, the farces of Scaramouch, the quack harangues of the Pont-Neuf and the strutting of the Boulevard: and that in the midst of this jumble of buffoonery, we should discern a fund of imagination, though sadly irregular; a fancy, fertile in satirical invention, and a sort of poetical frenzy, without any taste: this would be Aristophanes. It is evident that such writings would excite no interest in the present day, if it were not for the curiosity that we feel, to search for historical details of the quarrels of those times, as we read *la Satyr Menippée*, in order to comprehend the spirit of *the league*, and *the confession of Sancy* to obtain a view of the court of Henry III. So it is with regard to the dramas of Aristophanes; it is the history which we study and not the theatre. A comic poet, in those days, was a partisan, who entertained his opinions on public affairs, and would have pronounced them on the stage, in the same manner as the orators did in their assemblages, if it had not been that

the custom was very different, and that the Athenians, of all others, the most light, frivolous, vain, and prone to backbiting, had not preferred the buffoonery of poets, to the harangues of orators. It is necessary to be well aware of the extent to which democratic liberty was carried among them, before we can have a proper idea of the free manner of Aristophanes. The Peloponnesian war lasted six years; it was with the advice of Pericles that it was undertaken, to prevent the Athenians from losing the superiority which they had maintained in Greece since the battles of Salamis and Marathon, and which Lacedæmon now endeavoured to wrest from her. Attica being open on the side of Laconia, it was easy for the Lacedæmonians to carry their ravages to the very gates of Athens, whose power consisted chiefly in her maritime strength. The Athenian vessels infested the coasts of Lacedæmon, whose land forces despoiled the fields of Attica. These reciprocal advantages and disadvantages, preserved an even account, of good and bad success on either side, for six years. They negotiated for peace; for the people sighed for quiet times—those times when men are awakened not by the sound of the trumpet, but by the crowing of the cock. But the great men, the leaders of armies, and, among others, Cleon and Lamachus, were in favour of war; Aristophanes was the advocate of peace; and he wrote a piece which he called *the Acharnians*, from the name of a town in Attica, where he laid the scene. It is a series of burlesque masquerades, the uniform object of which is, to hold up Cleon and Lamachus to ridicule; though he does not forget Euripides, to whom an entire scene is appropriated. The author represents himself under the name of *Dicaëpolis*, or a good citizen; and he pays particular court to the Lacedæmonians, to whom he shows a variety of advantages of which they are deprived by the war. This is the ground-work of the play. The most curious part of it is to observe the manner in which he treats the Athenians, and the tone in which he speaks of himself by means of his chorus. “As our poet is occupied in writing comedies, he cannot appear before you, to hear what his merit deserves. But, as his enemies accuse him of the Athenian blunders, of ridiculing the republic, and injuring the people on the stage; it is necessary that he should justify him-

self before this fickle multitude. The poet says, you ought to take part with him, because it is he who prevents the deputies of the allied towns, from imposing upon you; your flatterers from deceiving you, and yourselves from neglecting the care of your public affairs. Heretofore, as soon as the deputies wanted to impose upon you, it was sufficient if they flattered you; if they said in soft tones, oh! Athenians, who crown yourselves with olives; oh! Athens, thou city very fair and abounding in oil! Then you rise from your seats to hear these fine harangues, and they obtain all that they want, by saying of you, what might as well be said of an anchovy. The poet has done you a great service; he has taught you that the government of the allied towns, belongs to the people. So you may see their envoys, when they bring you tribute, demand which is Aristophanes, because they are eager to behold the excellent poet, who dares to tell the Athenians what is just and true. The fame of his boldness has spread so far, that the great king has asked the Lacedæmonian ambassadors, if they were as powerful at sea as the Athenians, and if they had an Aristophanes to tell them the truth; adding that the Athenians would be conquerors, if they followed the advice of the poet. This is the reason why the Athenians in their propositions for peace, demand the island of Ægina, not because they care much for it, but because Aristophanes has possessions there, upon which he is desirous of residing. But do not permit him to go; for he will instruct you by his comedies, and teach you to be happy; not by flattering you, by gaining over particular interests, by the seductive influence of treacherous cabals, but by instructing you in the art of doing better. Thus Cleon may contrive what he can against him; honesty and justice are on his side, and fight for him; and never may the republic find him, like Cleon, idle and effeminate."

This apology, or this eulogium is not in a prologue, as might be imagined: it is in the middle of a play, at the end of the second act. We may judge from this, what little regard they paid to scenic delusion, when the absurd custom prevailed, of turning round every moment to address the spectators. We see also, that the author praised himself with as little scruple as he censured others; and that it is not the practice of this day only, for libel-

lers to prate about honesty and virtue, at the same time that they are incessantly outraging both. I do not mean that Aristophanes is the only one, who sins in this respect: it is the common vice of satirists, to attack indiscriminately men of all sorts, whether virtuous or otherwise. Cleon is described in history pretty much as he is exhibited by the muse of Aristophanes, excepting as to courage and eloquence, in which qualities, he was not deficient; but Lamachus, whom he treats no better, was a skilful general, who served his country faithfully, and was killed in fighting her battles. He made some advances to the poet, who then praised him as much as he had previously abused him—a sort of tergiversation, which gives no trouble to people of this class. As to Euripides, he not only takes every opportunity of introducing him, but he wrote two pieces against him expressly; viz. *the Festival of Ceres* and *the Frogs*. It appears that he was excessively exasperated against this tragedian, and that literary enmities prevailed in those days as they do now, when they are carried to the utmost extremity. I state the fact as it is recorded in history: Euripides despised him; and contempt, particularly when it is well founded, gives a wound to self-love, which never heals. But with what weapons did Aristophanes contend against Euripides? with the most cold raillery, the most brutal outrage, the most undeserved criticism. He parodied his most beautiful scenes; among others, that of the madness of Phædra. Is not this choosing his ground well? He reproaches him with his birth; an unpardonable baseness. He accuses him of impiety, an odious calumny. He describes, as a crafty and designing man, full of artifice, absorbed in low attempts, and paying court to the vile mob, a modest and retired man, who passed his time at home among philosophers and his friends. It is necessary, however, to give a specimen of the pleasantries which Aristophanes leveled against the rival of Sophocles. This Dicæopolis, whom I have just mentioned, harangues the people under the disguise of a beggar, the more to excite their pity. He knocks at the door of Euripides, and the whole wit of the scene, which I shall quote, consists in ridiculing the poet, for introducing in his tragedies persons clothed with rags, as Œdipus at Colova, &c.

“*Dicæopolis*. Is Euripides here? *Cephisophon* (*servant of Euripides*) He is here, and he is not. Do you undersand mē?

Dic. How? *Ceph.* I mean that his fancy courts the fields; he is seeking for verses, and has hid himself in the top of the house, where he is composing a tragedy. *Dic.* I shall not however go to him. I wish to speak to him. I will call him. Euripides, Euripides. Hear me, if ever you listened to any one. It is Dicæopolis. *Eurip.* I have not time. *Dic.* Show yourself but for a moment. *Eurip.* No, I have not time to come down. *Dic.* And wherefore do you perch yourself so high to compose tragedies? Cannot you write as well down stairs? I am not surprised that you make such lame heroes. (An allusion to one of his heroes, who was wounded in his thigh. Euripides descends; though without our well knowing why.) *Dic.* I conjure you on my knees, my dear Euripides, to give me some of the rags of any of your old tragedies. I am obliged to make a long speech before the chorus, and I shall die with chagrin if I do not acquit myself well. *Eurip.* What rags? those of Æneas, of Philoctetes, of Bellerophon? *Dic.* Oh no, something more miserable still. *Eurip.* I understand you; you want something from Telephus. *Dic.* Yes, of Telephus, king of Mysia. *Eurip.* (to his servant) Give him the rags of Telephus; they are with those of Thyestes and Ino. *Dic.* Oh! good heavens! they are all torn. But since you are so kind, give me also the cap of the king of Mysia; for I must appear as a beggar before the chorus, which is composed of weak men, whom I must amuse with trifling verses, and not before the spectators who ought to know what is what. *Eurip.* Stay, for you seem to me to be a shrewd fellow. *Dic.* I wish all sort of happiness to Telephus and you. Since I put on this habit, I already feel myself abounding in little verses. (Another allusion to the style of Euripides.) I want a staff, such as mendicants carry. *Eurip.* Take this and go about your business. *Dic.* Ah me! what is it you say. I want a great many things yet. It is absolutely necessary that I should obtain them from you, and you must not refuse me. Give me a basket blacked by the smoke of a lamp. *Eurip.* What will you do with it? *Dic.* Nothing; but I wish to have one. *Eurip.* Go, go; you are importunate. *Dic.* May the gods take as much care of you, as they formerly did of your mother. *Eurip.* Go away. *Dic.* Give me at least, a little cracked cup. *Eurip.* There; now go: you

are too troublesome. *Dic.* Ah! my dear Euripides; you know not how much you wrong me. As a particular favour, give me a pot of earth, covered with a sponge. *Eurip.* This man will make me lose all my tragedy. Hold your tongue, and leave me in quiet. *Dic.* I am going; but there is still one thing very essential, and if I do not get it, I am a dead man. Put some pulse in this basket. *Eurip.* There; you will murder me. My tragedy is gone. *Dic.* I ask nothing more. I go. I perceive that I become troublesome, and that I shall get into a scrape with all the kings, your heroes. Ah! miserable man! what was I about to do? I had like to have forgotten the principal thing. My dear Euripides, may I die, if I ask any thing besides this trifle: give me a pot of herbs, such as your mother used to sell. *Eurip.* Away! you insult me; Cephisophon, shut the door."

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ENTREMETS.

In the third volume (p. 313) of a very entertaining work, not much known in this country, *Vie privée des Français*, par M. Le Grand d'Aussy, (1782,) is a section *sur les plaisirs et divertissemens des repas*, which puts the humble imitation of ancient magnificence, at the prince of Wales's late gala, quite out of countenance.

The bacchanalian songs of our ancestors, says M. d'Aussy, we may very well dispense with, but one of their customs we have reason to regret the loss of, that is, when they met on holidays, they used to divert themselves with some lively song with a chorus, in which all the company joined. By turns each took a part; joy lighted up each countenance; they drank in concert; they saluted the females, the laugh never ceased; and you would swear this was the abode of happiness. It is true, there was something not exquisitely refined in all this; but no matter what gives rise to gayety, provided we are gay. Are we not sufficiently fortunate, when, amid all the dull and vexatious re-

alities of life, we can steal an hour for amusement and pleasure? Politeness has banished from our repasts that mirth of former days, which modern fashion considers as savouring too much of citizen society. We have substituted a cold and gloomy decorum of intercourse, but what then? As one of the poets observes—

On ne rit plus, on sourit aujourd'hui;
Et nos plasires sont voisins a l'ennui.

The laugh suppress'd, just yields a smile,
And even our pleasures lag and toil.

The reign of mirth and Vaudeville, is no more.

To these succeeded the fashion of telling stores in turn; but according to Brantome, they degenerated into a lascivious character that left no room to regret, that the custom was discarded. Nor is there much reason to lament that parties in the open streets have fallen into disuse. Or even the mixture of society on gala days, when neighbours used to bring their meals in common, so as to produce a mixture of dishes not very palatable; these were *Salmigondies*: and even now a salmigondi, means a dish of incongruous and absurd mixture.

To these at the tables of the nobility succeeded farces and pantomimic representations, which may be traced to very early times. Sidonius Apollinaris speaks of these amusements in the time of Theodoric the 2d, king of the Visigoths. *Sanè intromittuntur quamquam rarò, mimici sales inter cœnandum.* In England, about the time of Elizabeth, and for some reigns before, it was the fashion to enact scripture dramas; *mysteries*. In France the minstrels and itinerant performers, (*menistriens, jongleurs*), went about in bodies from province to province, reciting stories, acting small pieces, showing tricks, &c. for the amusement of the populace. So Monstrelet, describing an entertainment in the 13th century says, “fut le souper moult honourable, plantereux, bien honnestement seray de tout ce qu'il estoit possible de trouver, avecques chantres, et plusieurs instrumens melodieux, farces, mommeries, et austres honnestes joyeusetez.”

Combats of prizefighters succeeded, but these were soon in disuse.

Then came the *Entremets*, or entertainments and spectacles, intervening the courses of a feast: as in the modern table the entremets are the dishes, &c. that come between the latter courses of an entertainment, and precede the desert, not as part of the meal, but to amuse the guests, and stimulate the palate.

The first of these entremets (or *spectacles*, sights, shows) described, was part of an entertainment given by Charles V. in 1378, in the grand saloon of his uncle the emperor Charles IV. According to the manuscript chronicle of Nangis, there was a repast with *Entremets*, representing the conquest of Jerusalem, by Godfrey of Boulogne. D'Aussy gives the details. Froissart describes a similar spectacle at the same place, in 1389. But of all the entertainments of which history has afforded us any details, there is none which equals that given by Philippe le Bon, duke of Burgundy, at Lisle, in the year 1453. It displays at once so much magnificence, and so many puerilities, such variety of machinery and automata, so many actors, and so many living animals; that, I believe I shall gratify the curiosity of my readers by describing it. Monstrelet, gives an abridged account; but it is detailed at length by Matthieu de Cauti, and Olivier de la Marche. What, however, renders it interesting, is, that it was occasioned by one great event, and almost the cause of another.

Mahommed II. one of the most redoubtable and enterprising enemies the Christians had to encounter, menaced, at this moment, Constantinople, which, in fact, he besieged, and took some months afterwards. The formidable armament he had prepared for this expedition, had made all Europe tremble. It was thought that no other means remained to save Christendom, than to form a general league and arm against him; and it was with this intent the duke of Burgundy gave his grand pantomime entertainment.

In an immense hall, three tables were laid out, that might, perhaps, more justly be called theatres, considering the number of machines that were placed on each. That for the duke was square, and had four ornaments.

1st. A church with its bell and organs, with four chanters to play on it, and sing when their time of acting should require it.

2d. A statue of a naked child, placed on a rock, who from his "broquette pissait eau-rose."

3d. A vessel, larger than what would serve to navigate on the seas, having on board a numerous crew, who performed all the manœuvres as if they had been really at sea.

4th. A rivulet that ran through a meadow ornamented with shrubs and flowers; rocks, studded with sapphires and other precious stones, served as a boundary to it; and in the centre was a figure of St. Andrew, from the end of whose cross spouted out a stream of water.

On the second table were seen nine ornaments.

1st. A sort of pasty, in which were enclosed twenty-eight musicians, men and children, who were each to play on a different instrument, during certain interludes of the feast.

2d. The castle of Lusignan, with its ditches and towers: from the two smallest, a stream of orangeade ran into the ditches; and, on the highest tower, Melusina was seen disguised as a serpent.

3d. A wind mill placed on a hillock. A magpie was fixed on one of the sails, which served for a mark to all sorts of persons, who amused themselves with shooting with cross-bows.

4th. A vineyard, in the midst of which were placed two casks as emblems of those containing good and evil. One held a sweet and the other a bitter liquor. A man richly dressed, seated cross-legged on one of the casks, held in his hand a paper, by which he offered the choice of his liquors, to all who might wish to taste them.

5th. A desert country, where a tiger was represented fighting with a serpent.

6th. A savage mounted on a camel, seeming on the point of making a long journey.

7th. A man with a long pole, beating a bush, wherein many small birds had taken refuge. Near to it was an orchard enclosed by a trellis of roses, with a knight seated by his mistress's side, who caught and eat the birds the other drove from the bush. A kind of satirical allegory, ingenious enough, and which probably gave rise to the proverbial expression, "to beat the bush for another."

8th. Mountains and rocks covered with hanging icicles, among which a fool was seen mounted on a bear.

9th. A lake surrounded by various towns and castles. A vessel was on it sailing with all her sails set.

The third table, smaller than the preceding ones, had but three decorations.

1st. A travelling merchant, as passing through a village with his pack on his back.

2d. An Indian forest full of automata of various animals walking about.

3d. A lion fastened to a tree, near which was a man beating a dog.

On the right and left of the buffet, which was set off with vases of chrystal, cups ornamented with gold and precious stones, and an immense quantity of gold and silver plate, were two columns one bore the statue of a naked woman, from whose right breast flowed hippocras during supper time; the lower parts of her body were covered with a napkin loaded with Greek letters of a violet colour.

To the other column, a living lion was fastened, by an iron chain. He was there placed to guard the naked woman, as the inscription in golden letters on a shield announced—"Do not touch the lady."

It is probable the naked woman, with the Greek letters was intended to represent Constantinople despoiled—the lion, who forbade any one to touch her, the duke of Burgundy,—and the man who beat the dog in presence of the lion, Sultan Mohammed.

Besides the number of machines I have described, the hall contained five scaffolds for those spectators who were not of the supper, and particularly for the great crowds of foreigners whom the report of this feast had brought to Lisle.

On the entrance of the duke and his court, he walked about for some time to examine the various decorations after which he sat down to table, and the maitres d'hotel served up the supper.

Every course consisted of forty-four dishes, each of which was lowered down from the roof by machinery, on cars painted blue and gold, with the device of the duke.

The moment he was seated with his guests the bell of the church tolled, and, instantly, three little choristers came out of the pasty, and began to sing a very sweet air, by way of grace: they were accompanied by a shepherd on his pipe. Shortly after, a horse entered, escorted by fifteen or sixteen knights in the livery of the duke. He moved backward, and bore on his bare back two masked trumpeters, seated back to back; and in this manner he made the circuit of the hall backward, attended by the knights, the two trumpeters playing all the time symphonies.

When they had quitted the hall, the organ of the church was heard, and one of the musicians in the pasty played on a German horn. A great automaton representing an enormous wild boar, now entered, having on his back a monster, half a savage and half a griffin; and this monster bore also a man on his shoulders. They had no sooner departed than the chanters in the church sung an air, and three of the musicians in the pasty executed a trio: one played on the douçaine (dulciana, probably dulcimer) the second on the lute, and the third on another instrument.

Such were the different amusements that formed the accompaniments to the first course: all, excepting the music, were farces foreign to the feast. Those of the second course had as little connexion, but they were preparatory to the last, in which the object of this entertainment was to be pathetically explained.

The entertainment of the second course consisted of a dramatic pantomime that represented the conquest of the golden fleece by Jason—a kind of allegory that recalled to the spectators the order of the golden fleece, which the duke had instituted twenty-three years before.

For this spectacle, a small theatre had been erected at one end of the hall, and which a large green silken curtain had hid from the eyes of the assembly. On a sudden a symphony of clarions was heard behind this courtain: it was drawn up, and Jason was seen fighting with, and bringing to the yoke two bulls that vomited flames of fire, to whom had been committed the defence of the garden of the Hesperides. The hero next combats a monstrous dragon, cuts off his head and tears out his teeth. He then ploughs a field with the bulls he had tamed;

sows there the teeth of the dragon; and instantly an army of soldiers spring from the earth, who fight together most bitterly, and alternately kill each other.

The three acts of this sort of opera did not immediately follow: the spaces between each act were filled up by interludes in the taste of those of the preceding. The first consisted of a youth who entered the hall mounted on a large white stag, when they both sang a duet; then a fiery dragon who flew round the hall. A hawking scene was next presented, when two falcons were seen to strike down a heron, which was instantly presented to the duke. All these interludes were accompanied either by pieces on the organ, by the chanters in the church, or by the musicians in the pasty, who every time executed an air on a different instrument.

These successive spectacles, however, were but, as I have said, a preliminary amusement; or, to borrow the expressions of the two authors from whom I make this extract, were but "a worldly pastime," given to the spectators to entertain them until the time of the grand scene, the scene which was to explain the subject of this feast, and the real cause of it.

It was opened, by a giant dressed with a turban in the Morisco fashion, and clothed in a long robe of striped green silk. He held in his left hand a guisarme of the antique mode, and with his right led an elephant. This animal bore on its back a tower, in which was a female to represent the church: she had on her head a white veil, after the manner of nuns: her robe was of white satin, but her mantle was black, to mark her grief. When she was come near to where the duke sat, she sang a triolet to have the giant stopped, and then made a long complaint in verse, in which having displayed the many ills she was suffering from the infidels, she implored succour from the duke and the knights of the fleece then present.

Different officers now entered with the king at arms, of the order of the golden fleece, followed by two knights of the order, each leading a damsel, one of whom was natural daughter to the duke. The king at arms bore a live pheasant, decorated with a collar of gold and precious stones. Approaching the duke he made a profound obeisance, and said, that it being the custom

at festivals to offer to the princes and gentlemen a peacock, or some noble bird, for them to make a vow upon, he was come with two ladies, to offer to his valour a pheasant.

The duke, in reply to this proposition, gave to the king at arms a billet written in his own hand, that he had prepared beforehand, the substance of which was read aloud as follows: He there vowed, to God pre-eminent, then to the glorious Virgin, his mother, and afterward to the ladies, and to the pheasant, that if the king of France, his lord paramount, or any other princes, would undertake a croisade against the Turks, he would accompany or follow them; and that he himself would combat the sultan body to body, if he would accept his challenge. The lady representing the church having thanked him, she made the circuit of the hall with her elephant, during which time almost all the princes and great lords present, made vows on the bird of the most extravagant nature—such as not to drink wine, not to be seated at table, or not to lie down one day of the week, until they should have met the infidel army; or have been the first to attack it; or have overthrown the banner of the sultan; or to return to Europe without bringing with them a Turk prisoner. In short one made a vow, (which will give an idea of the religion of these new croisaders) that if he could not obtain the last favours of his mistress before his departure, he would marry the first damsel he should meet that had twenty thousand crowns.

When the vows were ended, a troop of musicians entered, accompanied by a great number of lighted torches. Twelve ladies followed, every one attended by a knight. Each personified a virtue. They formed a dance, and thus the festival ended.

All this noisy vain boasting had no effect. The duke levied large sums from his territories under pretence of this croisade, and even advanced into Germany, when a convenient illness made him return home; and this pretended lion permitted Mohammed to beat the dog without any opposition.

For further particulars, see "*l'Histoire de la Vie privée des Français.*"

SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN proposing Mathematical questions it is necessary to avoid every thing that would be superfluous, and to use the utmost conciseness and brevity of language, but at the same time, it is also necessary to consider, whether the proposition might not be left ambiguous by being deficient in data. This appears to be the case in a question proposed in June, respecting the intersection of planes. For it will readily appear upon investigation that the same question will admit of at least eight different answers, as there is no fixed situation given to those planes, whether they are on the same or on different quadrants, or partly on the same, or partly on different quadrants.

However, to fix their situation, let it be supposed that the plane $E A$ stand on the same quadrant, that is, that the angles made by $E A$ and $C D$ and $E B$ and $C D$ to be measured from the same part, and also the angles formed by the other plane be measured on the other quadrant. It will appear plain, that if we conceive the centre of a sphere to coincide with that point from which the angles formed by the intersection of those planes are supposed to be drawn, the question may be easily solved by spherics in the following manner:

Having the angles formed by the intersection of the planes, which will represent the sides of a right angled spheric triangle, proceed to find the spheric angles formed by the inclinations of the planes $E A$ and $F A$.

The supplement of the two angles made by $E A$, $C D$ and $F A$ and $C D$, will give the side of a spheric triangle equal to the angle made by $E A$ and $F A$, and which side, together with the supplement of the spheric angle made by $E A$ and $F A$, will be the three parts of a spheric triangle, and the angle opposite to the side will be the inclination of the plane F and E .

A Student of the Mathematical Academy.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is said by doctor Drake in his *Literary Hours*, that he cares not if every line of Waller were lost. I must confess myself, if not entirely of his opinion, as leaning to it. I have frequently dipped into Waller, with a view of finding those beauties, which many persons of taste, fancy they discover in him; but am compelled to say, that I never have been charmed. There is a smooth equable flow, and sometimes an air of gallantry in his verses, but nothing of the pathetic or sublime. He has probably the merit, generally ascribed to him, of having contributed more than any of his predecessors, to polish and improve the style of English versification, but little, I presume, of the *vis divini* which constitutes true poetry.

Virgil's celebrated description of a thunder storm in his *Georgics*, beginning,

Sæpe etiam immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,

And not the least laboured and successful passage of Sotheby's elegant translation, is perhaps imitated and equalled by Thomson, in his *Summer*.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail
Or prone descending rain.

The following lines strike me as finely descriptive and sublime:

Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush
In to the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.

The observation, "of having injured too much to forgive," once used by doctor Franklin, and afterwards a good deal hackneyed among us about the beginning of the revolutionary contest is borrowed from Tacitus, whose words are, *Proprium humani ingenii est, odisse quem læseris*.

From the same author it appears, that the common saying, that a man of forty is a fool or a physician owes its origin to the emperor Tiberius,* who, by the by, execrable tyrant as he was, appears to have been a man of pleasantry and shrewdness: witness his telling the Phrygian ambassadors who came to make him compliments of condolence for the loss of his son, a year after the event, that he likewise very sincerely condoled with them for the death of Hector; as also the saying ascribed to him by Suetonius, that, *boni pastoris est tendere oves non deglubere*, in allusion to the rapacity of those officers, who not content with fleecing, absolutely flayed the people.

Perhaps it is not generally known, that the song of

Dear Cloe come give me sweet kisses
For sweeter no girl ever gave, &c.

is borrowed from a poetical effusion of Catullus to Lesbia, beginning,

Queris quot mihi basiationes
Tuæ Lesbia, sint satis superque?

But these lines of the original answer more particularly to the latter part of the first stanza of the English song, running thus—

But why in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me, how many I'd have?

And the allusions are still more palpable in the remainder of the song.

Another scrap of the same poet's gallantry, to the same mistress,—

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus, &c.

Is also converted into the English song of

Let us live, and let us love, &c.

Lord Kaimes, in his *Elements of Criticism*, gives several instances of incongruous, absurd and ridiculous associations of ideas. Mr. Addison in his *Whig Examiner* does the same, in

* But his limitation was thirty instead of forty.

illustrating what he calls the anti-climax, and some of his examples are eminently calculated to excite laughter,—as this, from Scarron's character of Queen Simiramis, who was, he says, the founder of Babylon, conqueror of the East, and an excellent housewife. And this, in French:

Allez vous, lui dit il, sans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laissé votre honneur et vos gaus.

In the genuine spirit of these uncongenial combinations, I remember a gentleman once telling me, that he used to shoot pheasants *under the old government*.

The remarks of the poet Lucan, as observed by Voltaire, are often fully worth a poetical description; and he instances his pithy line in characterizing Julius Cæsar:

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.

No less comprehensive and forcible, is the line applied to Cato;

Non sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo—

Nor that to Pompey, put into the mouth of Cæsar;

Ille semel raptos nunquam demittit honores.

Throughout the poem of Pharsalia, indeed, we are presented with observations striking and profound, and which have frequently been repeated by modern writers. The following, in relation to the conduct of Ourio before the action in which he perishes, and which contains the general reason for giving battle in desperate circumstances, is often met with in historians:

Audendo magnus tegitur timor: arma capessam
Ipse prior: campum miles descendat in æquum
Dum meus est; variam semper dant otia mentem.

Thus translated by Rowe:

By daring shows our greatest fears we hide:
Then let me haste to bid the battle join
And lead my army while it yet is mine,
Leisure and thinking, still to change incline.
Let war and action busy thought control
And find a full employment for the soul.

The French, it seems, as well as the English, have their law-commentators and Cokes upon Lyttletons. This appears from the first satire of Boileau, where he speaks of Louët allongé par Brodeau. This is introduced, on the question of an unlucky poet, too honest to degrade himself to the unworthy practices necessary to his success, renouncing Parnassus and turning lawyer. Being the speaker, he exclaims:

Faut-il donc désormais jouer un nouveau rôle?
Dois-je las d'Apollon recourir à Bartole,
Et feuilletant Louët allongé par Brodeau,
D'une robe à longs plis balayer le barreau?

Might not the passage be imitated in Pope's manner of imitating Horace, and Johnson's of Juvenal, thus?

And must I then ascend another stage,
The Muses quit for Salkeld's barb'rous page;
Thumb Coke on Lyttleton with studious care
And sweep with full-sleev'd robe the dusty bar?

The English, and we their descendants, who have never had means of better informing ourselves, have taken up some very unwarrantable notions of the French. We believe them in the aggregate to be a sort of monkies, who may be the cause of humour in other men but can scarcely be brought to think that they have any themselves; or at least, that they possess the talent of discovering and exposing the ridiculous in human manners. This I have more than once heard strenuously insisted upon; and particularly that they had no such authors in the humorous way as our Shakspeare and other writers of comedy, our Fieldings, our Smollets, &c, and in the lower grades, our Garricks, our Murpheys and Footes. It would require a much more extensive knowledge of their literature than I possess, to do them right in this particular; but every one must have heard of their Rabelais, Scarron and Moliere. With the latter, I have some acquaintance; enough to know, that in comic power upon my mind, no writer whatever exceeds him. Nothing in English, I should suppose, for instance, could surpass the animated banter in this speech of Joinette, palming herself upon Le Malade imaginaire, as a physician of prime eminence.

Je suis medecin passager, &c.

"I am a travelling physician sir, who wander from city to city, from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, for the purpose of seeking out cases worthy of my capacity; of finding patients deserving of my attention, and capable of calling into exercise the great and admirable secrets I have discovered in medical science. I disdain to concern myself with the sorry lumber of ordinary maladies, your pitiful rheumatisms and defluxions, your petty fevers, your vapours and meagrim. No: I demand diseases of importance, fine continual fevers with affections of the brain, charming purple fevers, noble pestilences, glorious dropsies already formed, sublime pleurisies with inflammations of the breast; 'tis here that I solace myself, 'tis here that I triumph; and I would to my soul, sir, that you had all the diseases I have enumerated, that you were given over by your physicians, abandoned, hopeless, and in agony, that I might convince you of the excellency of my remedies, and the ardent desire I have to render you service."—

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir, (replies the patient with much naiveté) for the very great kindness you have for me."—

It is true, the humour in this play, consists less in character than in circumstance. Mons. Argan, the supposed sick man, is nothing more than a common hypocondriac or valetudenarian, —a dupe to the imagined omnipotence of medicine, and the arts of the arrogant pretenders in that science, the standing butts of the French wits, at least of Boileau, Moliere, and Le Sage. Whether the French writers are by any means comparable to the English in delineating the finer shades and discriminations of character, might, with reason, be doubted. Perhaps indeed, their national manners are much less prolific in models of singularity.

In the works of Mr. Hughes, is a translation of part of the *Orestes* of Euripides, in which, to use the words of the translator, "the tenderness of Electra, and the alternate starts and returns of madness and reason in Orestes, are touched with the most exquisite strokes of nature and passion." For my own

part, I must say that I know nothing of its kind in any poet, superior to it: and if so pathetic in a translation, what must it be in the original." It was this probably which awakened the kindred spirit of Virgil, and prompted the beautiful allusion of,

*Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes;
Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine diræ.*

"To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line," says Pope. Though, in strictness, it is but half a one, if this is it:

Quis te magne Cato tacitum, aut te Cosse, relinquat?

Considering, however, that the poet was making court to Augustus in this very part of his poem, it was certainly manly in him to mention with respect, this enemy of his house, or at least unsubmitting opposer of his uncle Julius Cæsar.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;
A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

THE FLEMISH SCHOOL.

THE Flemish school of painting, was distinguished from the Venetian, by the splendor, vivacity, and transparency of tint; and although confessedly inferior in strength, depth, richness, or in the delineation of individual truth, it was preeminent in softness and general harmony.

LIFE OF PETER PAUL RUBENS.

PETER PAUL RUBENS, the great master of this school, was born at Cologne, in the year 1577, his father having fled to that place with his family from Antwerp, and sought an asylum from

the dangers of civil war. After these commotions had subsided, the parent returned to Antwerp with his family, and instructed his son in the rudiments of polite letters. The genius of the boy was not at this time defined, or identified. He showed a surprising aptitude for study, but manifested no particular attachment to the object. His proficiency was rapid in every branch of literature: still he was ready to renounce, or to follow the object of his pursuit, although so successful in the chase according to the will, or caprice of his parent.

The father busied himself, in endeavouring to ascertain from such rapid and indiscriminate proficiency in the various studies, what particular one most attracted his admiration. It was no easy task amidst the ardent vibrations of a mind so unsettled, to ascertain a fact of so much importance. At length the parent discovered, or thought that he discovered, that painting formed his primary passion; for amidst all these revolutions, his son recurred to that study with renewed pleasure, and quitted it with the most reluctance. He was accordingly placed, first under the tuition of Tobias Verhaecht, who was eminent as a painter of architecture and landscape. From him he passed to the care of Adam Van Oort. The hours consumed by the precepts and instructions of the latter master, were thrown away upon Rubens. The disposition of Adam was sour, surly and morose; that of his pupil mild, courteous, affable and humane. Between these two minds, the common bond of sympathy, which ought always to exist between the master and the student, was wanting. Rubens received the dry precept, with the same acrimonious spirit in which it was delivered, and his favourite pursuit became a drudgery when it was incorporated with the character of his instructor. His hours past heavily and unsociably; but the pupil had nevertheless, sounded all the depths of his preceptor's genius, and had found that a despicable temper, was allied to an intellect as despicable. He found the former to be the exact counterpart of the latter, and both to be unworthy of him.

His father, not inattentive to the complaints of his son, placed him under the care of Octavio Van Veen, an artist better known by the name of Otho Venius. He was a man of amiable and hospitable manners, skilled alike in painting, and in all

the other accomplishments of learning. This change was delightful to the mind of the susceptible Rubens: he found literature, urbanity and a passion for the pencil, all united in one character; and the joy he felt on this occasion, fixed his wavering ambition forever. He seemed in his preceptor to have discovered an old acquaintance.

Instead of wasting his energy in indiscriminate studies, he now disciplined them all to one object; and it is needless to say that he soon from the pupil, became the rival of his master. Shortly after having left the society of one so endeared, he made the tour of the Netherlands. Becoming acquainted with the arch duke Albert, governor of that country, he was by him employed to paint designs for his own palace; a piece of service he executed so much to his satisfaction, that he not only liberally rewarded him; but gave him letters of introduction to the duke of Mantua.

Travelling through the dominions of this potentate, he availed himself of this opportunity of consulting the finest paintings and the purest specimens of the antique. From Mantua, he visited Rome and other cities of Italy; studied the works of the first masters from the time of Raphael to his own, and much improved his colouring by imitating the paintings of Titian and Paolo Veronese.

He passed seven years, from the time of his quitting Antwerp, until his return; during which period, he sedulously devoted himself to the study and successful imitation of the best masters.

Returning to Antwerp he married, and enjoyed four uninterrupted years of conjugal and domestic felicity. Death at last deprived him of his happiness; but when the bitterness of grief had subsided, he formed another matrimonial alliance with a lady of consummate beauty.

He imparted the beauty of this consort to his canvass, and it was observed, that from the time of his second marriage, his female forms outrivalled in symmetry, grace and elegance, all his former works. His house was the abode of hospitality and benevolence; those who were incapable of properly appreciating the resplendent merits of the artist, found ample cause of admi-

ration in the man. His conversation was varied and instructive, and his singular modesty, may be said to have formed the ground that displayed to the greatest advantage, these beautiful and luminous tints. But, a more important and splendid theatre of action awaited him. He was invited to Paris by Mary of Medicis, to adorn the gallery of the Luxembourg with a series of paintings, representing some of the principal events of her life; which he executed in twenty-four different subjects. Many of these paintings are entirely from the hand of Rubens; the rest are finished by his pupils from his sketches, and retouched by him afterwards. For this, Rubens has incurred the utmost severity of public censure. It has been represented as a gross and palpable fraud upon the public, and resulting from mean and avaricious motives. Without pretending to justify the practice, it may safely be affirmed, that avarice did not stimulate him in this instance. This conclusion is opposed by the whole tenor of the painter's life. His wish to oblige all his patrons, beyond the power of his individual pencil, compelled him to work with other hands. No other objection lies against this, than the difficulty of distributing to each individual artist, his proper share of censure, or applause, and the opportunity it affords for confounding all the faults, as well as all the beauties of the piece, by making the innocent suffer, and the guilty escape with all the honours.

During his residence in Paris, Rubens was steadily employed in ornamenting churches, convents and palaces. Instances of his munificence are too numerous to be recorded here. He contracted with the company of Arquebusiers at Antwerp, to paint for them their patron St. Christopher with our infant Saviour in his arms, for a piece of ground on which his house was afterwards erected. Rubens presented them with five pieces instead of one; amongst which, was his famous Descent from the Cross, a painting sufficient of itself, to ensure immortality to the artist. He enjoyed the bounties of fortune amongst his friends with a princely munificence, sought for indigent merit, only to afford countenance and patronage; and refused to lend himself to the impracticable dreams of the visionary.

In the time of Rubens, many of the learned men in Europe, were led away from their senses by the practicability of discovering the philosopher's stone. When he was applied to, and requested to become a partner in this good luck, he pointed to his pencil, and said that the projector had come too late, for that instrument had made him acquainted with the philosopher's stone for twenty years. His mild and amiable temper was sometimes put to a severe trial, by the envy and insolence of his disciples. Van Ulden and Snyders, while dining together, declared that the merit of their master had been much over rated, and that he was compelled to have recourse to their talents, to paint his scenery and animals. When this intelligence reached the ears of Rubens, he painted several hunting pieces, in which the horses, lions, &c. were represented with singular propriety, and enriched them with landscapes of extraordinary beauty. These he submitted to the examination of his two pupils, and while they were struck with admiration, remarked, "you are now convinced, I hope, that I can dispense with your assistance, and am your master in every branch of my art."

The Infanta Isabella of Spain, invited him to her court, and on terms so flattering, that he could not hesitate a moment to accept the offer. She had seen the magic powers of his pencil, but was a perfect stranger to all other points of his character. On his arrival, she was astonished to find that the courtesy of the gentleman, and the intelligence of the scholar, rivalled the celebrity of the artist. All these accomplishments blended together, soon rendered him the favourite of the Spanish court, and as a mark of their confidence, he was trusted with the charge of a ministerial employment of high delicacy to England. He executed the duties of his office with ability, and he soon became the favourite of both monarchs. He was employed by the unfortunate Charles the first, to adorn White Hall with his paintings; who besides loading him with presents, rewarded him with the honour of knighthood.

Exactness and regularity were not conspicuous in the pencil of Rubens: he gave his imagination a sweeping and unbounded range; and while the enthusiasm lasted, he poured his forms upon the canvass. While the cold critic finds many of those

daring faults that genius only perpetrates, the spectator is dazzled into admiration. He partakes in the painter's kindling enthusiasm; his mind is warmed and enlarged, and he feels himself hurried on by a power he is incapable of resisting. The splendor of the colouring, the large majestic folds, or the graceful sweep of the drapery; the lightness and transparency of his carnations, and above all, the bustle of the figures, all in motion, and all contributing to the main design, transport the spectator directly into the theatre of action. If Rubens describes a coronation, no figure is at rest; all are crowding onwards; those more remote, are peering on tiptoe over the heads of their predecessors; the cheeks of the musicians are distended, and pouring the shouts of triumph; those surrounding the spot where this solemn rite is performed, stand in haughty and dignified attitudes as if they participated in that honour, whilst little children are seen at a distance, removing the drapery that interposes and obstructs the view of the ceremony.

It was peculiarly characteristic of Rubens, to enter into the heart of his enterprise, and the spectator must feel and enjoy all the repercussions of his genius, and wait for his enthusiasm to subside, before he can take cognizance of his faults. Rubens was fond to a fault, of allegory, and he too often blended allegorical and real personages together. His style of colouring was lively, his execution rapid and free, his carnations partook of the life and warmth of nature, and were so transparent, that his forms were said to have been fed upon roses.

Unlike Titian, he never mingled his colours: he laid them all in their proper places, and combined them by a gentle touch, which gives them a purity and vivacity, superior to those of any other artist. He peculiarly excelled in the delineation of animals and landscape, and it was thought extraordinary, that he should have surrendered this task to his students, when his own pencil was unparalled in this point; but this is easily accounted for. Whatever he could himself perfectly execute, he would undoubtedly submit to other hands, because in the task of revision and retouching, the labour would be light, in comparison with those other departments of his art, with which he was not so familiarly acquainted. Wherever he apprehend-

ed failure, his own hand must be employed, and his whole talents exerted; but when he was assured of success, he could rely with confidence on his capacity, to amend the works of a subordinate artist. Such was the general character of Rubens, and his paintings were so numerous, that a particular description of them, would require a volume by itself. They are said to amount to four hundred pieces. All Europe has witnessed his labours; the palaces of kings and potentates, the convents and the cathedrals, have become the repositories of his genius. Some of his most admired pieces, are now in the hands of the English nobility. The annexed engraving, represents St. Roch curing the plague. The saint, habited like a pilgrim, prostrates himself before our Saviour, and in that humble posture, expresses his gratitude. A group of persons beneath ready to expire, manifest the most lively hopes of recovery. An aged woman contemplates the celestial assemblage, with admiration and reverence: another feels herself already reviving, and several while oppressed with the greatest sufferings, acquire confidence and hope. This has been considered one of Rubens's happiest efforts. The heads and attitudes, are the highest models of energy and sentiment; and one is particularly entitled to notice. It unites in the greatest possible degree, physical sufferings, and the joy excited by confidence of success, in the intercession of the saint. The colouring is correct, and admirably varied.

Allegory was employed by Rubens to lift a common and ordinary event to dignity and importance: his pencil was not narrative; it partook of the essential qualities of epic; he embellished and adorned common life, and scattered over its insipidity, the pleasing character of romance.

Rubens, on his return from the English court, lost none of the confidence of the Spanish monarch. On the contrary, he was made secretary of state, for the department of Flanders; the duties of which he discharged with ability and honour, and when it became vacant by his death, (which happened in 1640,) his sovereign, as an evidence of his respect to his ashes, bestowed it on his eldest son Albert.



He died of the gout, at the age of sixty-three, and so insatiable was his passion for the pencil, that he lamented he should be taken away, just as he began to be able to paint, and to understand the principles of his art. His character was too noble, his genius too brilliant, and his fortune too auspicious to escape the persecution of envy. He was kind and benevolent to his pupils, and not only afforded them all the benefit of his instruction and example; but exerted all his influence to promote their prosperity, and to recommend them to notice: while his private finances, were ever open to relieve their distresses. These strong and unequivocal facts are thus explained away, to answer the purposes of calumny and misrepresentation. Fearing the rivalry of those abilities, he affected to foster and patronise; he was reduced to the necessity of bribing their possessors, to become his admirers, and the heralds of his fame.

Had Rubens neglected the fortune of his students, then indeed, envy would have accounted for his cold insensibility to their merits. As he was actively concerned in their welfare, he is now represented to have bent to his own selfish and sinister purposes, the talents of men, from whose competition he had every thing to dread.

In the contemplation of a character so luminous and beautiful, we have all we can desire. Genius flashes upon us at the first glance, and when we turn the character as we may, we behold no dark spot to stain its brilliancy, no unevenness, or asperity of surface demanding a finer polish. As it revolved, it sparkled with uniformity of lustre. Fortune beheld this prodigy, and translated it from the shades of private life, to sparkle in courts of kings, and palaces of princes.

In our next number, we shall present our readers with another sketch, from one of the three hundred subjects of sacred history, which flowed from the inexhaustible imagination of this great master. It has been drawn, and will be engraved by Mr. George Murray (confessedly the first artist in this country) from the celebrated picture of *The Tribute Money*, in the possession of Joseph Sansom, esq.; in which, Rubens has wisely discarded those allegorical fancies and ornamental episodes, into which his poetical genius so frequently betrayed him, and ex-

hibited his subject in all the impressive simplicity of scripture. In the mean time, we subjoin an engraving of the Descent from the Cross; one of the few paintings executed wholly by Rubens, and one of his most admired productions. The figure of our Saviour, is eminently beautiful in colouring: the Virgin is easily distinguished by the paleness of her cheek, and her eyes suffused in tears. St. John and the Magdalen, express sorrow; but their grief is moderated, to render the maternal anguish more perceptible. Joseph of Arimathea, is characterized by his venerable aspect, and the richness of his costume. The opposition of the colours, contributes greatly to the pleasing effect. Our Saviour's drapery is white, forming a mass of light; the tunic of the Virgin is blue, her robe red; the mantle of St. Nicodemus, green. These vigorous tints, give a death like paleness to the body.

AMERICAN GALLANTRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR, OLDSCHOOL,

To your Memoirs of the hero of the Cowpens, (Gen. MORGAN); may be added the following supplementary information, which is too striking an evidence of that officer's generosity, and affection, to be lost.

While marching (on his return from Saratoga) towards the northern confines of Newjersey, he heard that a brother, whom he had not seen for many years, was living in extreme poverty about twenty miles from their route; upon which he left his detachment and rode to the habitation, where he remained several days; but so indigent were the circumstances of his relation, that the soldier was under the necessity of sleeping on the bare floor, rather than deprive a sick wife of her bed. Previous to his departure from this dejected hovel, the commander of the rifle corps, promised his brother an excellent farm, if he would remove to Virginia with him; but he, having become habituated to the station in which he had passed his life, felt no great inclination to forsake it; and, accordingly neglected the liberal offer.—The father of Morgan was a native of Wales.

L.



Painted by Rubens

Engraved by Boyd

Descent from the Cross.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HISTORY of the Life and Works of M. de la Fontaine, by Mathieu Marais, 1 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1811.

The present biographer of La Fontaine, who was the friend and fellow labourer of Bayle, as well as a correspondent of president Bouhier, intended this literary notice as a preface to an edition of La Fontaine's works. The contemplated edition having however failed, the work of Mr. Marais has remained in manuscript till now, when it appears enriched with the instructive notes of a distinguished admirer of La Fontaine.—The biography itself is somewhat stiff and formal, from the minuteness and precision with which dates and times are detailed, but is still very useful and entertaining.

The author has judiciously abstained from any attempt to analyze what is in fact not susceptible of analysis, since he would have only fatigued his own readers in attempting to show how La Fontaine delighted his. It would indeed have been superfluous to prove the merit of a writer who is the friend of all times and of every age, who knew how to instruct by amusing the young, and to give to those of riper years, the lessons of a gentle and easy morality, under the ingenious veil of pleasantry. It would be equally vain to attempt to explain the secret of his admirable style, which he did not, perhaps, himself understand; since, as Fontenelle says, *he was so stupid as to think his fables inferior to those of Phædrus*.—There is, moreover, this peculiarity in La Fontaine's history. Both Corneille and Racine have carried tragedy to the highest degree of perfection, but their illustrious career has been followed by others with great success. After crowning Moliere with its finest wreaths, the Comic Muse has not disdained to smile on Regnard. The *Good Man* alone has occasioned total discomfiture to all who have since written fables, and, whoever has attempted to imitate, has laboured alike, without profit and without honour. Lamotte, the most celebrated among them, would have long since been forgotten, were it not for his other literary claims: not more than a few verses of his fables are now remembered, for all the genius which he has lavished on them, does not approach what has been called the instinct of La Fontaine.

The first verses of La Fontaine, were addressed, it seems, to the superintendent, Fouquet, who gave him a pension. Even, in these first essays, there are some happy indications of his future eminence. He makes, for instance, two fish (a sturgeon and a salmon) which he saw in the canal at Vaux, say to each other,

Non ce n'est pas la faim que nous a fait sortir;
Du lieu de notre naissance.

* * * * *
Si les gros nous mangiaient, nous mangions les petits,
Ainsi que l'on fait en France.

It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the noble and disinterested conduct of the poet, when his benefactor was disgraced. Without being alarmed at the hazards which he might have incurred, he thought of nothing but gratitude, and every one recollects those lines so full of sensibility:

Remplissez l'air de cris; dans vos grottes profondes,
Pleurez, nymphes de Vaux, &c.

La Fontaine was, on this occasion, courageous with impunity. Louis the Fourteenth, that truly great king, knew how to appreciate the tenderness which had dictated his touching elegy, and was too careful of his own glory to punish a good action. We know not why the biographer has forgotten to mention that two years after the fall of Fouquet, La Fontaine shed tears at the sight of the castle in which he had been confined. It was not in any of his public writings, but in his private and confidential communications, that he expressed this effusion of his tenderness. This single trait is sufficient to make us love La Fontaine. Can we doubt that the verses which he addressed to Fouquet, came from his heart?

We will not, however, say as much of all that he composed on the various beauties which had struck him for a moment: for, being born to be happy, and to find that happiness in independence, he could not long be captivated by a single object. He lived at Paris, and his wife at Chateau Thierry, so that their family affairs went on very well. Their friends once attempted to induce them to live together, and made him pay a visit to his wife. But, happening to arrive when she had gone to church,

he returned home immediately, saying that it was not worth while to disturb her—a degree of attention, of which he alone was capable. His other love affairs, if he had any, did not much disturb his tranquillity. One day, however, at Bois le Vicomte, he met at the house of his friend, d'Hervard, a young girl of fifteen, whose fine eyes so seduced him, that he almost fell in love with her. This did not, however, prevent his setting out after dinner, but losing his way, instead of returning to Paris, he went into the middle of Champagne. The good man loved, after his own manner, the wife of Colletet, who had married a servant maid, the third who had received that honour. La Fontaine loved this Claudine, because he thought she made good verses; but after the death of Colletet, she produced no more, for her husband had in fact made them for her. Piqued at having been her dupe, La Fontaine made one of his mildest epigrams upon her.

We have mentioned one of the distractions of the fabulist; many others are known, but several of them are fictitious. The following is related in a letter to his wife. On his arrival at Orleans, he went out to see the town, and after satisfying his curiosity, returned home, as he thought, but mistook the tavern. Here he remained till he was informed of his mistake, when he returned to the inn where he had alighted, but found that his travelling companions had just done dinner. "Fortunately, however," says he, "I arrived in time to pay." This is not the only dinner which he lost by his distraction. Some of his friends took him one day to Antoney. When dinner came he was not to be found; they called for him in every direction, but received no answer, nor did he make his appearance till they had risen from table. They then found that he had been attending the funeral of an ant, and after piously following the procession to the garden, he had staid, out of politeness, to take the family back to the ant hill.

These anecdotes show admirably the simplicity of La Fontaine, and some of his expressions bear a strong resemblance to these fits of absence. When the Augustins were besieged by the parliament, in 1658, one of his friends met him on the Pont Neuf, and asked him where he was going. "I am going to see

them kill the Augustins." It was, in fact, a new sight, and one knows not how to reproach so innocent a curiosity. At another time, to get rid of a tiresome conversation, he rose early from table, and gave as an excuse, that he was going to the academy. The company proved to him that he would be there too soon. "Oh," said he, "I'll go the longest way." We do not know what was thought of this answer at the time, but we think that a man who would take the longest way to get to the academy now, would be thought to have a good deal of sense and judgment.

It was only in 1684, at the age of sixty-six years, that he suffered himself to be made an academicien. A stranger to intrigue, he had neither solicited this place, nor courted the influential members, nor, as the expression is, formed his party. It is probable, therefore, that he would have been rejected, if there had been any other candidate opposed to him, except Boileau, who was disliked on account of his satires. When it is remembered that this same society was indifferent to La Fontaine, rejected Boileau, never thought of Pascal or Moliere, and received Racine only in consequence of an express order of the king, while it admitted unanimously and enthusiastically, Messrs. Balesden, Porchères, Salomon, Granier, Colomby, Boissat, Bardin, Baudouin, &c. all men of the greatest merit, no doubt; but so modest, so careless of their fame, as to have published no memorial of their having once existed—when all these things are recollected, we feel penetrated with an involuntary respect for a body of men so estranged from human passions, and so excellent a judge of the merits of others. A year after his reception, he conceived the singular project of uniting several of his works with those of his friend, Maucroix, and the collection appeared under the title of "Works in prose and verse, of Messrs. Maucroix and La Fontaine." This odd association of *Messrs. Maucroix and La Fontaine*, seems very surprising. That two small authors should unite their little forces in order to form a small volume, and plunge together into the gulf of oblivion, may be readily imagined; but, that La Fontaine determined that his friend should go down to posterity, should associate his immortal works with the humble attempts of M. Maucroix, is a singular

incident in the history of letters, and could proceed only from the tenderness of heart which inspired the fable of the Two Friends. After this, it would be useless to ask, if he who loved so faithfully, had himself many friends. How could any one, indeed, hate a being, who was himself incapable of hatred, and who, as he expresses it, had so little bile. We believe he was angry twice only in his life, once against Furetiere, who had treated him with brutal coarseness; the second, against Lully, at whose solicitation he had written an opera, which the musician rejected. The poet declared he would make no more operas. He soon, however forgot this declaration, for in 1691 his *Astræa* was represented, but met with no success. It is related that he was present at the first representation, and thinking the piece very bad, asked one who sat next to him, "Who was the author?" "Why, you," said the other. "It is nothing the better for that," replied La Fontaine, immediately. His biographer, Marais, thinks this anecdote imaginary, and we agree with him in opinion. In fact, as we are always willing to bend to the rich, the number of simple traits and distractions which have escaped La Fontaine, have been greatly exaggerated, and many have pretended from these ridiculous stories, that he was tiresome in society. This, however, seems to us a palpable error. Can it be believed, that the princes of Condé, Conti and Vendome, who had no need of their dignities to be distinguished men, would have admitted into their society, a poet whose company was wearisome? Would Lafare and Chaulieu, who were not considered fools, have lived in habits of familiarity with him, if they had not taken pleasure in his society? When Boileau invited him to Auteuil, was it merely for the pleasure of telling him that he had put on his stocking wrong side out? Certainly not: and it would be a great mistake, to believe what his nurse, in his last illness, said to the confessor; "Oh sir, don't trouble him so much, he is more fool than knave; God will never have the courage to damn him."

It seems that this confessor, took him to task severely for his Tales, among which, are some which he thought much too free. But La Fontaine, in the last years of his life, did every thing in his power to expiate those liberties: he read the bible,

took a taste for the prophets, and asked every friend whom he met, if he had read Baruch. He even went so far, as to put into French verse, the church psalms. "Give me your opinion:" he writes to Maucroix on the *Dies iræ*, *Dies illa*, which I send you." The confessor was not content with this, and he was not altogether wrong, for he might well have said, "Your Tales are excellent, and your translation is not worth any thing, so that the reparation does not destroy the scandal." In fact, when he began his attempt at versifying the hymns, age had weakened his genius, and his translation is long since forgotten, whilst the Tales are still read, we are assured from time to time.

La Fontaine died at the house of his friend D'Hervard, who had hastened to see him, on hearing that he had lost madame de la Sabliere. "My friend," said he, as he met him, I have just heard of your misfortune, I was going to propose that you should come and stay with me." "I was on my way there," replied the fabulist. "This simple phrase, says Champfort, this beautiful expression of unreserved devotion, is the highest homage ever rendered to generous humanity, and never did a worthy benefactor receive so fine a recompence for his kindness."

His works, always more beautiful, the more they are known, will continue to be the delight of posterity, since we may well apply to him, what he says of Plato:

C'est le plus grand amuseur du monde.

But we must not read his Tales; the confessor has forbidden it.

Paris.

Count Bougainville, senator, and one of the most celebrated French navigators, died at Paris, in September, 1811, at the age of 89 years. He made his voyages in the frigate *La Boudeuse*, in 1766, 7, 8, and 9, and published an account of them in 1772. It is to him that Europe owes the discovery of Otaheite.

1812.

The 16th and 17th volumes of the new edition of the *Universal, Historical, Critical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Chaudon and Delandine*, revised, with an addition of 20,000, articles have

lately appeared. The 19th volume will form a supplement, of about 1800 articles, on celebrated persons, of all nations, who were omitted in the preceding, volumes *and particularly among the Americans.*

The grand Historical Dictionary of Moréri is also about to appear, continued from the last edition, in 1759, to our time.

Mr. Roure has published a poem on the conquest of Mexico.

Mr. Palmezeau another, called Jenner, or the Triumph of Vaccination, a poem, in four books—1 vol. 8vo.

The committee of the Institute, appointed in 1805, to compose a new Dictionary of the French language, have reached the word Coup, which forms the fifth volume of the work.

A MAN of letters who, through modesty, no doubt, conceals his name to avoid the glory which awaits him, has published, in a duodecimo volume, of 100 pages, a new method of teaching the A B C. He must be confident of the success of his work, for he has confined this edition to only 4000 copies!

RECENT AND INTENDED ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

Miss BURNET has published a novel entitled, Traits of Nature, in 5 vols.

Mr. Mac Pherson has ready for publication, a work called the History of the European Commerce with the Indies, with a review of the arguments for and against the management of it by chartered companies.

Mr. Goodacre has in the press, an Impartial Review of the New System of Education; generally ascribed to Dr. Bell, and Mr. Lancaster.

Charles Butler, Esq. will shortly publish a Succinct History of the Principal States that composed the Empire of Charlemagne.

Maria Edgeworth has in the press, the 4th and 5th volumes of Tales of Fashionable Life.

Mr. James Forbes has in the press, the Natural History of a considerable part of India, with maps, illustrating the ruins, buildings, topography, natural history, arts, &c.

Lord Byron has prepared for publication, a volume of satires, entitled, *Hints from Horace, and the Curse of Minerva*, never before published.

Miss Handel has in the press, a quarto volume, entitled, *the Pleasures of Human Life*, a poem.

Edward Wakefield, Esq. has nearly ready for publication, a *Statistical and Political Account of Ireland*, in 2 vols.

Mr. William Jackson has published, *Journal of a Tour in Iceland*, in the summer of 1809.

Mr. Nenundan, *A View of the Natural, Political, and Commercial Advantages of Ireland*.

Mr. George Moore, following the precedent established by the plays of Miss Baillie, has published a volume, entitled, *Tales of the Passions*, in which is attempted, an illustration of their effects upon the human mind, each tale comprised in one volume, and forming the subject of a single passion.

Captain Henderson has published a *View of the British Settlement of Honduras*, being a view of its commercial advantages, agricultural resources, soil, climate, natural history, with sketches of the manners and customs of the Mosquito Indians.

Mr. Man has published a work, entitled, *the Present Picture of New South Wales*, illustrated with views and drawings, taken on the spot of Sydney, the seat of government.

Mr. Titford has published his *Sketches towards a Hortus Botanicus Americus*, accompanied with coloured plates of many new and valuable plants of the West Indies, and of North and South America.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

Proposals are issued by Mosés Thomas, of Philadelphia, for publishing by subscription, a continuation of

Conrad's "*American Register*," under the title of *The Chronicle, or An Annual View of History, Politics, and Literature, foreign and domestic*, by John E. Hall, late of Baltimore. Assisted by several men of letters.

The publishers of the *AMERICAN REGISTER*, lately edited by *Charles B. Browne*, Esq. of this city, having declared their in-

tention to discontinue that work, the present is considered as no unfavourable moment, to offer to the public a similar Repository of History, State Papers and Literature; on a more enlarged and methodical arrangement. The REGISTER was brought down as late as the middle of the year 1809, at which period the CHRONICLE will commence. The subscribers to that work, are therefore respectfully informed that this publication will enable them to preserve a complete series.

The CHRONICLE shall be devoted to the following subjects:

- I. An Annual History of Europe.
- II. A Congressional History of the United States, with occasional notices of important proceedings in the State Legislatures.
- III. Public Documents.
- IV. A Register of Remarkable Occurrences.
- V. Biographical Sketches of Persons distinguished at the Bar or in the Pulpit, in the Closet or the Field.
- VI. Proceedings of Learned Societies, at home and abroad.
- VII. An Annual History of Literature, Foreign and Domestic.
- VIII. Essays on Miscellaneous Topics, and Poetical Effusions.
- IX. Statistical Reports.

CONDITIONS.

The CHRONICLE shall be published in quarterly numbers, consisting of at least 250 pages each, at six dollars per annum, payable on the delivery of the second number in each year.

It will be printed in double columns: and to each volume will be added a minute index, referring to every character and event of consequence.

[The editor has annexed to these proposals, a copious and very satisfactory explanation of the principles both literary and political, on which the chronicle is to be conducted. We regret that want of space prevents us from presenting to our readers the whole of this judicious and elegant prospectus, which is the best pledge of his competency to the task before him; but we do not the less cordially recommend to public favour, a work

which has, in fact been long a desideratum in American politics, and of which from our knowledge of the talents and industry of the editor, we entertain the most sanguine expectations.]

Σ

EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[THE following letter, from a gentleman of Pennsylvania, on a visit to London, is valuable, not only from its exhibiting, in its proper light, the character of a worthy bookseller, whose name is associated with one of the brightest periods of English literature, but also from the mention of several coteremporaneous publications, which have since obtained so much celebrity. It is, indeed, extremely interesting to know the current conversation and remarks of London, in 1754, with regard to Glover, and Hogarth, and Richardson, and Johnson, and to observe how nearly the opinions of that day approach the deliberate judgment of posterity.]

London, February 12th, 1754.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

Soon after my coming to London, I found a letter at the Pennsylvania Coffee House, from William Strahan, desiring me to call at his house, or if that was not convenient, to let him know where I lodged, and he would wait on me. I went there soon after, and he received me with great civility; he desired me to call on him whenever my leisure permitted, without using or expecting any ceremony. I have been there several times since, and I find he is one of the most easy, friendly men, and sensible, intelligent companions, I have met with in England. I confess his acquaintance is a happiness to me, and that I owe it to Mr. Read; it is so much the greater obligation, as it was quite unexpected, and I gratefully acknowledge it as such. I should be glad I could give you an account of any fine works of learning and genius, produced this winter, but there don't seem to be much of that stirring; it would make one almost ready to suspect, that corruption and venality, with their train, have something baleful in them, to the nobler perfections of the human soul, and that the latter can scarcely flourish, but under the influence of public virtue. However, we had some things which justly claim a share of merit, as Boadicia, Philoclea, Sir Charles Grandison, Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty: the first, by Mr. Glover, had not that run on the stage, which was expected from the character of

the author. The next, by Mr. Morgan, would have had more success, if it had not interfered with several Italian operas. Sir Charles Grandison has not been generally read by my acquaintance; some accuse it of a prolixity, common to that author; but, notwithstanding, it has many strenuous advocates. Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*, is certainly an original, done in the most masterly way; the critics have been nibbling at it, which only shows their envy and ill nature. We have two new actresses on Covent Garden Stage; Miss Nositor has had much applause, in soft tragic characters, as that of Juliet; and Mrs. Gregory in Hermione, in the *Distressed Mother*; the latter, together with great propriety of action, has the advantages of a fine voice, and a charming person. I don't doubt but you have heard S. Johnson, author of *The Rambler*, is composing an English Dictionary; Mr. Strahan showed me a sheet of it printed; which will be the most perfect thing of the kind that ever appeared, or at least is known in any language. Please to make my compliments to any inquiring friends, and particularly Mrs. Reed—and, be assured, I think myself

Your much obliged friend,

CAD: EVANS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[WE are at all times desirous of improving our knowledge of the natural history, topography, and resources of every kind in the United States, to which, we think, too little attention has been hitherto given. With these impressions, we cheerfully publish the following account of an interesting part of Pennsylvania, and shall be gratified by communications of a similar character.]

LETTER FROM CARLISLE.

August —, 1811.

I ARRIVED at this place on Tuesday last, after having, for near four hours, been jolted over the worst road I ever had occasion to travel. I took the stage from Baltimore on Monday morning, and slept that night at Hanover. The next day, we reached the springs, where we stopped for about an hour, to change the mail, and then proceeded on our way.

The road between the springs and Carlisle, in point of roughness and general irregularity, is among the most unpleasant in the United States. My weakness prevented me from resorting to my feet, for safety and relaxation, until we commenced the ascent of the South Mountain; but here, the view of the road before me, so entirely dissipated my reluctance to quit the stage, that I descended, and crossed the mountain (a distance of three miles) on foot.

After leaving the valley, we entered upon a very romantic path, bounded, on one side, by a small stream, and winding, for some distance, round the base of a very high hill, remarkable for presenting to the eye, a pile of loose and broken stones, the greater part of which are not bigger than a hat, and to me much smaller. They call it the "Devil's Race Ground." This object afforded a spectacle so truly curious, that our attention was immediately arrested, and we examined the soil and the species of the stone. The earth is every where loose and sandy, and the rock is entirely of very soft limestone. There are a few trees and bushes at the summit, and one or two small oaks near the bottom, but otherwise, it is bare of every species of vegetation. The novelty of its appearance induced some of the company to exercise their ingenuity, in framing theories for explaining the cause that loosened the stones, and, by precipitating them down the side of the hill, gave to the surface so remarkable a regularity of elevation. The following, given half in jest, half seriously, by a young gentleman who did not seem deficient in intellect, appeared to be the most probable: He assumed, that formerly, at the top of the hill, there had been a number of very large rocks, which, by some sudden and violent convulsion, either volcanic or atmospheric, were torn from their beds, and scattered in all directions toward the base. At first, we all laughed at the notion, but on reflection, and narrower inspection, I was convinced that the idea was by no means improbable; for the stone is of a peculiarly soft texture, and may be broken with a very slight blow.

After passing this curiosity, we found the road, comparatively good, and the remainder of the journey was performed with some degree of bodily ease and comfort.

We caught sight of Carlisle a little before sun-set, so that the first view lost none of its attractions from being obscured by the gloom of evening.

The contrast between the country through which we had passed, and the Eden-like region we now approached, gave a charm to the scene, of a novel and truly fascinating order. During the whole day, we had been rattling in an uneasy vehicle, over an uneven, and, in many other respects, unpleasant road, only here and there, diversified by a glimpse of romantic, though never extensive scenery—winding over hills, the monotony of whose succession, added to their sterility, was an insuperable obstacle to the reception of delight, from the scanty prospects which they at intervals afforded—but after passing the last hill which intervened between us and the town, our eyes were permitted to roam over one of the most delightful extents of country, that fancy ever gave to the rapt vision of the rural enthusiast.

Carlisle is situated in a valley, fourteen miles in breadth, equally remarkable for fertility of soil and beauty of natural arrangement—Its site is perfectly level, so that nothing interferes to prevent an almost entire view of its various charms. As far as our eyes could reach, they encountered objects of interest and pleasure. The driver pointed out the college, the court house, and the barracks—the rest of the buildings had a confused appearance, peeping here and there through the trees; but even this very confusion was not unassociated with pleasing sensations. We saw, as it were, the farmer and the merchant in unison; the plough, joined in intimate connexion with the emblems and materials of trade—a flourishing town in the midst of, and mingling in undistinguishable association, with fields and forests of extended fertility and luxuriant foliage. The town presented a diversified picture of houses and trees, and the *melange* gave a delightful variety to the view.

As it was near dark when we reached the tavern, we concluded on taking our supper, and deferring our review of the town until the next morning, when one of my fellow travellers and myself were accordingly awakened very early. Our curiosity was excited to witness the “town” in the aggregate; and, to

do this with satisfaction, we thought there was no better place than the public market—for the “country,” as well as the “town folks” are here always assembled, and, of course, we would have a fair opportunity for judging, with general accuracy, of the common run of faces and figures. We were by no means disappointed in this expectation, for I was afterwards told, that on market days there is mostly a *general exhibition* of the inhabitants.

Our impressions, from the review we took, was very favourable to the personal attractions of the fair sex, in this part of the country. Many were beautiful, the greater part pretty, and all had the rosy hue of health to recommend them. Indeed beauty appears to have been diffused both lavishly and equably, among the women here—perhaps no part of the United States can furnish an equal number of handsome country girls, with Carlisle; the general characteristics are, an agreeable plumpness of shape, and ruddiness of complexion—I saw more “eyes of blue” than of any other colour; and, as an agreeable termination of the pleasing enumeration, *good teeth* appear to be very common. In regard to the male portion of the population, there is nothing remarkable in their persons—some are ill, others well-looking; *perhaps*, there is a slight majority of the first class.

After this amusement, which I have the vanity to think was equally rational and amusing, I proceeded to present my letters. Mr. * * * * received me with all the hospitality I had expected, and, during my stay, has treated me with marked and assiduous attention—His politeness entitles him to my kindest esteem and remembrance. He mentioned the different parts of the town and environs, which strangers usually visit, and offered, if we pleased, to be our guide to them.

In the course of the day, we visited the court house, the jail, and the college. As neither of the two first of these buildings have any thing about them or within them remarkable, being very plain, and rather in the Dutch style of architecture, I will not trouble you with a description of them, but will call your regards to the third. The college is a large unfinished building, which, though externally it presents a handsome and proportioned appearance, in its interior is both planned and constructed defectively: Through the influence of the gentleman who accom-

panied us, we obtained access to the chemical room, and examined the collection of mathematical and philosophical instruments. Excepting a good electrifying machine, and the necessary accompanying articles, it is very incomplete. Judge Cooper is, however, shortly expected here, with his apparatus, which, I am informed, is the best in America. They have a small air pump also, that appears to be a good one, although as *appearance* was almost the only criterion by which I formed my opinion, I should be careful of pronouncing *positively*. The key of the library could not be procured, and I was prevented from seeing this part of the establishment, and although other opportunities offered for the satisfaction of my desire, I neglected to avail myself of them, and shall be obliged to quit the place without seeing the most valuable appurtenance to the institution.

In regard to the laws of the college, I did not make many inquiries. One useful regulation prohibits the students from boarding at taverns. Before the enactment of this statute, the privilege given to the young men, of choosing any domicile they pleased, was the parent of many disreputable irregularities; but since they have been restricted to private boarding houses, licentiousness has gradually diminished, and now, no scope exists for indulgence in capricious and inordinate propensities.

The next morning, notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding day, we quitted our beds at an early hour, for the purpose of examining the cave. We left the town nearly in a north-west direction, and took the barracks in our course. These buildings are of brick, and sufficiently large to lodge a considerable force—They are old, and, at present, very much dilapidated, particularly such as are not inhabited: two are, however, tenanted, and these had some *indicia* of comfort in their appearance.

Leaving the barracks, we crossed two or three fields, and at length reached the banks of the Canadoguinnet. This creek is distant from Carlisle, one mile and a quarter. There is a house at the place where the road terminates, at which we procured fire for our candles, and then, torch in hand, marched towards the cave.

After clambering over a rock, which juts from the steep bank into the creek, with some inconvenience and danger to our

shins, we reached the object of our excursion. As a necessary precaution, we then sat down to rest and cool ourselves, before we ventured into its damp and chilly atmosphere. The opening of the cavern is in a perpendicular limestone rock, of about twenty feet in height, and has, itself, seven feet of elevation. It is nearly semi-circular, and this, joined to the smooth surface of the rock, gives it a singular and striking appearance. From the turn of the arch we were led, on first looking at it, to think that art had contributed somewhat to its regularity. It approached, so closely, to a circular arc, that although no vestiges of chiselling were perceivable, except some trifling ones of a late date, we were strongly impressed with this idea. And, indeed, it is, in some measure, corroborated, by the smoothness of the roof, which, for some little extent, though irregular, is not jagged; but wherever there is a projection or a chasm, its edges are generally even.

The shores of the creek and the surrounding scenery are romantic, and a foot-bridge, thrown over the water, a little above the place where we sat, with some buildings, prettily situated, made the view, though confined, very interesting. Something, also, of sublimity is contributed by the mountains which bound the prospect—These are high, and the day being heavy and cloudy, they had a sombre and almost grand effect. After taking, to guard against the disagreeable consequences of the damp, a draught of *aqua vite*, diluted with a reasonable portion of *aqua futei*, we commenced our search. Some sensations of awe were pretty generally felt by the party on entering the cave. Our footsteps were echoed with a heavy dead reciprocation of sound, and the gleam of the candles through the thick, moist air, gave a pallid and melancholy hue to the countenances of each, that, for a few moments, prevented us from indulging in any thing like merriment. Feelings of this kind were, however, soon dissipated; mirth and jollity quickly succeeded, and our scrutiny was enlivened by the liveliest sallies of humour, and the brightest effusions of gayety and wit.

The larger part of the cave extends ninety yards, and then branches off in three directions. The passage to the right is

broad, but low, and, from the moisture of the stones, was very difficult of access. After passing this opening, the cave is enlarged to the dimensions of its first division, and we were, in some places, able to stand upright. A very minute search was made to see if there were any other passages from this part, but our scrutiny was unsuccessful. We were incited to use considerable pains in this examination, from learning that some time before a stranger had visited this curiosity, and, in one of the compartments, discovered a chasm sufficiently large to admit the body of a child, and, to all appearance, of considerable extent. From the description given of this gentleman, we were led to think it had been Mr. Wilson, the ornithologist—Should we have found the opening, we were told he had discovered, we would have spared no labour to render it accessible, but we were disappointed. One difficulty in our way was, the ignorance we were under as to the division where Mr. W. had noticed the opening. Had this been known we might have recognised it—but our searches were directed at random, and on that account, alone, perhaps, were unfortunate. All we could perceive, was a small round hole, near the ground, not quite a foot in diameter, and two and a half feet deep, in the solid stone.

After a very attentive and anxious investigation, we quitted this compartment, which is called, very elegantly, “the Devil’s Dining Room,” and proceeded to the centre passage. This is very narrow, and, in direction, somewhat similar to a winding stair. The ascent is steep and irregular, and, after a tedious and ineffectual endeavour to ascertain its precise extent, we desisted from pursuing it. It is inaccessible after proceeding little better than nine yards, and ends in a perpendicular excavation, the height of which we were without the means of determining.

The left hand passage next claimed our attention. At first view, it seems to extend not farther than three or four feet, but it takes a sudden turn to the right, and would measure, in length, near thirty yards, with sufficient breadth and height to enable a boy to creep along it; but after this, it becomes so narrow as not to be penetrable, except by very diminutive animals. The floor of this passage, owing to the rain which had fallen for two or three days before, was entirely covered with mud and

water, to the depth of from one to five inches, so that we had, by no means, a cleanly appearance on issuing from it. About seven feet from the entrance of this minor excavation, there are five or six little pools of water in the rock, formed by drippings from its roof and sides, and which are sufficiently large to contain a quart, and a little better, each. I had the curiosity to taste this water, and found it not unpleasant; filtration seemed to have deprived it of any bad taste it may have originally had. Many in Carlisle, are ignorant enough to think that there are seven *springs* here, and a number of curious tales were told me of the water they contained. The slightest observation is sufficient to show, that they are but stagnant pools of water; only full during wet weather, and, when not replenished with rain, sinking through the small fissures of the stone, and remaining dry. As it would require a long *spell* of dry weather to effect this dessication, the vulgar find some countenance to their conjectures in the holes being almost always full.

At the farthest extremity of this branch, I found, on a small projection, three bones. One seemed to be a piece of the thigh bone, and the others of the vertebræ, but whether of a brute or human being, my knowledge of anatomy was insufficient to the determination. The ledge, on which these bones were lying, was ten inches from the floor, and extended in length about four feet. There appeared to be a cavity between the ledge and the ceiling, six inches in width; but I was unable to thrust my arm farther in than to the elbow, though it seemed to be rather deeper.

Having now given a very close examination to every accessible compartment of the cave, and fully satisfied ourselves, that no penetrable outlet would have been discovered had our search continued for years—we made our exit, after having been deprived of the light of the sun for two hours and more. The change of temperature was so sudden and so great, that most of us dreaded the effects of our excursion would terminate in troublesome colds—but fortunately all escaped.

In company the next day, our conversation, at one time, took a turn toward the place we had visited in the morning. One gentleman told us, an opinion very generally prevailed, that for-

merly, the Indians had made it a place of temporary deposit for their spoils of war, and, sometimes, a kind of sanctuary for personal concealment. Many too, he observed, thought it might once have been used for the sepulture of warriors who had died in battle—This idea, he remarked, was strengthened by the discovery, some years back, of skeletons and scattered bones of human beings, in various parts of the cavern. He did not, however, remember ever having seen any weapons, or remains of military habiliments, to indicate that there had been any thing either sacred or honorary attached to burials there—And, independently of this want of essential circumstance to corroborate the supposition, the appearance and structure of the cave militates against it. The Indians would not be likely to turn a place of the kind into a receptacle for the deceased warriors of their tribes, (whose funerals were always accompanied with considerable, though rude pageantry) without attempting to bestow on it, an air of artificial grandeur, by sculptures, or similar ornaments. But no appearance of there having ever existed magnificence of this kind, is at present to be perceived, so that the notion seems entirely unfounded. The most rational idea is, that anciently, it was used as a habitation, when either the weather or season, or perhaps natural indolence interfered to prevent the construction of more commodious dwellings; and, that such members of families as died, were carried to the inner apartments, and consigned, without any other ceremonies than those which natural affection dictated, to some nook or ledge, and slightly covered with earth. When one family tired of their place of residence, they resigned the possession to the next who was willing to accept it, and, from this cause, it is likely, it was constantly occupied.

Before the company separated, we agreed to meet in the morning, for the purpose of proceeding to another natural curiosity, called the "Hogshead Hole," or "Hogshead Spring." This is situated a mile and a half north of the town, in the middle of a large field, and about a quarter of a mile from the road. It is an excavation in the ground, nearly conical, and presents to the eye, on one side, a face of limestone rock, luxuriantly fringed with flowering vines, where

“creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
“Wav’d in the west-wind’s summer sighs;”

On the other, a regular, beautiful descent, covered with long, soft grass. At the top it is circular, and, as near as we could determine, by stepping round, fifty-four feet in circumference. In the rock, and six or eight feet from the summit, there is an opening, handsomely arched, with a descent of near forty degrees, sufficiently large to admit a man stooping, and ten feet in depth. With some danger, from the slippery ground, we got to the bottom of the cavity, where we found a pool of delicious water, to all appearance stagnant, yet sweet, cool, and refreshing. For these qualities I was told the water is always remarkable, though there are no visible apertures by which it either enters or runs off. When this wonderful account was first given us, we felt disposed to laugh, and to satisfy ourselves that there was deception of some kind—with a little trouble we cleared out the spring from the leaves and dirt which had collected in it, and subjected every part to a rigid scrutiny. We were unable to discover any outlet.

I was much better pleased with my visit to this remarkable spring, than with the search in the cave. Here, after walking half an hour, under a scorching sun, we were gratified by finding a spot, attractive both for its shade and its intrinsic beauty, and refreshed by a draught of water, more preferable to us, at that time, than the purest chrystal of Helicon. We enjoyed the voluptuous breezes which played around us at this delightful place, for almost two hours, and were only drawn from it by the approach of the dinner hour.

H. C. O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE ADVERSARIA.

It is well known that *Louis the fifteenth* and his son had little of a warlike disposition in their characters. The following paragraph from an address to the former, after the campaign of 1745, may therefore be read as an excellent satire.

The conquests of your majesty are so rapid, that we think it absolutely necessary, future historians should be cautious in

their relation, lest posterity should consider them as fables, unworthy of belief. Yet they must be told as an undoubted fact that your majesty, when at the head of your army, wrote yourself an account of your exploits, having no other table than a *drum*. The most distant ages must learn that the English, those fierce and audacious enemies, jealous of your majesty's fame, were compelled to yield to your prowess the palace of glory. Their allies were only so many witnesses of their shame, and hastened to join their standards only to become the spectators of your triumph. We venture to tell your majesty, that whatever may be the love you bear your subjects, there is still one way to add to our felicity, by curbing the high courage which you possess, and which would cost us too many tears, if it exposed to the certain danger of war, your majesty's precious life or that of the young hero, the object of our fondest hopes!

Every reader recollects the custom, described by *Bruce*, of cutting steaks from living animals. The following passage will show that the Abyssinians were not singular in this taste. It is taken from a book printed in the year 1679 and entitled "Modern Account of Scotland, being an exact description of the country, and a true character of the people and their manners; written from thence by an English gentleman.

Of the Scotch, this writer says—their cruelty descends to their beasts; it being a custom in some places to feast upon a living cow, they tie in the middle of them, near a great fire, and then cut collops off this poor living beast, and broil them on the fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, sometimes they will only cut off as much as will satisfy their present appetites, and let her go till their greedy stomachs call for another supply; such horrible cruelty as can scarce be paralleled in the whole world.

The following *pun* is recorded of *James the first*, King of England. Taylor, called the *water poet*, on account of his being a Thames waterman, had written a book entitled *Laugh and be Fat*, which gave much offence to Mr. Coryate, the celebrated traveller. This book, on complaint being made, was ordered to

be burnt. Coryate following this with fresh complaints against Taylor, his majesty was pleased to tell him, that when the lords of his privy council had leisure, and nothing better to do, they should hear and determine the difference between *Mr. Coryate the scholar*, and *John Taylor the sculler*.

He [*Shakspeare*] was never any scholar as he would if alive confess, says an old author. But by keeping company with learned persons, and conversing with jocular wits, he became so famously witty, or wittily famous, that by his own industry, without the help of learning, he attained to an extraordinary height in all strains of dramatic poetry; so that Heraclitus himself might smile at his comedies they were so merry; and Democritus scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies they were so mournful.

Many were the wit combats, continues the panegyrist, between him and Ben Jonson, which two we may compare to a Spanish galleon, and an English man of war. Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in performances. Shakspeare with the English man of war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack-about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

Another writer commences an epitaph for the immortal bard in the following quaint manner:

Renowned Spencer, move a bit more nigh,
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie,
A little nearer Spencer, to make room,
For Shakspeare, in your threefold, fourfold tomb;
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift,
Until doomsday, for hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day and that by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.

Ben Jonson was compelled by poverty to leave Cambridge after having entered at St. John's, and was obliged, for subsistence, to have recourse to manual labour. His mother had married a bricklayer, and with him, he assisted in building *Lincoln's Inn*, where, though he had a trowel in his hand, he always had a book in his pocket.

The works of *Drayton*, though now neglected, were once perused with rapture. The great Seldon thought the *Poly-*

Olbion worthy of his comments, and *England's Heroical Epistles*, were so well received that they procured their author the title of the British Ovid. His legends of Robert Duke of Normandy, Matilda, Piers Gaveston, and Thomas Cromwell, are by no means despicable.

Anthony Brewer was the author of several dramatic pieces of little merit. A circumstance, no less simple than singular, has, however, rescued his name from oblivion. Cromwell in his juvenile days performed the part Tactus in Brewer's "*Lingua*," and there stumbled upon the crown, for which the five senses are represented as contending. He afterwards performed the same part so successfully upon a wider stage, that this adventitious rehearsal was recalled to remembrance.

When *Poor Robin's Almanack* first made its appearance, probably soon after the restoration, a plate was prefixed to it representing Charles the first, Strafford, the archbishop of Canterbury, earl of Darby, lord Capel and Dr. Hewet crowned with wreaths of laurel: and on the opposite side were Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, Scot, Harrison and Peters hanging in halters; and between these groups were placed the earl of Essex and Mr. Christopher Love.

When *Taylor the water poet* relinquished the oar, he kept a public house, where, after the execution of Charles the first, he set up the sign of a mourning crown. This, however, he was soon obliged to remove, and he then exhibited his own portrait, garnished with the following couplet:

There's many a king's head hang'd up for a sign,
And many a saint's head too, then why not mine?

Coryate's Crudities. Ben Jonson was one of the wits that assisted in ushering this book into the world. He wrote a character of the author, an explanation of his frontispiece, and an acrostic upon his name. I transcribe the last for its oddity.

Try and trust Roger, was the word, but now,
Honest Tom Tell-truth, puts down Roger, How?
Of travel he discourseth so at large,
Marry he sets it out at his own charge;
And therein (which is more his valour too)
Shows he dares do more than Paul's church-yard durst do.

Come forth thou bonny bouncing book then, daughter,
 Of Tom of Odecombe, that odd jovial author,
 Rather his son I should have called thee, why?
 Yes, thou wert born out of his travelling thigh,
 As well as from his brain, and claim'st thereby,
 To be his Bacchus as his Pallas: be
 Ever his thighs male then, and his brains she.

Printers. Menage gives the following advice to authors; at least he publishes it. Never send well written copy for the press, for then masters give it to their apprentices, who make a thousand faults; but if it is difficult to read, the masters do it themselves. This advice has been mentioned to several printers by the writer of this, and they have uniformly, to a man, been angry. Nothing, however, is more natural than many of the devils' mistakes, though they are certainly, among the miseries of an author's life.

It is related of *Protopogenes* that he painted a fine picture, while the enemy was besieging the town. M. de Laumase, composed in the noise of his wife, children, and domestics. Priestly is said to have written under the same circumstance. I have seen a lady indite an epistle for the *Port Folio* with one hand; keep off an importunate little rogue with the other; keep the cradle going with her foot; and, now and then, join in the conversation of the circle.

Dryden's "Spanish Friar," which is certainly one of the best of his dramatic efforts, was much decried, both by his enemies and the adherents of the duke of York, on its first representation. The former said, it was mostly stolen from other authors; and the latter thought it trenched too much on the Popish religion. The witty Charles, however, thought otherwise: he said in regard to the latter, that knaves in every profession should be alike subject to ridicule; and as to the first he exclaimed, "God's fish! steal me such another play any of you, and I'll frequent it as much as I do the Spanish Friar."

Garrick. In one of his morning rambles in the purlieus of the theatre, Garrick stopped at a poulterer's shop and pretended to cheapen rabbits. The man, (who knew Garrick very well) showed him several; but none would do—some were too fat—

some were too lean, and there were others at which he turned up his nose. This irritated the poulterer so much, that he suddenly put them all away, and said he would sell him nothing; for that, thank God, he was bred to business, and not brought up to *acting plays*. On this Garrick took the hint, and was retreating towards the door, when the poulterer following him, bawled out as loud as his lungs would let him—"holloa—my horse!—my horse!—my kingdom for a horse! On this several people came up to him to know what was the matter. "I really can't tell you the whole of the story," said the man; "but there's a *mummer* just passed that can tell you all about it."

Imitation. In the dialogue between the two brothers in *Comus* there is a glorious combination of the beauties of the poet, and the powers of the reasoner. Many have read with rapture the exclamation of the younger brother:

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Compare with this, *Biron's* splendid description of the magical influence of love.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides;
Subtle as sphinx: *as sweet and musical,*
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair, &c.

Epigram. A very pretty girl who lost her right eye, had a brother whose left eye was gone. *Almate* addressed the latter thus:

Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede sorore,
Sic tu cæcus amor! sic erit illa Venus!

The idea is beautiful: the following translation may be acceptable.

Ah lovely boy! the light possessed by thee,
On thy fair sister couldst thou but confer,
In thee a perfect Cupid we should see,
A perfect Venus then behold in her.

Baltimore

VOL. VIII.

J. E. H.

3 I

SELECTED POETRY.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SEA BY MOONLIGHT

FROM WILSON'S ISLE OF PALMS.

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous Sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy Deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away;
But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down;
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

My spirit sleeps amid the calm,
The sleep of a new delight;
And hopes that she ne'er may awake again,
But forever hang over the lovely main,

And adore the lovely night.
Scarce conscious of an earthly frame,
She glides away like a lambent flame,
And in her bliss she sings;
Now touching softly the Ocean's breast,
Now mid the stars she lies at rest,
As if she sailed on wings!
Now bold as the brightest star that glows
More brightly since at first it rose,
Looks down on the far-off flood,
And there all breathless and alone,
As the sky where she soars were a world of her own,
She mocketh the gentle Mighty One
As he lies in his quiet mood.
"Art thou," she breathes, "the Tyrant grim
That scoffs at human prayers,
Answering with prouder roaring the while,
As it rises from some lonely isle,
Through groans raised wild, the hopeless hymn
Of shipwreck'd mariners?
Oh! Thou art harmless as a child
Weary with joy, and reconciled
For sleep to change its play;
And now that night hath stay'd thy race,
Smiles wander o'er thy placid face
As if thy dreams were gay."—

And can it be that for me alone
The Main and Heavens are spread?
Oh! whither, in this holy hour,
Have those fair creatures fled,
To whom the ocean-plains are given
As clouds possess their native heaven?
'The tiniest boat, that ever sail'd
Upon an inland lake,
Might through this sea without a fear
Her silent journey take,
Though the helmsman slept as if on land,

And the oar had dropped from the rower's hand.
How like a monarch would she glide,
While the husht billow kiss'd her side
With low and lulling tone,
Some stately Ship, that from afar
Shone sudden, like a rising star,
With all her bravery on!
List! how in murmurs of delight
The blessed airs of Heaven invite
The joyous bark to pass one night
Within their still domain!
O grief! that yonder gentle Moon,
Whose smiles forever fade so soon,
Should waste such smiles in vain.
Haste! haste! before the moonshine dies,
Dissolved amid the morning skies,
While yet the silvery glory lies
Above the sparkling foam;
Bright mid surrounding brightness, Thou
Scattering fresh beauty from thy prow,
In pomp and splendour come!

And lo! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious Shape appearing!
A broad-wing'd Vessel, through the shower
Of glimmering lustre steering!
As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd
The beauty of the sea,
She lifteth up her stately head
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind;
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind.
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
Slowly she beareth on;
A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the Moon,

The Moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
On her wavy streamer and snow white wings,
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
To cheer the gliding vision sings.
Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.
So far the peaceful soul of Heaven
Hath settled on the sea,
It seems as if this weight of calm
Were from eternity.
O World of Waters! the steadfast earth
Ne'er lay entranced like Thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright,
That sails amid the still moon-light
At the dreaming soul's command?
A vessel borne by magic gales,
All rigg'd with gossamery sails,
And bound for Fairy-land?
Ah! no!—an earthly freight she bears,
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
And lonely as she seems to be,
Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea
In loneliness that rolls,
She hath a constant company,
In sleep or waking revelry,
Five hundred human souls!
Since first she sail'd from fair England,
Three moons her path have cheer'd;
And another stands right over her masts
Since the Cape hath disappear'd.
For an Indian Isle she shapes her way
With constant mind both night and day:
She seems to hold her home in view,
And sails, as if the path she knew;
So calm and stately is her motion
Across th' unfathom'd trackless ocean.

And well, glad vessel! mayst thou stem
The tide with lofty breast,
And lift thy queen-like diadem
O'er these thy realms of rest:
For a thousand beings, now far away,
Behold thee in their sleep,
And hush their beating hearts to pray
That a calm may clothe the deep.
When dimly descending behind the sea
From the mountain Isle of Liberty,
Oh! many a sigh pursued thy vanish'd sail;
And oft an eager crowd will stand
With straining gaze on the Indian strand,
Thy wonted gleam to hail.
For thou art laden with Beauty and Youth,
With Honour bold, and spotless Truth,
With fathers, who have left in a home of rest
Their infants smiling at the breast,
With children, who have bade their parents farewell,
Or who go to the land where their parents dwell.
God speed thy course, thou gleam of delight!
From rock and tempest clear;
Till signal gun from friendly height
Proclaim, with thundering cheer,
To joyful groups on the harbour bright,
That the good ship HOPE is near!

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come Inspiration! from thy hermit seat;
 By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye and raptured glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. THOMSON.

THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

THE IDEA TAKEN FROM AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHEN the Almighty formed the gracious plan,
 To breathe His spirit in the soul of man—
 He spoke—and summoned at His awful Throne,
 The brightest Angels His dominions own.
 They bowed obedient at His sacred feet,
 And stood in council round His hidden seat.
 First, with impartial eye, fair *Justice* rose,
 Like the pure blush, the light of morning shows;
 And while in graceful dignity she shone,
 Addressed her God, in firm unaltered tone,
 “*Create him not*, for in his tyrant sway,
 “The captive heart will bleed, and loathe the day;
 “His craving hand, the wealth of mines will seek,
 “To pamper luxury, and oppress the weak;
 “Each law of equity his pride will spurn,
 “And from the pleading poor, insulting turn;
 “From day to day, before thy Throne, will rise,
 “Oppression’s tears, and Sorrow’s bitter cries.”
 Then in the presence of th’ all perfect God,
Justice denounced the deeds her soul abhorred.

Next *Truth* came forth, and with majestic air,
 Threw back her veil, which swept her flowing hair.
 Her visage bloomed the mirror of her mind,
 By Art untaught, by Reason unconfined.
 On her fair brow, transcendent *Virtue* glowed,
 And all were silent, while her accents flowed,
 “Father! *create him not*, for though thy hand,
 “Should form him spotless, as thy pure command;

" Though thou should'st stamp thy image on his face,
" The seat of confidence, and dawning grace,
" Yet will his lips thy sacred name prophane,
" And with false tongue thy sanctuary stain.
" *Create him not*, for he will ne'er repay,
" Thy watchful care, nor own thy righteous sway."
She ceased—and *Truth* moved on, divinely fair,
While every word still lingered on the air.

Then at the Throne, celestial *Peace* did stand,
Her olive-leaf extended in her hand;
Her zone unbound, and robed in purest white,
She seemed the spirit of creative light.
Calm was her bosom, as th' unruffled stream,
That smoothly glides beneath the moon's pale beam;
Her brow serene, yet with dejected look,
She raised her eyes, and mournfully she spoke,
" *Create him not*, for man in sin, will fall,
" And every crime upon thy vengeance call.
" E'en the first born shall seek a brother's life,
" And slay the righteous in unequal strife,
" With human carnage, shall defile the earth,
" And man will rue the moment of his birth."
Then to the eye of *Peace*, the world arose,
With crimes unnumbered, and destructive woes.
She saw sweet Charity's expiring charms,
Saw Virtue banished, and mankind in arms;
Viewed her own olive-branch in cypress laid,
And Discord trampling on its sacred shade,
Then groaned in anguish, at man's wretched lot,
And trembling, cried " Oh God! *create him not*."

So spoke the agents of Almighty power,
With bodings dark, as evening's darkest hour.
When *Mercy* rose, th' Eternal's darling child,
Clung to His bosom, and benignant smiled.
Her look was tenderness, unmixed with wo,
She saw man happy, for she wished him so.
" Father!" she cried, " amidst thy suppliant train,
" See *Mercy* sue, who never sued in vain."

Then with the tear of love, and pleading eye,
She clasped His knees, and breathed a pitying sigh.
"Create him Father! in thy Image fair,
"The favour'd object of thy guiding care:
"When all thy messengers forsake his way,
"And warning Nature teach his heart to stray;
"When he departs from *Justice, Peace, and Truth,*
"Mercy shall seek, and turn his erring youth;
"The pang of conscience, and the wreck of fame,
"Shall then deter him from repeated shame;
"His wandering footsteps I from guilt will free,
"And lead him back to holiness and thee.
"If he is weak, thy *Mercy* shall incline
"His soul to feeling, and to love divine,
"With pitying hand, to *bind the broken heart,*
"And in another's sufferings, share a part.
"For every wrong, th' atoning tear shall flow,
"And man shall seek a brother, in his foe."

Th' Almighty heard—and listening, paused a while,
Then raised th' imploring cherub with a smile;
Dwelt on her accents, with complaisant grace,
And beams of love reflected from His face.—
Man was created, weak in Nature's power,
But *Mercy's* pupil, in his guiltiest hour;
In all his faults, still guided from above,
Th' eternal object of redeeming love.—

Oh man, remember! when with bitter tear,
Misfortune pleads beneath thy frown severe;
When hard suspicions, and distrust unkind,
Chill the warm feelings of thy generous mind,
Remember *Mercy!* at whose voice divine,
Creation breathed, and heavenly hope was thine;
Whose gentle hand turns all thy faults to good,
And points to Eden, through a *Saviour's* blood.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ADIEU TO PARNASSUS.

To I. H. Esq. an epistolary friend, who pressed me to woo my Muse, and flattered me with the promise of success.

GIVE me a little empty praise,
 Oh bid my verse to fame aspire,
 And I could make my 'witching lays
 The softened cadence of Apollo's lyre!
 Or roll the indignant song around,
 Till patriot flames shall rise and burn;
 Till demon Faction hears the sound,
 And to her native hell appall'd shall turn!
 But "Johnson's Lives" alas I well remember,
 And much I fear that in December's chill
 My parlour fire would scarcely boast an ember
 And that my kitchen jack would stand quite still.
 For Poets (let it aye be known)
 Must have a fire and pick their bone,
 Although my cousin Pindar tells us flat,
 That Poets never should be rich or fat.
 Oh could I be Columbia's favourite bard,
 As Burns is Caledonia's pride,
 Ambition's wealth and power I would discard,
 Though Burns in wretched penury died.
 His sovereign sneer for gains and sordid pelf
 I think I truly have acquired myself,
 And well could spurn the wretch who strove to gain
 The venal palming sycophantic strain,
 Yet oft for humble Merit strike the lyre,
 And bid his name to Fame and Heaven aspire.
 * * * * * Yes—could I pen Columbia's song
 In numbers wild, but sweet and strong,
 My eye should drink from Heaven the beam,
 Which swells to frenzy in the Poet's soul;
 Columbia's glory oft should be my theme,
 Nor would I e'er the thrilling lyre control;

Till false Ambition wheel'd to flight,
 And real patriots rose in god-like might,
 To guide Columbia's stars around her sun
 In kindred orbits to the goal of fame,
 Teach her FREE HEIRS each meteor vice to shun
 And yield to Heaven her pure unsullied name.
 Though I most dearly love Apollo's beam
 And feel its influence in my inmost soul,
 Yet still I strive to shun the ecstatic dream,
 And bid my duty Fancy's power control.

Toil for subsistence with my sword and spade*
 And learn to be content in Penury's shade.
 The immortal Nine—blest maids! I aye shall love,
 But then—my cherub daughter's dimpled smiles
 Press on my heart a mandate from above,
 And yield a pleasure maids must ne'er beguile.

My courting days, alas! are sadly gone
 Yet they have left my feelings keen and strong,
 The enrapturing song off tears or smiles
 Where Fancy revels in ecstatic bliss;
 Where Nature's sounds, the feeling heart beguiles
 Is not so dear to me as sweet Affections kiss;
 While Genius trampling haggard Malice down,
 Decrees my Horace when to manhood grown,
 Shall never fear Misfortunes with'ring frown,
 But with his sisters find a father's home,
 Where Virtues anxious keep the bosom warm,
 And sage Precaution shields them from the storm,
 The glistening verdure o'er Castalia's fount
 The envied laurel—let it there remain,
 Unless a monied poet scales the mount
 And gives the world an independent strain.
 For me, my Lyre's unstrung. In manhood's bloom,
 Injustice haunts me with assassin guile.
 My frame reminds me of the silent tomb,

* Alexis is a poor soldier by profession and a practical gardner.

† The broad unfeeling mirth that Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears.—GOLDSMITH.

And Hope's sweet self would even cease to smile,
 But for the immortal soul which looks to Heaven
 And asks that succour which is ever given:*
 And yet my sword the laurel wreath may gain,
 Which on my grave shall mark a Poet slain.

ALEXIS.

Belle Fontaine, on the Missouri.

—
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—HOPE, AN ODE.

Hope bears us through, nor quits us when we die. POPE.

WHEN man transgress'd his Father's kind command,
 Pain, sickness wan, and stern-ey'd Death drew near,
 Corroding Conscience led the baneful band,
 Earth, sea, and air did all in arms appear:
 Here was Horror, there was Guilt,
 Justice rais'd the vengeful sword;
 Now the stroke was almost felt,
 Silence listen'd for the word:
 But Mercy on a ray of light,
 Smiling through a flood of tears,
 Clear'd the mind from Horror's night,
 Still'd Dispair, and banish'd Fears.
 From the eye she wip'd the falling tear,
 And whisper'd comfort to the heart oppress'd
 Then to destroy thy poison, coward Fear,
 Planted sweet *Hope* and gave the mourner rest.
 Six thousand years have Death, and Ruin held
 Their hated way, and man has met their ire,
 In combat fell, and still he keeps the field
 Though ills, ten thousand ills with them conspire;
 Air its tempests raises high
 To afflict poor feeble man,
 Sickly vapours round him fly
 To complete Destruction's plan,
 Hurricanes and earthquakes join'd
 Shook the earth, the air, the sea,
 Thunders too their force combin'd,
 Not an element was free:

* Ask and ye shall receive. BIBLE.

All around Destruction, hateful reigned,
And man, poor man, would oft have sunk oppress'd;
But Mercy who on all looks unrestrain'd
Had planted *Hope* to give the mourner rest.

HOPE, plant of Mercy, child of Love divine,
Still smile, and point to joy, and peace and love:
By thee inspir'd, though ills should all combine,
We'll meet their rage, it hath no power to move:
Air may raise the foaming wave,
Ocean o'er the mountains flow,
Islands find a wat'ry grave,
And sink to dismal shades below;
Art may cease and Skill decay,
Health may leave the blooming cheek,
And where Cupids once did play,
Nought appear but Beauty's wreck;
Yet god-like Mercy has the triumph won,
Unchang'd, consoling friend of all distress'd,
She came in radiant glory joyous down,
Planted fair *Hope*, and gave the mourner rest.

Poor feeble man now lift thy wo-worn head,
Thy pains are finite, all thy griefs shall cease,
When Justice stood in arms terrific clad,
Then Mercy mild proclaim'd eternal peace:
Now the song of glory raise,
Let it never have an end,
Man and Angels shout his praise,
The true, the universal Friend:
Grief, and pain, disasters all
Lose their power, no more I'll grieve,
Though Destruction seize this ball,
Yet my joys shall ever live;
For when in sin, and sorrow sunk we lay,
When all was horror in the human breast,
God sent a beam of Heaven's eternal day
Mercy brought *Hope* and gave the mourner rest.

J. C.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It was not thought proper, in the narrative of general Barton, published in the last number of *The Port Folio*, under the head of *American Gallantry*, to alter a single word, notwithstanding certain passages might have been amended, and the phraseology improved, by so doing. We wished to present to the reader in its plain, inartificial style, the picture of a warm and glowing heart, and of patriotism that would do honour to the most cultivated mind. We considered it as a singular instance of feelings and incidents, towering above the language in which they were related, which is, itself, a greater literary curiosity than it could be rendered by the most splendid phraseology. For this important service, general Barton was rewarded with the gift of a sword from the honorable continental congress. The detail of this transaction has never before been published by the party, and it was the determination of the general, from motives of personal delicacy, that it never should have been, until after his death. From this resolution he was prevailed upon to recede, by the earnest solicitations of private friendship. Only one copy has been taken previous to the publication, and that was done at the request of our former friend and ally, the unfortunate Louis XVth, of France, by whom it was read, and admired.

We hope our new correspondent, the Eastern Traveller, has not forgotten his promise, of conducting us through the ruins of Asia Minor. Having undertaken the journey, with him, we should regret to lose, abruptly, so agreeable a companion.

The literary project of Alexis seems, to us, quite practicable, and promises to be of service to the community, as well as to himself. The country, which has been the particular object of his notice, has strong claims on the curiosity of the public at large, and, at this moment, especially, excites universal interest. The manner in which he has visited it, induces us to recommend, rather strong and characteristic sketches of the country and the inhabitants, than the more studied and formal regularity of a journal. At this distance, and with our imperfect information of his views we can only add our best wishes for his success.

The Offspring of Mercy, in the poetical department of this number, will be readily recognised, by the vigour of ideas, and the elegance of versification which distinguish it, as the offspring of no common imagination. We shall be always gratified by permission to copy into The Port Folio poetry so well suited to our own taste and that of the public.



Hewitt Sculp.

View of the SWEEDS FORD near NORRISTOWN.

M^{rs} Mary Ann Yates, delin.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1812.

No. V.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE have had frequent occasion to adorn the pages of The Port Folio, with sketches of the rich and various scenery of the Hudson. The views on the river Schuylkill, though by no means so magnificent, and presenting fewer objects of prominent interest, are distinguished by features of a scarcely less fascinating character. It has a mild and quiet beauty—the charms of retired and pensive sweetness, without gaudiness or ostentation, and we are always tempted to regret that its original name, the liquid Manajung, should ever have been exchanged for the present harsh and Dutch appellation, which so ill accords with the gentleness of its nature. The annexed plate represents a retired spot on the borders of this stream, known by the name of the Swedes ford, near Norristown, in the county of Montgomery, about seventeen miles from Philadelphia. It is taken from an eminence near the tan house, on the eastern side, and embraces the ford and the neighbouring tavern.

VOL. VIII.

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CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Her.*

The American Universal Geography; or a view of the present state of all the kingdoms, states, and colonies in the known world. In two volumes. The first volume contains a copious introduction, adapted to the present improved state of Astronomical science—a brief geography of the earth—a general description of America—an account of North America, and its various divisions, particularly of the United States—a general account of the West Indies, and of the four groups of islands into which they are naturally divided, and a minute account of the several islands—a general description of South America, and a particular account of its various states and provinces—and a brief description of the remaining American islands. The second volume contains a geography of the eastern continent—a general description of Europe, and a minute account of its various kingdoms and states—a general description of Asia, its kingdoms, provinces, and islands—an account of the numerous islands arranged by modern geographers under the names of Austral Asia and Polynesia—a general description of Africa, and a particular account of its various states and islands. To which are added an abridgement of the last census of the United States—a chronological table of remarkable events from the creation to this time—an improved list of ancient and modern learned and eminent men—and a copious index to the whole work. The whole comprehending a complete system of modern geography. Accompanied by a new and elegant general atlas of the world, containing (in a separate quarto volume) sixty three maps, comprising, as far as they could be obtained, all the latest discoveries to the present time. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. F. A. A. S. H. S. Minister of the congregational church in Charlestown. Sixth edition. Arranged on a new plan, and improved in every part by a laborious examination of most of the late respectable voyages and travels, in Europe and Asia, by a free use of the information in the abridgment of Pinkerton's excellent geography, and by the late admirable statistical tables of Hassel. Boston, 1812.

THE author of these volumes appears before the public with higher claims than can be usually advanced by geographers, being not only a compiler from the labours of others, but himself an original writer. In the first capacity he has described the whole of the old world, and a large part of our own, whilst his account of the United States, and indeed of nearly the whole of the northern continent, is the result of the personal observation, and private correspondence of the author. With regard to Asia

and Africa, our knowledge of which is either stationary or slowly progressive, there is little difficulty in adding to our former stock of information the discoveries of recent travellers; and Mr. Morse's researches in that quarter though valuable are confined to the mere transcribing from materials of easy access and of notorious credibility. Europe, however, presents far more embarrassments. The emperor of France is the terror of geographers. In his mythology there is no room for the god Terminus, but land marks are torn up, and boundaries removed with a facility scarcely less alarming to politicians than to the makers of maps, who can scarcely hurry their works to the press before some new change renders all their labours ineffectual. In addition to this, it is exceedingly difficult in the present state of the continent to acquire correct information, even as to those parts which have a more durable and permanent existence, since the press is every where in Europe to a certain degree restricted, and the travellers are few in number, and either unable or unwilling fairly to report the condition of countries which they visit only to confirm their former prejudices.—We are, therefore, very agreeably surprised to find in the volume before us much more real and accurate information, than we had supposed within the reach of the author. Taking Pinkerton as the basis of his work, he has added considerably to the labours of that author, and rendered his own much more valuable. Indeed we do not think that so much recent knowledge of Europe is any where to be found within the same compass, or that any existing volumes represent so faithfully the condition of the continent as late as the year 1811. This opinion can scarcely be considered as qualified, when we mention that there may still be detected in the pages of Dr. Morse, some inaccuracies which disfigure the general truth of his descriptions. Of these a few may probably arise from the remoteness of his, and our own situation; though some do not possess that apology. Thus, for instance, we presume the author must have been misled by a newspaper account, in supposing that Jerome Bonaparte had resigned the kingdom of Westphalia, in 1811, (p. 299.) But it is an inexcusable error to say that *the Palazetta of Messina is a regular or-*

namental range of lofty houses for one mile and five rods, p. 403; when the whole range was thrown down by the earthquake in 1783, and is now lying in ruins.

The account of Turkey too is not so correct, generally speaking, as that of the rest of Europe. We know not for what reason all Macedonia, the Morea, Livadia, and Thessaly, are ranked as subdivisions of Albania; and the following sentence is strangely inaccurate. "Mistria, the ancient Sparta, stands upon the Eurotas and is defended by a strong castle," (p. 424.) for in the first place *Mistria* should be *Mistrà*, with the accent on the last syllable, though sometimes written incorrectly *Misitra*—in the second place it is not "*the ancient Sparta*," as modern Athens and Thebes may be called ancient Athens and Thebes, from occupying the same ground, for it is altogether a new town at the distance of more than a mile from the ruins of ancient Sparta—In the third place, it does not *stand upon the Eurotas*, but on a hill more than a mile from the river—in the fourth place, the strong castle by which it *is* defended *was* destroyed as well as a part of the town itself, during the fruitless expedition of the Russians forty years ago. We know not exactly the source of their error, though we suspect that Pouqueville whose descriptions are in many instances very inaccurate is chargeable with it. Again it is no longer true that bull fights and exhibitions of wild beasts are favourite amusements of the people of Vienna, for within a few years they have been entirely prohibited by law.

These little blemishes, and some others which it might seem capacious to enumerate, have probably arisen from inadvertence, or from copying too carelessly the errors of former geographers, and they prove with what circumspection, even the best authorities should be examined. We suggest, moreover, to the author, whether it would not be advisable to discontinue in any future edition, the separate article of the Netherlands. That country has always floated loosely on the geography of Europe, and rendered its arrangements more intricate; as a division of country it has no one claim either of geographical boundary or political connexion to recommend it. Its possession by

different sovereigns might have made it necessary to designate the portions held by each, but at present, when all is consolidated under a single government, when there is no longer such a country as the Netherlands, it is useless to retain an obsolete division. The same remark does not apply to Holland, which has itself been, till recently, an entire empire, with boundaries easily recognised, and the present political arrangement of which has not acquired consistency or durability.

The first volume of this geography, however, claims our more particular attention, not only because the subject is far more interesting, but also because the author is more immediately responsible for its failure, or meritorious if it be successful. In this department, Dr. Morse, has unquestionably very great and peculiar merit. He is, we believe, the first and almost the only American, who has devoted his time to a laborious illustration of the topography of his country. If it were necessary to insist on the importance of such a subject, it would be sufficient to mention this singular fact, that so ignorant were the English and Americans of their own limits, that the treaty of 1783 prescribed as the boundary between the two nations a line drawn due west from the lake of the woods to the Mississippi, whereas such a line would never meet that river, its most northern sources being not as far north; so that to this day our limits in that quarter are undefined. In the course of his laborious investigation, Dr. Morse has been enabled by his perseverance to collect a mass of valuable information far beyond what the efforts of one individual could have been expected to accomplish; and his volumes are indeed indispensable to all who wish to obtain the best and latest accounts of our country. It would extend the limits of this article to an inordinate length were we to indulge in quoting some passages, containing information of a very interesting character, and we shall therefore postpone it to a different part of our journal. It will be a more useful, though certainly a less pleasant part of our duty, to note some defects in the work before us, and to state the alterations which in a subsequent edition would render it of more extensive utility. We will begin, by remarking, that, in several instances, the author does not seem

to have attended to various changes which have taken place in many parts of the union, since the first publication of the work, so that the country has in fact outgrown the dress in which it first appeared. This inattention has been the source of one half the errors of foreign geographers, and unless soon corrected, will only perpetuate a series of misrepresentations. This care moreover is peculiarly necessary in a country like ours, the laws and improvements of which are in a state of such constant fluctuation. For instance, in the state of Pennsylvania, which happens to be most familiar to us, it is erroneous to say, that "the Germans, Dutch, and Catholic Irish retain their own languages and many of them cannot speak English," p. 418; for of these three classes only one the German, retains much of its native language, and even of that class, there are extremely few who cannot speak English—It is a great omission not to mention Berks among the German counties, since it is one where there are perhaps more Germans than in any other part of the state.

It is also wrong to say broadly, that the state permits foreigners to hold lands without becoming citizens, for no alien can purchase unless he has previously declared his intention of becoming a citizen, nor even then more than 500 acres, till he has actually been naturalized.

No bill ever passed for the establishment of free schools as asserted, page 419.

The judges of the supreme court are *three* not four in number, p. 416. "Murder, arson, and one or two other crimes are yet punished with death" is an incorrect phrase—murder being alone punished capitally. Lancaster is *not* the seat of government, p. 422. but Harrisburgh. The market of Philadelphia, extends not to Fourth but to Sixth-street. The library contains not 20,000, but about 12,000 volumes; and the alderman's court mentioned, p. 422. has been abolished for several years. All these are trifling matters, it is true, but if introduced at all should be mentioned correctly, and the slightest inquiry would rectify similar mistakes.

Our principal objections, however, to Mr. Morse's work is, the spirit of local prejudice, and political acrimony, which dis-

tinguish too many parts of it. We are informed in the preface, that the object of the author is to communicate knowledge to Americans, and particularly to American youths. His work is certainly well calculated for that purpose, and is in fact introduced as a geographical text book in some of our colleges. Now we should imagine, that a work addressed to the youth of any country, should with great zeal inculcate opinions favourable to the institutions of that country; should endeavour to lay deep the foundations of their attachment to that country; should cautiously abstain from sowing dissensions or exciting a spirit of hostility between different classes of the community. This duty is so obvious, and the consequences of neglecting it may be so disastrous, that it seems to us quite surprising how any American writer should fail to perceive, and to follow it. We were therefore, somewhat mortified at finding that the reverend author had permitted himself a latitude of remark, as unnecessary to his purpose as it is unjust in itself. In classifying the inhabitants of the United States, for instance, he is not content that almost all the merit should belong to those who are of English descent, but disparages, we think with far too much severity, all who have the misfortune to come from any other quarter of the globe. Thus of the Germans, we are told, that "they are generally uninformed. They are beginning, however, to learn a little English: but a century will probably pass before they will have shaken off the phlegm and sluggishness of their native country." Then too "the great body of the later French emigrants are mere adventurers. They teach dancing, music, drawing, fencing, and the French language, though of this last very few of them know more than the pronunciation. They are dealers also in toys, and sugar-plums, and perfumes, but seldom engage in sober industry. Great numbers of them are probably *spies* of the French government." Very fortunately for us we happen to be precisely of the most orthodox class of English descendants, without the slightest possible taint of the remotest connexion from any part of the continent of Europe. Yet, with all our prejudices in favour of our English ancestry, we venture to suggest to the reverend author, that, if when the Palatinate was burnt the miserable fugitives took shelter in this country, it

is better that we should treat them at least with civility, accept the improvements with which they repay it, and abstain from reproaching their descendants with the vices of their ancestry. If even the French exiles too, should flee from massacre in the islands, and instead of subsisting on our charity should exert the accomplishments of their prosperity in alleviating their misfortunes; if they should teach music and drawing, and French and dancing to our youth; or even make toys for our children, we may appeal to any liberal man (to a Christian minister we may surely appeal with safety) whether this be a fit subject of sneering ridicule—whether the arts of music and design are to be proscribed as unfit objects of sober industry, and whether a whole class of unfortunate beings are thus to be embraced in a general denunciation as traitors to the country which gives them peace and protection? Such reflections are surely hasty and improper, and we cannot persuade ourselves that they arise from any thing but extreme inadvertence. To the same cause, however, we cannot ascribe the evident partiality with which certain districts of country are described, and others we think unjustly depreciated. The author is profuse in his eulogiums upon New-England generally; but nothing in the republic of Plato, nor the Utopia itself, can be more pure and perfect, and delightful, than the manners and customs, the laws, in short every thing that belongs to Connecticut—now all this we believe implicitly—we are perfectly satisfied that morals are no where more pure, education no where more diffused, institutions of every kind no where more admirable. How, indeed, can we doubt, what comes from the authority of a native of the very state, and a part owner of this rich inheritance! This belief, will perhaps authorize us to smile at the complacency with which the author enumerates the virtues of his native state—how “most of the inhabitants pass through life without ever seeing two men engaged in fighting,” how “every parish bell rings at nine at night, to call the inhabitants home throughout the year, and very few disobey the summons;” a curfew somewhat more social than that of William the Conqueror which rang at eight. The only qualification to this happiness is, that “if a married couple wish to be separated, they can in three years accomplish their purpose, without

difficulty. Divorces are now very common, and are often the result of a mutual understanding." But then the morals are so good, and the women so industrious. Through all New England, "among ladies of the first distinction and fortune, employment at the needle, in cookery, and at the spinning wheel, is deemed honourable"—while among the men "in the most populous places, and by people of almost all ranks," jumping and hopping and prison bars are it seems, the most favourite diversions. This picture, drawn by the hand of native partiality, would be merely amusing if it were not contrasted by the glowing colours in which other portions of the country are misrepresented. It was not sufficient to dwell with delight on the excellencies of New-England; but the defects of other members of the union are brought forward with intrusive ostentatiousness. Thus, the people of New-England universally live in villages, "and have *no overgrown capital in which to learn profligacy of manners*. The great body of them are farmers, *not planters*, they labour by themselves, and *not by their slaves*." "The disgraceful practice of a man's offering himself to the freemen as a candidate for office has never been introduced." Again, the middle states are represented as very different from this New-England purity. Among its disadvantages, it seems that, "there are two large cities in this division of the country, and the smaller towns are too apt to ape city manners, and city life." "The elections here are extremely corrupt; individuals acquire very undue influence; and profligacy of life has long since ceased to be a disqualification for office." While still further south, the state of things is far worse, the dishonour attached to labour, which is left to the poor, and to slaves only—the baronial pride unknown to New-England—the luxurious mode of living—the number of mulattoes, and the probability that, in the course of a century the whites and blacks in the lower country will form a common mass, are all insisted on. Then too, we are told, that the English spoken in the middle states is not so good, as that of the South and North. And "that the pronunciation of English gentlemen, when it is not corrupted by the stage, differs imperceptibly from the pronunciation of New-England."

Now altho' there may be, as there certainly is, some ground for the discrimination of character thus attempted, yet we do not hesitate to believe, that the features are grossly overcharged. Moreover, this caricature can no where be so improperly placed as in the hands of the American youths; those young people from different parts of the union, who, bringing to our colleges the natural partialities for their own habits, instead of having their feelings soothed, and their prejudices overcome by mutual-intercourse, are thus to have their passions excited, and their animosities sharpened, by the very works which are put into their hands to teach them their own situation and resources, and the means of rendering each other happy. There are already subjects of difference and collision, unfortunately far too numerous between the citizens of the different parts of the union. It was the object of Washington, to soften down these asperities by collecting the youth into seminaries of learning, and diffusing a general system of education. But if the elementary works of public instruction, be thus perverted, it is much better that the different sections should preserve their distance, and not meet to inflame their resentments. These mutual prejudices come but too early, and it is quite an unworthy office, to force into premature life, the national hatreds which it should be the purpose of the writer to soften, if he cannot extinguish.

There are other parts of the work, which we consider as equally reprehensible. In his remarks, for instance, on the state of literature amongst us, he delivers it as his opinion, that "a government merely popular, can never extend to learning any thing like English patronage." Now if the reverend author means, that a popular government cannot patronise literature; we apprehend that he labours under a strange mistake. We have always understood, that ancient literature, flourished somewhat more in the popular governments of Greece, than in the surrounding monarchies. We also believed that the literature of Rome, grew up under the commonwealth, and was ready made for Augustus, whose reputation as a munificent patron of letters, is in many respects questionable. We thought that Florence was a popular government; that the country of Erasmas, and

Grotius, and Heinsius, and Vossius, was a republic; that all the learning of Geneva, and the rest of Switzerland, grew up under their popular forms of government. In short, we deemed it till now, a matter perfectly susceptible of historical demonstration, that the brightest periods of literature, the epochs when the human intellect had acquired its highest cultivation, were precisely those of the greatest political freedom. If, moreover, by English patronage, be meant the patronage of the English government, in contradistinction to that of our own country, we think the example most unfortunate. No one surely can be less disposed than ourselves, to undervalue the merit, the great and singular merit of the British government, in very many respects; but its patronage of literature, was the last topic on which we expected to hear an eulogium, since that is of all others, the quarter on which it is most vulnerable. The fact is, that not a single government in Europe, is more negligent of literature, than that of England. The French government pays all the members of the Institute; has a host of men of letters in its service; and not the lowest rhymers in the empire, who will sing the praises of the king of Rome, goes unrewarded. The late king of Prussia collected a literary band of great eminence round his person; but the bounty of the British government, has never extended beyond the annual stipend for a birth-day ode; nor do we remember many evidences of its munificence to letters, except that Newton had some subordinate office in the mint, and Burns was made a gauger of whiskey. Where does this patronage appear? Out of the seventeen colleges at Oxford, Trinity is the only one founded by a British sovereign: of the sixteen at Cambridge, the same sovereign Henry VIII. founded one, and Henry VI. another: the rest are all founded by individuals. The present government have made some appropriations towards the catholic college of Maynooth; but whether from political or literary motives, it would not be difficult to decide. The fact is, the literature of England so far from being patronised by government, owes all its vigour and elegance, and its brilliant success, exclusively to the "merely popular" part of its constitution; that is, to the spirit of inquiry, the diffusive education, the general comfort of all orders of the people, which

that part of its government more particularly encourages and supports. It is remarked, we think by Gibbon, that the bookseller is now the best Mæcenas; and every one knows, that the public, the reading inquisitive part of the community, is at once the best judge, and the best patron of literature. It is not now a question, by what branch of the royal family a writer is protected and paid; but how many copies of his work have been sold: not what great man has condescended to accept his dedication; but how the country at large has been satisfied. If the reverend author means that the patronage of our government has not equalled that of England, he is, we think, equally mistaken. Scarcely one of the seventeen or "eighteen merely popular governments" of the United States has omitted to make provision more or less liberal for the establishment of colleges, academies, or common schools. The little state of Connecticut, containing about 260,000 inhabitants, has a school fund of more than twelve hundred thousand dollars, a sum we will venture to say, greater than was ever spent in "English patronage," by all the kings of England since the heptarchy. It cannot, therefore, we think, be asserted without the most determined indifference to facts, that there is any thing in the shape of our government prejudicial to letters. On the contrary, it is very natural, that a government which summons to its administration, and brings into notice every class of its citizens, must sharpen their understandings; extend their knowledge; and in short make more readers, more purchasers, more consumers, if we may use the expression, of literature, and of course increase the demand, and enhance the value of literature. And, in fact, it does so happen, that there are by far more readers of books, and of good books too, in the United States, than in any spot on the globe. This hackneyed complaint of the want of patronage in America, has been so worn out in the service of foreign writers, that we are quite surprised at finding it employed by a sensible and judicious author on this side of the Atlantic. It would lead us astray from our present purpose, to examine and refute this opinion, which we think is perfectly erroneous, and to explain, that if the number of American literary works be few, it is to be ascribed neither to the form of government, nor to a want of literature, nor to any

paucity of talent or genius, but altogether to the happy and peculiar situation of this country, which enables it to import at the same time, and from the same people, both our literature and our manufactures.

Of the same tendency are several allusions to the local and temporary politics of the United States. Thus, after saying that "the laws of Kentucky make no provision for the support of religion," he adds, "this fact accounts for the great number of inhabitants, who profess no religion," 2 vol. p. 493. Now, when we consider that the government of the United States, as well as those of nearly all the states, are founded on the total and jealous exclusion of all ecclesiastical establishments and all "provision for the support of religion," it does not seem altogether a fit remark for an American writer, it is certainly a hazardous sentiment to deliver to American youths, that this omission causes a neglect of religion.

Again, he remarks on the commerce of Connecticut, in 1810, that "this was a non-intercourse year," and again, in 1808, "a general embargo operates through the whole of the year to the incalculable injury of the morals and interests of the people." Now, whether the embargo, or the non-intercourse were wise or ruinous measures of policy, are questions on which it is quite fit that every one should speak and deliver his opinion. But they have been discussed to satiety in political meetings, and pamphlets. The three hundred and sixty newspapers, which circulate through the United States, have supplied us with volumes of argument and declamation to oppose or defend them, and there should be, we think some truce at last—some ground where conflicting parties may meet in amity. But where shall we look for neutrality, if these bitter political remarks cannot be spared from a simple statistical work, destined for the instruction of youth. Our youth are quite soon enough initiated into these political orgies—they want no stimulus to inflame their political zeal—and to us it seems little less than poisoning the fountains of literature, thus to mingle the feelings and the resentments of party with the elementary, the first rudiments of education. This spirit is carried so far, that it appears even in the chronological table—a work, by the by,

rather too minute, as well as quite too political. It is, indeed, a very strange medley. It begins with the creation of Adam and Eve, and ends with the celebration of the third of April, 1812, by the Washington Benevolent Society of Boston. Among the intermediate events, we are delighted to find, that in 1785, "The first cistern in Charleston, (S. C.) for collecting and preserving rain water for domestic use, was built by William Somersall." The year 1801 'is moreover rendered memorable, not merely by the treaty of Luneville, and the election of Mr. Jefferson, but by being the epoch when "the manufacture of straw bonnets commenced at Wrentham, (Mass.)" It was not, however, till 1810 that the "manufactory of artificial mineral waters was introduced in Charleston (S. C.)."

Among the subordinate peculiarities of these volumes, we perceive a tendency to coin certain words, which, however current in New-England, do not circulate through the Union, without a great deal of suspicion. We would not, for instance, say, in describing the settlement of a country in detached parts and by bands of strangers, without any previous concert, that "they had no *one-ness* of interests or views," vol. 1. p. 209; nor, that the Hungarians defended their laws, "though in many instances *illaudable*," vol. 2. p. 317; nor, that one town is more *uncentrical* than another, ib. p. 324. There are also, a few loose phrases; such as, that in Naples, the noise of carriages is "completely drowned in the *aggregate clack* of human voices," which with every allowance for the volubility of Naples, is rather too much for a sober geographer, besides the vulgarity of the expression. Then too some machine is said to save "an *immensity* of labour," and on the other hand there are occasional instances of inflation, such as an important state in Germany, "around which as a nucleus, the others are conglomerated," and several other hard sentences of the same kind.

We have stated our opinions of Dr. Morse's volumes, thus frankly and at large, because we are sorry to perceive in them any thing calculated to restrict their general circulation or impair their usefulness.

With the exception, however, of the passages on which we have animadverted, and which we are perfectly convinced, have

crept into the work from the imperceptible influence of local attachment, and the habitual intrusion of politics into all our thoughts and feelings in the United States, rather than from any deliberate dislike to the institutions of the country, or to any portion of its inhabitants, we perceive nothing which may not be read with pleasure and instruction. Σ

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

American Ornithology; or, the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. Illustrated with Plates Engraved and Colored from Original Drawings taken from Nature. By ALEXANDER WILSON.

WE are rejoiced at perceiving that this interesting work, in the success of which, the arts of our country are so much concerned, proceeds with undiminished vigour and elegance. The subjects of the present volume do not yield in importance to any of the preceding ones, and the engravings, which are executed by Lawson and Warnicke, from Mr. Wilson's drawings, fully sustain their own reputation as well as that of the work. It is, indeed, scarcely possible for the pencil to exhibit more exquisite representations, more faithful resemblances of character and physiognomy, more brilliancy of plumage, than are contained in this volume. Mr. Wilson's descriptions possess their usual characteristics,—clear and accurate observation, great artlessness of style, and a warm affectionate mode of treating the feathered tribes, which is equally honourable to his taste and feeling. He has, in this volume, introduced to us several species of hawk; such as the American buzzard, or white-breasted hawk, *falco leverianus*—the ash colored hawk, *falco atricapillus*—the black hawk, *falco niger*; with a variety of the same—the broad winged hawk, *falco Pennsylvanicus*—the marsh hawk, *falco uliginosus*—red shouldered hawk, *falco lineatus*—red tailed hawk, *falco borealis*—slate coloured hawk, *falco Pennsylvanicus*—swallow tailed hawk, *falco furcatus*.—A number of owls; the barn owl, *strix flammea*—the great horned owl, *strix Virginiana*—hawk owl, *strix Hudsonia*—long eared owl, *strix otus*—the black-poll'd warbler, *sylvia striata*—the Cape May warbler, *sylvia maritima*—the Baltimore oriole, *oriolus Baltimoreus*—Chuckwill's widow, *caprimulgus Carolinensis*—ground dove, *columba passerina*—the partridge, or quail, *perdix Virginianus*

—the rail, *rallus Virginianus*—the ruffed grouse, or Pennsylvania pheasant, *tetrao umbellus*—the small headed fly-catcher, *mus-cicapa minuta*—the snipe, *scolopax gallinago*—the Towhee bunting, *emberiza erythroptalma*—and the woodcock, *scolopax minor*.

From this rich assemblage we will select the description of a bird very familiar to our readers, which will enable them to appreciate Mr. Wilson's accuracy.

Quail, or Partridge.—Tetrao Virginianus.

This well known bird is a general inhabitant of North America, from the northern parts of Canada and Nova Scotia, in which latter place it is said to be migratory, to the extremity of the peninsula of Florida; and was seen in the neighbourhood of the Great Osage Village, in the interior of Louisiana. They are numerous in Kentucky and Ohio; Mr. Pennant remarks that they have been lately introduced into the island of Jamaica, where they appear to thrive greatly, breeding in that warm climate twice in the year. Captain Henderson mentions them as being plenty near the Balize at the Bay of Honduras. They rarely frequent the forest, and are most numerous in the vicinity of well cultivated plantations where grain is in plenty. They, however, occasionally seek shelter in the woods, perching on the branches, or secreting among the brush wood; but are found most usually in open fields, or along fences sheltered by thickets of briars. Where they are not too much persecuted by the sportsmen, they become almost half domesticated; approach the barn, particularly in winter, and sometimes in that severe season mix with the poultry to glean up a subsistence. They remain with us the whole year, and often suffer extremely by long hard winters and deep snows. At such times the arts of man combine with the inolemeney of the season for their destruction. To the ravages of the gun are added others of a more insidious kind. Traps are placed on almost every plantation, in such places as they are known to frequent. These are formed of lath, or thinly split sticks, somewhat in the shape of an obtuse cone, laced together with cord, having a small hole at top, with a sliding lid, to take out the game by. This is supported by the common figure 4 trigger, and grain is scattered below and leading to the place. By this contrivance ten or fifteen have sometimes been taken at a time. These are sometimes brought alive to market, and occasionally bought up by sportsmen, who, if the season be very severe, sometimes preserve and feed them till spring, when they are humanely turned out to their native fields again, to be put to death at some future time *secundum artem*. Between the months of August and March great numbers of these birds are brought to the market of Philadelphia, where they are sold from twelve to eighteen cents a piece.

The Quail begins to build early in May. The nest is made on the ground, usually at the bottom of a thick tuft of grass that shelters and conceals it. The materials are leaves and fine dry grass in considerable quantity. It is well covered above, and an opening left on one side for entrance. The female lays from fifteen to twenty-four eggs, of a pure white without any spots. The time of incubation has been stated to me by various persons at four weeks, when the eggs were placed under the domestic hen. The young leave the nest as soon as they are freed from the shell, and are conducted about in search of food by the female; are guided by her voice, which at that time resembles the twittering of young chickens, and sheltered by her wings, in the same manner as those of the domestic fowl; but with all that secrecy and precaution for their safety which their helplessness and greater danger require. In this situation should the little timid

family be unexpectedly surprised, the utmost alarm and consternation instantly prevail. The mother throws herself in the path, fluttering along, and beating the ground with her wings, as if sorely wounded; using every artifice she is master of to entice the passenger in pursuit of herself, uttering at the same time certain peculiar notes of alarm well understood by the young, who dive separately amongst the grass, and secrete themselves till the danger is over; and the parent, having decoyed the pursuer to a safe distance, returns by a circuitous route to collect and lead them off. This well known manœuvre, which nine times in ten is successful, is honorable to the feelings and judgment of the bird, but a severe satire on man. The affectionate mother, as if sensible of the avaricious cruelty of his nature, tempts him with a larger prize, to save her more helpless offspring; and pays him, as avarice and cruelty ought always to be paid, with mortification and disappointment.

The eggs of the Quail have been frequently placed under the domestic hen; and hatched and reared with equal success as her own; tho, generally speaking, the young Partridges being more restless and vagrant, often lose themselves, and disappear. The hen ought to be a particular good nurse, not at all disposed to ramble, in which case they are very easily raised. Those that survive acquire all the familiarity of common chickens; and there is little doubt that if proper measures were taken, and persevered in for a few years, that they might be completely domesticated. They have been often kept during the first season, and through the whole of the winter, but have uniformly deserted in the spring. Two young partridges that were brought up by a hen, when abandoned by her, associated with the cows, which they regularly followed to the fields, returned with them when they came home in the evening, stood by them while they were milked, and again accompanied them to the pasture. These remained during the winter, lodging in the stable, but as soon as spring came they disappeared. Of this fact I was informed by a very respectable lady, by whom they were particularly observed.

It has been frequently asserted to me that the Quails lay occasionally in each other's nests. Tho I have never myself seen a case of this kind, I do not think it altogether improbable, from the fact, that they have often been known to drop their eggs in the nest of the common hen, when that happened to be in the fields, or at a small distance from the house. The two Partridges above-mentioned were raised in this manner; and it was particularly remarked by the lady who gave me the information, that the hen sat for several days after her own eggs were hatched, until the young Quails made their appearance.

The Partridge, on her part, has sometimes been employed to hatch the eggs of the common domestic hen. A friend of mine, who himself made the experiment, informs me, that of several hen's eggs which he substituted in place of those of the Partridge, she brought out the whole; and that for several weeks he occasionally surprised her in various parts of the plantation with her brood of *chickens*; on which occasions she exhibited all that distressful alarm, and practised her usual manœuvres for their preservation. Even after they were considerably grown, and larger than the Partridge herself, she continued to lead them about; but tho their notes, or call, were those of common chickens, their manners had all the shyness, timidity and alarm of young Partridges; running with great rapidity, and squatting in the grass exactly in the manner of the Partridge. Soon after this they disappeared, having probably been destroyed by dogs, by the gun, or by birds of prey. Whether the domestic fowl might not by this method be very soon brought back to its original savage state, and thereby supply another additional subject for the amusement of the sportsman, will scarcely admit of a doubt. But the experiment, in order to secure its success, would require to be made in a quarter of the country less exposed than ours to the ravages of guns, traps, dogs, and the deep snows of winter, that the new tribe might have full time to become completely naturalized, and well fixed in all their native habits.

About the beginning of September, the Quails being now nearly full grown, and associated in flocks, or coveys, of from four or five to thirty, afford considerable sport to the gunner. At this time the notes of the male are most frequent, clear and loud. His common call consists of two notes with sometimes an introductory one, and is similar to the sound produced by pronouncing the words "Bob White." This call may be easily imitated by whistling, so as to deceive the bird itself, and bring it near. While uttering this he is usually perched on a rail of the fence, or on a low limb of an apple tree, where he will sometimes sit, repeating at short intervals "*Bob White*," for half an hour at a time. When a covey are assembled in a thicket or corner of a field and about to take wing, they make a low twittering sound, not unlike that of young chickens; and when the covey is dispersed, they are called together again by a loud and frequently repeated note, peculiarly expressive of tenderness and anxiety.

The food of the Partridge consists of grain, seeds, insects, and berries of various kinds. Buckwheat and Indian corn are particular favorites. In September and October the buckwheat fields afford them an abundant supply, as well as a secure shelter. They usually roost at night in the middle of a field on high ground; and from the circumstance of their dung being often found in such places in one round heap, it is generally conjectured that they roost in a circle with their heads outwards, each individual in this position forming a kind of guard to prevent surprise. They also continue to lodge for several nights in the same spot.

The Partridge, like all the rest of the gallinaceous order, flies with a loud whirring sound, occasioned by the shortness, concavity and rapid motion of its wings, and the comparative weight of its body. The steadiness of its horizontal flight, however, renders it no difficult mark to the sportsman, particularly when assisted by his sagacious pointer. The flesh of this bird is peculiarly white, tender, and delicate, unequalled, in these qualities, by that of any other of its genus in the United States.

The *Quail*, as it is called in New England, or the *Partridge*, as in Pennsylvania, is nine inches long, and fourteen inches in extent; the bill is black; line over the eye, down the neck and whole chin pure white, bounded by a band of black which descends and spreads broadly over the throat; the eye is dark hazel; crown, neck, and upper part of the breast red brown; sides of the neck spotted with white and black on a reddish brown ground; back, scapulars and lesser coverts red brown, intermixed with ash and sprinkled with black; tertials edged with yellowish white; wings plain dusky; lower part of the breast and belly pale yellowish white, beautifully marked with numerous curving spots or arrow heads of black; tail ash, sprinkled with reddish brown; legs very pale ash.

The female differs in having the chin and sides of the head yellowish brown, in which dress it has been described as a different kind. There is, however, only one species of Quail at present known within the United States.

Prefixed to this volume is a list of the land birds already described by Mr. Wilson. His diligence has enabled him to enlarge the catalogue beyond the limits of any former writer, but as there are still a few which he reserves for a subsequent volume, we shall postpone till then our insertion of it, as we shall at that time be able to give a complete catalogue of the birds of the United States. In the mean time we are compelled to restrain our quotations to the following account of another bird in great request among epicures.

Woodcock.—Scolopax minor.

This bird, like the preceding, is universally known to our sportsmen. It arrives in Pennsylvania early in March, sometimes sooner; and I doubt not but in mild winters some few remain with us the whole of that season. During the day they keep to the woods and thickets, and at the approach of evening seek the springs and open watery places to feed in. They soon disperse themselves over the country to breed. About the beginning of July, particularly in long continued hot weather, they descend to the marshy shores of our large rivers, their favorite springs and watery recesses inland being chiefly dried up. To the former of these retreats they are pursued by the merciless sportsman, flushed by dogs, and shot down in great numbers. This species of amusement, when eagerly followed, is still more laborious and fatiguing than that of Snipe-shooting; and from the nature of the ground, or cripple, as it is usually called, *viz.* deep mire intersected with old logs which are covered and hid from sight by high reeds, weeds and alder bushes, the best dogs are soon tired out; and it is customary with sportsmen who regularly pursue this diversion, to have two sets of dogs, to relieve each other alternately.

The Woodcock usually begins to lay in April. The nest is placed on the ground, in a retired part of the woods, frequently at the root of an old stump. It is formed of a few withered leaves and stalks of grass laid with very little art. The female lays four, sometimes five eggs, about an inch and a half long, and an inch or rather more in diameter, tapering suddenly to the small end. These are of a dun clay colour, thickly marked with spots of brown, particularly at the great end, and interspersed with others of a very pale purple. The nest of the Woodcock has, in several instances that have come to my knowledge, been found with eggs in February; but its usual time of beginning to lay is early in April. In July, August, and September they are considered in good order for shooting.

The Woodcock is properly a nocturnal bird, feeding chiefly at night, and seldom stirring about till after sunset. At such times, as well as in the early part of the morning, particularly in spring, he rises by a kind of spiral course to a considerable height in the air, uttering at times a sudden *quack*, till having gained his utmost height he hovers around in a wild irregular manner, making a sort of murmuring sound; then descends with rapidity as he rose. When uttering his common note on the ground, he seems to do it with difficulty, throwing his head towards the earth and frequently jetting up his tail. These notes and manoeuvres are most usual in spring, and are the call of the male to his favorite female. Their food consists of various larvæ and other aquatic worms, for which during the evening they are almost continually turning over the leaves with their bill, or searching in the bogs. Their flesh is reckoned delicious, and prized highly. They remain with us till late in autumn, and on the falling of the first snows descend from the ranges of the Alleghany to the lower parts of the country in great numbers; soon after which, *viz.* in November, they move off to the south.

This bird, in its general figure and manners, greatly resembles the Woodcock of Europe, but is considerably less, and very differently marked below, being an entirely distinct species. A few traits will clearly point out their differences. The lower parts of the European Woodcock is thickly barred with dusky waved lines, on a yellowish white ground. The present species has those parts of a bright ferrugineous. The male of the American species weighs from five to six ounces, the female eight; the European twelve. The European Woodcock makes its first appearance in Britain in October and November, that country being in fact only its winter quarters; for early in March they move off to the northern parts of the continent to breed. The American species, on the contrary, winters in countries south of the United States, arrives here early in March, extends its migrations as far, at least, as the river St. Lawrence, breeds in all the intermediate places, and retires again to the south on the approach of winter. The one migrates from the torrid to the temperate regions; the other from the temperate to the arctic. The two birds, therefore, notwithstanding their names are the

same, differ not only in size and markings, but also in native climate. Hence the absurdity of those who would persuade us, that the Woodcock of America crosses the Atlantic to Europe, and *vice versa*. These observations have been thought necessary from the respectability of some of our own writers who seem to have adopted this opinion.

How far to the north our Woodcock is found I am unable to say. It is not mentioned as a bird of Hudson's Bay, and being altogether unknown in the northern parts of Europe, it is very probable that its migrations do not extend to a very high latitude; for it may be laid down as a general rule, that those birds which migrate to the arctic regions in either continent, are very often common to both. The head of the Woodcock is of singular conformation, large, somewhat triangular, and the eye fixed at a remarkable distance from the bill, and high in the head. This construction was necessary to give a greater range of vision, and to secure the eye from injury while the owner was searching in the mire. The flight of the Woodcock is slow. When flushed at any time in the woods, he rises to the height of the bushes or underwood, and almost instantly drops behind them again at a short distance, generally running off for several yards as soon as he touches the ground. The notion that there are two species of Woodcock in this country probably originated from the great difference of size between the male and female, the latter being considerably the larger.

The male Woodcock is ten inches and a half long, and sixteen inches in extent; bill a brownish flesh color, black towards the tip, the upper mandible ending in a slight knob that projects about one tenth of an inch beyond the lower, each grooved, and in length somewhat more than two inches and a half; forehead, line over the eye and whole lower part reddish tawny; sides of the neck inclining to ash; between the eye and bill a slight streak of dark brown; crown from the forepart of the eye backwards black, crossed by three narrow bands of brownish white; cheeks marked with a bar of black, variegated with light brown; edges of the back and of the scapulars pale bluish white; back and scapulars deep black, each feather tipped or marbled with light brown and bright ferruginous, with numerous fine zig-zag lines of black crossing the lighter parts; quills plain dusky brown; tail black, each feather marked along the outer edge with small spots of pale drab color above and silvery white below; lining of the wing bright rust; legs and feet a pale reddish flesh color; eye very full and black, seated high and very far back in the head; weight five ounces and a half, sometimes six.

The female is twelve inches long, and eighteen in extent; weighs eight ounces; and differs also in having the bill very near three inches in length; the black on the back is not quite so intense; and the sides under the wings are slightly barred with dusky.

The young Woodcocks of a week or ten days old are covered with down of a brownish white color, and are marked from the bill along the crown to the hind head with a broad stripe of deep brown; another line of the same passes through the eyes to the hind head, curving under the eye; from the back to the rudiments of the tail runs another of the same tint, and also on the sides under the wings; the throat and breast are considerably tinged with rufous; and the quills, at this age, are just bursting from their light blue sheaths, and appear marbled as in the old birds; the legs and bill are of a pale purplish ash colour, the latter about an inch long. When taken, they utter a long, clear but feeble *peep*, not louder than that of a mouse. They are far inferior to young Partridges in running and skulking; and should the female unfortunately be killed, may easily be taken on the spot.

Having completed the first great division of his Ornithology, Mr. Wilson now proceeds to the second and last—the waders and the web-footed tribes, which are to occupy the succeeding volumes. Our best wishes attend him both by land and sea.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

The following original letter has never we believe been till now before the public. It will be remembered that during the year 1780, General Washington finding his army crumbling to pieces, and the fate of this country jeopardized by the defective arrangements for the public service, addressed a detailed and luminous report to Congress, stating the inconveniences under which the Army laboured, and the remedies which alone could in his estimation retrieve its reputation. His representations could not fail to be effectual, and he was accordingly directed to communicate with the Executives of the several States, urging the necessity of some immediate radical change in the mode of enlistment. The following circular was received on that subject by the Governor of Pennsylvania. If every thing from the pen of Gen. Washington did not carry with it a paramount authority, our own subsequent experience, and above all the present situation of the military establishment of our country, should stamp an additional value on the deliberate opinions of one who so often conducted the soldiers of America to victory.

(CIRCULAR.)

Head Quarters, near Passaic, October 18, 1780.

SIR,

IN obedience to the orders of Congress, I have the honour to transmit to your Excellency the present state of the troops of your line; by which you will perceive how few men you will have left after the first day of January next. When I inform you also that the troops of the other lines will be in general as much reduced as your's, you will be able to judge how exceedingly weak the army will be at that period, and how essential it is the states should make the utmost exertions to replace the discharged men as early as possible.

Congress are now preparing a plan for a new establishment of their army, which when finished they will transmit to the several states with their requisitions for their respective quotas. I have no doubt it will be a primary object with them to have the levies for the war; and this appears to me a point so interesting to our independence, that I cannot forbear entering into the motives which ought to determine the states without hesitation

or alternative to take their measures decisively for that object.

I am religiously persuaded that the duration of the war, and the greatest part of the misfortunes and perplexities we have hitherto experienced, are chiefly to be attributed to the system of temporary enlistments. Had we in the commencement raised an army for the war; such as was within the reach of the abilities of these states to raise and maintain, we should not have suffered those military checks which have so frequently shaken our cause, nor should we have incurred such enormous expenditures as have destroyed our paper currency, and with it all public credit. A moderate compact force on a permanent establishment capable of acquiring the discipline essential to military operations would have been able to make head against the enemy, without comparison, better than the throngs of militia which at certain periods have been (not in the field, but) in their way to and from the field; for from that want of perseverance which characterizes all militia, and of that coercion which cannot be exercised upon them, it has always been found impracticable to detain the greater part of them in the service, even during the term, for which they have been called out; and this has been commonly so short, that we have had a great proportion of the time two sets of men to feed and pay, one coming to the army and the other going from it. From this circumstance and from the extraordinary waste and consumption of provisions, stores, camp equipage, arms, clothes, and every article incident to irregular troops, it is easy to conceive what an immense increase of public expense has been produced from the source of which I am speaking. I might add the diminution of agriculture by calling off, at critical seasons, the labourers employed in it, as has happened in instances without number.

In the enumeration of articles wasted, I mention clothes. It may be objected that the terms of engagement of the levies do not include this; but if we want service from the men, particularly in the cold season, we are obliged to supply them notwithstanding, and they leave us before the clothes are half worn out.

But there are evils still more striking that have befallen us. The intervals between the dismissal of one army and the collec-

tion of another have more than once threatened us with ruin, which humanly speaking nothing but the supineness or folly of the enemy could have saved us from. How did our cause totter at the close of '76 when with a little more than two thousand men we were driven before the enemy through Jersey and obliged to take post on the other side of the Delaware, to make a show of covering Philadelphia while in reality nothing was more easy to them, with a little enterprise and industry, than to make their passage good to that city, and dissipate the remaining force which still kept alive our expiring opposition! What hindered them from dispersing our little army, and giving a fatal blow to our affairs during all the subsequent winter, instead of remaining in a state of torpid inactivity, and permitting us to hover about their quarters, when we had scarcely troops sufficient to mount the ordinary guards?—After having lost two battles and Philadelphia in the following campaign, for want of those numbers and that degree of discipline, which we might have acquired by a permanent force in the first instance, in what a cruel and perilous situation did we again find ourselves in the winter of 77, at the Valleyforge within a day's march of the enemy, with a little more than a third of their strength unable to defend one position, or retreat from it for want of the means of transportation? What but the fluctuation of our army enabled the enemy to detach so boldly to the southward in 78 and 79, to take possession of two states, Georgia and South Carolina, while we were obliged here to be idle spectators of their weakness, set at defiance by a garrison of six thousand regular troops accessible every where by a bridge which nature had formed, but of which we were unable to take advantage from still greater weakness, apprehensive even for our own safety? How did the same garrison, insult the main army of these states the ensuing spring and threaten the destruction of our baggage and stores—saved by a good countenance more than by an ability to defend them? And what will be our situation this winter, our army by the first of January diminished to little more than a sufficient garrison for West Point, the enemy at full liberty to ravage the country whenever they please, and leaving a handful of men at Newyork to undertake expeditions for the reduction of other

states which for want of adequate means of defence, will, it is much to be dreaded, add to the number of their conquests and to the examples of our want of energy and wisdom?

The loss of Canada to the Union, and the fate of the brave Montgomery, compelled to a rash attempt by the immediate prospect of being left without troops, might be enumerated in the catalogue of evils that have sprung from this fruitful source.

We not only incur these dangers, and suffer these losses, for want of a constant force, equal to our exigencies; but while we labour under this impediment, it is impossible there can be any order, economy, or system in our finances. If we meet with any severe blow, the great exertions which the moment requires to stop the progress of the misfortune, oblige us to depart from general principles, to run into any expense, or to adopt any expedient however injurious, on a large scale to procure the force and means which the present exigency demands. Every thing is thrown into confusion, and the measures taken to remedy immediate evils, perpetuate others. The same is the case if particular conjunctures invite to offensive operations—we find ourselves unprepared, without troops, without magazines, and with little time to provide them. We are obliged to force our resources by the most burthensome methods to answer the end, and after all it is but half answered. The design is announced by the occasional effort, and the enemy have it in their power to counteract or elude the blow. The prices of every thing, men, provisions, &c. are raised to a height to which the revenues of no government, much less ours, would suffice. It is impossible that people can endure the excessive burthen of bounties for annual drafts and substitutes increasing at every new experiment. Whatever it might cost then once for all to procure men for the war would be a cheap bargain.

I am convinced the system of temporary enlistments has prolonged the war, and encouraged the enemy to persevere. Baffled while we had an army in the field, they have been constantly looking forward to the period of its reduction, as the period to an opposition and the season of their successes.—They have flattered themselves with more than the event has justified; for they believed when one army expired we should not be able

to raise another; undeceived, however, in this expectation by experience, they still remain convinced—and to me evidently on good grounds, that we must ultimately sink under a system which increases our expense beyond calculation, enfeebles all our measures, affords the most inviting opportunities to the enemy, and wearies and disgusts the people. This has doubtless great influence in preventing their coming to terms, and will continue to operate in the same way. The debates on the ministerial side have frequently manifested the operation of this motive; and it must in the nature of things have had great weight.

The interposition of neutral powers may lead to a negotiation this winter. Nothing will tend so much to make the court of London reasonable as the prospect of a permanent army in this country, and a spirit of exertion to support it.

It is time we should get rid of an error which the experience of all mankind has exploded, and which our own experience has dearly taught us to reject:—The carrying on a war with militia or (which is nearly the same thing) temporary levies, against a regular, permanent, and disciplined force. The idea is chimerical, and that we have so long persisted in it is a reflection on the judgment of a nation so enlightened at we are, as well as a strong proof of the empire of prejudice over reason. If we continue in the infatuation we shall deserve to lose the object we are contending for.

America has been almost amused out of her liberties. We have frequently heard the behaviour of the militia extolled, upon several occasions, by men who judge only from the surface, by men who had particular views in misrepresenting, by visionary men whose credulity easily swallows every vague story, in support of a favourite hypothesis. I solemnly declare I never was witness to a single instance that can countenance an opinion of militia or raw troops being fit for the real business of fighting. I have found them useful as light parties to skirmish in the woods, but incapable of making or sustaining a serious attack. This firmness is only acquired by habits of discipline and service. I mean not to detract from the merit of militia—their zeal and spirit upon a variety of occasions have entitled them to the highest applause; but it is of the greatest importance we

should learn to estimate them rightly. We may expect every thing from ours that militia is capable of; but we must not expect from any services for which regulars alone are fit.

The late battle of Camden is a melancholy comment upon this doctrine. The militia fled at the first fire, and left the continental troops surrounded on every side and overpowered by numbers to combat *by* safety instead of victory. The enemy themselves have witnessed to their valour.

An ill effect of short enlistments, which I have not yet taken notice of is, that the constant fluctuation of their men is one of the sources of disgust to the officers. Just when by great trouble, fatigue and vexation (with which the training of recruits is attended) they have brought their men to some kind of order—they have the mortification to see them go home, and to know that the drudgery is to recommence the next campaign.—In regiments so constituted, an officer has neither satisfaction nor credit in his command.

Every motive which can arise from the consideration of our circumstances, either in a domestic or foreign point of view, calls upon us to abandon temporary expedients, and substitute something durable, systematic, and substantial. This applies as well to our civil administration as to our military establishment. It is as necessary to give congress, the common head, sufficient power to direct the common force as to raise an army for the war—but I should go out of my province to expatiate on civil affairs.—I cannot forbear adding a few more remarks.

Our finances are in an alarming state of derangement. Public credit is almost arrived at its last stages. The people begin to be dissatisfied with the feeble mode of conducting the war, and with the ineffectual burthens imposed upon them, which, though light in comparison with what other nations feel, are from their novelty heavy to them, they lose their confidence in government apace.—The army is not only dwindling into nothing, but the discontents of the officers as well as of the men have matured to a degree that threatens too general a renunciation of the service at the end of the campaign. Since January last we have had registered at head quarters more than ———— resignations, besides a number of others that ne-

ver were regularly reported. I speak of the army in this quarter. We have frequently in the course of the campaign experienced an extremity of want. Our officers are indecently defective in clothing. Our men are almost naked, totally unprepared for the inclemency of the approaching season. We have no magazines for the winter. The mode of procuring our supplies is precarious, and all the reports of officers employed in collecting them are gloomy.

These circumstances conspire to show the necessity of immediately adopting a plan that will give more energy to government—more vigour and more satisfaction to the army—without it we have every thing to fear. I am persuaded of the sufficiency of our resources, if properly directed.

Should the requisitions of congress by any accident not arrive, before the Legislature is about to rise, I beg to recommend that a plan be devised which is likely to be effectual, for raising the men that will be required for the war, leaving it to the executive to apply the quota which congress will fix. I flatter myself, however, the requisitions will arrive in time.

The present crisis of our affairs appears to me so serious as to call upon me, as a good citizen, to give my sentiments freely for the safety of the republic.—I hope the motive will excuse the liberty I have taken.

I have the honour to be,

With the highest respect and esteem,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

Humble servant.

GEO: WASHINGTON.

P. S. The foregoing is a circular to the several states. The observation I make in the first paragraph respecting the comparative strength of the troops would mislead, if applied to your line; for you have a much larger proportion of troops for the war than most of the other states. The men belonging to Pennsylvania in Hazon's regiment is not included in the return I send you; because I believe it will be the intention of congress to keep the regiment up upon a distinct establishment.

G. W——N.

His Excellency GOVERNOR REED.

TOUR THROUGH JAMAICA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO

Blackness, Jamaica, April, 1811.

DEAR W.

It has been doubted, whether the sugar cane be indigenous to the West Indies. Some historians contend that it was originally brought into this country by the Spaniards, and others, that it was found growing naturally in abundance upon their arrival. The question is difficult to be determined, and the real fact perhaps of very little importance; be that, however, as it may, it is now extensively cultivated in almost all the West India Islands, and constitutes a very important branch of commerce.

The sugar cane, *Arundo Saccharifera*, is a yellow jointed reed, from each of which springs a stem of a fine straw colour. It attains various heights, in proportion to the fertility of the soil in which it is planted. The soil best calculated for its production, is a reddish earth, on a clayey substratum, and in such soil, it attains an elevation of seven feet. The stock of the sugar cane contains a pithy substance, which possesses an abundance of juice, exquisitely, but uncloyingly sweet. The cane is about one inch in diameter, and the distance between the eyes, from one to three inches. When the cane is perfectly ripe, they cut it off, near the surface of the earth, and suffer that part which is left in the ground to grow, and again produce. The mode, however, at present adopted in this island is by planting suckers, or what are usually termed ratoons, which spring from the roots of the canes. It is said, that ratoons, planted in this manner, yield a much more rapid, and frequently as profitable a crop, as that of the parent cane. Some plantations produce three hhds. per acre, but this very rarely happens. The planter does not at present realize two per cent. on his capital, which is a profit so inconsiderable, as to render the business scarcely worth pursuing.

When the canes are cut (which is done at various periods throughout the island, as they do not all plant at the same time) they are conveyed to the sugar mill. This mill is a simple machine, composed of three upright cylinders about forty inches in length and twenty-five in diameter. Through these cylin-

ders the canes are compressed until the juice is completely drawn out, and the canes perfectly pulverized. These mills sometimes go by water, but more frequently by the aid of mules, that are relieved every two hours during the day. Accidents often happen while expressing the juice from the cane; the negroes who attend the cylinders, exhausted with fatigue, and worn out by almost constant vigilance, are apt to slumber over their labour; at such times the arm is often caught between the roller, and the head, body and limbs crushed in a moment to atoms.

The juice, after it is expressed from the cane, falls into what is termed the leaden bed, from which it is conveyed through a gutter of wood, to the boiling house. The pulverized canes are used as fuel, and the ashes form an excellent manure. Hence it will appear that no part of this valuable plant is entirely lost.

The juice, after it has run into the boiling house, is received into three copper clarifiers, of various dimensions. When the clarifier is filled with liquor, the lixivium of lime is applied to remove the superabundant acid. One pint of lime is generally allowed to a hundred gallons of liquor.

There are also in the boiling house, besides the clarifiers, three boilers, diminishing in size from the *teache* to the clarifier. When the scum is formed on the surface, the liquor is prevented from boiling by the removal of the fire, and the application of the damper; it is then permitted to remain until the scum becomes quite thick, after which it is conveyed to the large copper, through a channel completely clarified. In this copper they scum the liquor once more, after it has been considerably reduced by evaporation; it is then ladled into the third boiler, and from thence into the *teache*, and lastly into the cooler, which is a small wooden trough, of a conic form. In the cooler the sugar becomes crystallized, when it is carried to the curing house, where it remains until the molasses drains from it.

It is said that the cane juice contains one part of water, one of sugar, one of mucilagenious gum, with some essential oil; hence its healthfulness must be evident. When the mill is in operation, the negroes begin to recover their wonted cheerful-

ness of aspect and vigour of body; sickness is banished, and its place possessed by the most luxuriant health. Every animal in nature seems to reap advantage from this inestimable sweet; and to all it appears nutritious and salutary in an eminent degree. But I will have done with sweets.

On every sugar plantation there is one attorney (sometimes two) who is allowed six per cent. for every thing that is bought or sold on the estate, and whose principal object is to grow rich, by defrauding his employer; an overseer, who occasionally imitates his superior, when an opportunity occurs, and one or two book keepers, whose life is the stupid routine of uncivilized barbarity. Of these men the generality are adventurers from Europe, whose vices they import, and whose customs they pursue. By a system of conduct too well known to the inhabitants of the island, they ultimately acquire fortunes of greater magnitude than those by whom they have been employed. As opulence was the great motive to emigration, and, as to these persons, opportunities daily occur of accomplishing this object, consequently no means are neglected to augment their capital and enlarge their wealth.

Indented servants, and characters of that class, who came to this country many years ago, have, by a species of legerdemain, become opulent beyond credibility. How this has been effected, it is not difficult to explain. The proprietor is usually in England, or some other part of Europe, to which, after he has acquired a fortune of sufficient magnitude, he frequently repairs, to end his days where they were commenced, in opulence and distinction. The attorney and overseer whom he employs, having no check to the gratification of desire but that of honesty, which by the way is not much attended to here, fraud and embezzlement are so advantageously practised, that wealth is the general consequence. I do not wish you to believe all these men are of the description I have mentioned; it would be an extraordinary rule to which there was no exception. I can with pleasure, mention some who not only do honour to their respective occupations, but who reflect credit on humanity. These, however, I am sorry to say, are not numerous. The incentives to

dishonesty are so frequent, that few have strength of mind sufficient, and much fewer inclination, to exert them.

In a country where every man comes to accumulate wealth, and where his every exertion tends to the accomplishment of that design; society must of necessity be miserable, and social intercourse almost totally disregarded. The happiness of such a community will always consist in the eager pursuit of their favourite object, and any thing that abates their ardour, or checks their rapacity, will be avoided with the most studious solicitude. This country is considered as a temporary residence only, by those who were born in Europe or America, so much so, that the inhabitants, when speaking of their native country, always call it *home*, to which they hope at some period to return loaded with wealth. Hence originates the infrequency of marriages, and the wretchedness of social intercourse. None stay here, but those who are desirous to acquire fortunes. They who have already obtained them, reside in distant countries, where they have greater sources of enjoyment, and where their time is perhaps more rationally occupied. It proceeds from this that art has been so little used, to assist in the decoration of nature; as men who come here consider themselves merely as strangers, no improvements of importance have consequently been made to the advantage of the island. A proprietor of an estate erects a house, merely for temporary convenience, and but rarely thinks of planting a tree with a view to decoration, or for the purpose of picturesque embellishment.

**BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA—FOR THE PORT
FOLIO.**

IN another part of this Journal we have examined at some length the merits of Dr. Morse's Geography. We shall now present to our readers his account of some of the British possessions in North America, which at this moment possess a particular interest. We are sensible that we do injustice to the author by thus omitting some of his pages, but our limits oblige us to have recourse to this method, and we therefore refer those who are desirous of more information to the volume itself, which will amply repay their curiosity.

BRITISH PROVINCES IN NORTH-AMERICA.

Extent. BRITISH North America includes the vast extent of country, bounded south by the United States; east, partly by the Atlantic and Davis's straits, and partly by Hudson's bay; north, partly by Hudson's straits and bay, and, westward of that bay, by unexplored regions, west, by the territories occupied by the Chepewyans and the Knisteneaux: together with the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, St. John's, and several smaller islands in the gulf of St. Lawrence. The most southern point of this extensive region touches upon lake Erie, in lat. 42 30 north; the most northern, cape Westenholm, upon Hudson's straits, in lat. 63° north; the most eastern is the eastern shore of Newfoundland island, in long. 52 30 west; the most western point, fort Chepewyan, is in lon. 110 30 west. Though the country, included within these limits, is claimed, as belonging to the British government; only a small part of it is really occupied by British subjects.

Population. The population of these various territories, from the best estimate that can be made, amounts to about 400,000 or 420,000 souls.

Political Divisions. The countries which compose British North-America are the following, viz.

New-Britain	Upper Canada	Cape Breton I.
Lower Canada	Nova-Scotia	St. John's I.
Newfoundland I.	New-Brunswick	

These eight territories are reduced to six separate independent provinces or governments.

I. Lower Canada, which comprises New-Britain, Lower Canada, properly so called, and Newfoundland.

II. Upper Canada. III. Nova-Scotia.

IV. New-Brunswick. V. Cape Breton.

VI. St. John's.

The four first of these provinces have their own legislatures, and are governed by their own laws; the two last by the laws of England.

The governor general of British America usually resides at Quebec, in Lower Canada. He is governor, for the time being, of that one of the six provinces in which he happens to be personally present.

The governor general of Nova-Scotia, is governor, for the time being, of that one of the four last mentioned provinces in which he happens to be personally present. He usually resides at Halifax, in Nova-Scotia.

Each province has its own lieutenant governor, who acts as governor in the absence of the governor general.

LOWER CANADA.

Extent. LOWER Canada lies between 61 and 71 west, and between 45° and 52° north. Its greatest length from east to west is 800 miles. Its greatest breadth is about 450 miles; though the average breadth is said to be not more than 250.

Boundaries. Bounded north, by New-Britain; east, by New-Britain and the gulf of St. Lawrence; south, by New-Brunswick, Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, New-York and Upper Canada; west, by Upper Canada.

The division line between Upper and Lower Canada commences at a stone boundary on the north bank of the lake St. Francis, in the river St. Lawrence, at the cove west of Pointe au Boudet, and pursues a northerly course till it strikes the Ottawas river; thence it ascends that river to the head of lake Temiscaning; and thence proceeds due north till it strikes the southern boundary of New-Britain. From its commencement, as far as lake Temiscaning, the course of the boundary is about W.N.W.

Name. According to father Hennepin, "the Spaniards were the first who discovered Canada; but at their first arrival, having discovered nothing considerable in it, they abandoned the country and called it *Il Capo di Nada*. that is, *a Cape of Nothing*; hence by corruption sprung the word CANADA."

Divisions. This province is divided into 21 counties, which are subdivided into parishes.

Original Population. Various tribes of Knisteneaux Indians occupied the whole country of Lower Canada, at the period when it was settled from Europe. During the American war the Mohawks, one of the Six Nations, or Iroquois, removed from the Mohawk river, in New-York, and planted themselves in this province.

Historical Epochs. 1497. Discovered by John Cabot, a Venetian, in the service of the English.

1534. James Cartier, a Frenchman, under commission of Francis I. explored the gulf of St. Lawrence, and the next year ascended the river, and wintered at St. Croix, where he erected a wooden cross.

1603. A patent for an exclusive trade was granted to Sieur de Monts, who employed Champlain to make further discoveries in Canada.

1603. Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence as far as a strait, called by the Indians, Quebec, where on the 3d of July he began to build, and here he passed the following winter. At this time the settlement of Canada commenced.

1628. A company of rich merchants, 107 in number, was established by patent for an exclusive trade.

1629. Quebec was taken by sir David Keith; and surrendered to the French by the treaty of St. Germain.

1642. The company above named acquired a right of soil,

1663. The charter of this company was revoked.

1664. Canada was put under the government of the West-India company.

1690. Sir William Phipps, with an armament from Boston, made an unsuccessful attack on Quebec.

1711. Another like attack was made on this city, by general Hill and admiral Walker, from England.

1759. Sept. 13. An English army under gen. Wolfe made a successful attack on Quebec, which surrendered on the 18th.

1760. The whole province of Canada surrendered to Gen. Amherst, and was confirmed to Great Britain by the treaty of 1763, under whose dominion it has since continued.

1775. Canada was invaded by a body of provincial troops under Gen. Montgomery; Montreal was taken, and an unsuccessful attempt made upon Quebec, in which the general was slain and his troops routed.

1778.* An act was passed by the parliament of Great Britain, expressly restraining itself forever, from imposing any taxes or duties in the colonies, except for the regulation of trade, the produce of which taxes or duties to be disposed of by the provincial assemblies.†

1784. Canada was made the seat of a general government, to which the other provinces were, in a manner, made subject.

1791. Upper and Lower Canada were divided, and each constituted a distinct government independent of the other.

Religion. About nine tenths of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics. Of the remaining tenth the greater part are Episcopalians. A few are Presbyterians. There are 15 clergymen of the church of England in the province, with a bishop at their head, and about 140 Roman Catholic, who also have a bishop, and two respectable seminaries, one at Quebec, and the other at Montreal. The Catholics have 11 missionary stations in different parts of the British dominions, which are supplied with missionaries. There are 3 ministers of the church of Scotland, 1 at Quebec, 1 at Montreal, and 1 at New-Oswegatchie.‡

By the constitution the king may empower the governor to make allotments of land out of the crown lands already granted, for the support of a Protestant clergy in each province; and one seventh of the amount of all future grants is appropriated to that purpose.

Government. Canada is a province belonging to Great Britain. It has, however, a government of its own.

The governor general of British America, as he customarily resides in this province, is its ordinary governor. He is appointed by the crown. A lieutenant governor chosen in the province executes that office in his absence. The governor fixes the time and place of holding the elections and the assembly, and has power to prorogue and dissolve the assembly at pleasure.

The legislature is made up of a legislative council and an assembly, who with the consent of the governor, have power to make laws. The legislative council is composed of not less than 15 members; from Lower, and 7 from Upper Canada, who hold their seats for life; unless forfeited by 4 years continual absence, or by swearing allegiance to some foreign power. They are summoned by the governor general with the approbation of the king. The house of assembly consists of not less than 16 members for Upper, and not less than 50 for Lower Canada, chosen by the freeholders in the several towns and counties: the council and assembly are to be called together, at least once in every year, and every assembly is to continue four years, unless sooner dissolved.

No bill becomes a law till it has passed both houses, and received the king's assent through the governor. This must be given within two years, or the bill cannot afterwards become a law. The king in council may annul any law, to which his assent has been officially given, within two years after a copy of the law is received by the secretary of state.

The governor with some of the council selected by the crown, constitute the high court of appeals in the province.

Population. The number of inhabitants, in Lower Canada, in 1783, was by actual enumeration 113,012. The number, in 1806, was, according to Mr. Heriot, 150,000. In 1811, they were estimated at between 200,000 and 300,000.§ The greater part of these are descendants of the original French colonists. We are not certain whether the aborigines are included in this estimation; but believe they are not. Their number is probably about 20,000.

Army. The militia of Lower Canada is organized in 30 divisions, with their proper officers. Eight of these divisions are within the district of Quebec, 3 in

* In the 18th year of George III.

† Quebec Almanac, &c. for 1811.

‡ Quebec Almanac for 1811.

§ Quebec Almanac for 1811.

that of Three Rivers, 6 in that of the Eastern townships, and 13 in that of Montreal.

Revenue. The only revenue to Great Britain arises from an advantageous commerce. The expenses of the civil list amount to 25,000*l.* sterling, one half paid by the province, the other by Great Britain; of the military establishments, with repairs of forts, to 100,000*l.* and of presents to the savages, and salaries to officers employed in trading with them, to 100,000*l.* more. The advantages of the commerce are thought to be more than a counterbalance to these expenses.

Manners and Customs. The manners of the Canadians in the larger towns are tinctured with French levity. The French inhabitants, generally, both men and women, are extremely ignorant and superstitious, and blindly devoted to their priests. Many of those who are employed in the fur trade, are sunk far below the aborigines.

Language. The French is universally spoken. The English is restricted to the few British and American settlers.

Universities. Of these there are two, one at Quebec, the other at Montreal, both belonging to the Roman Catholics, and respectable institutions, well endowed, and furnished with learned professors.

Cities and Towns. QUEBEC is the capital of the province. It stands on a point of land on the northwest side of the river St. Lawrence, lat 46, 48 39 north, lon. 71. 12 6 west, at its confluence with the river St. Charles and about 320 miles from the sea, 364 from Boston, 797 from Halifax, 419 from Albany, 180 from Montreal.* The town is divided into Upper and Lower. The Upper town stands on a high limestone rock; is of considerable natural strength, and well fortified. The Lower town is situated upon low land, at the foot of the rock, which has been gradually gained from the river; The streets are irregular, uneven, narrow, and unpaved. The houses are almost universally of stone, small, ugly, and inconvenient. The fortifications are extensive, but irregular. A large garrison is maintained, but 5000 soldiers would be necessary to man the works. The number of inhabitants, in 1806, was, according to Heriot, 15,000. Two thirds of them are French, and the presence of the legislature, the courts, and the garrison; renders the town gay and lively. The lower town is inhabited principally by tradesmen and sailors. The rock which separates it from the upper extends, with a bold and steep front, a considerable distance westward, along the St. Lawrence. The upper town frequently suffers from a scarcity of water, which is always abundant in the lower. The monasteries are almost extinct; yet there are three nunneries. The markets are well supplied, and the little carts are often drawn by dogs. The St. Lawrence opposite the town is only a mile wide. A little below, it widens to 4 or 5 leagues, and continues that width to the sea. It forms here a safe and commodious basin for ships, and is from 20 to 25 fathoms deep. If Mr. Heriot's estimate of the population of the town is correct, its growth for some time past has been rapid; for in 1784 it contained only 6,472 inhabitants. The surrounding country presents a most sublime and beautiful scenery; and the banks of the river, between Quebec and Montreal, furnish a pleasing succession of neat country seats and flourishing farms.

MONTREAL, the second city in rank in Lower Canada, was originally called *Villa Marie*. It stands on the east side of an island in the river St. Lawrence, which is 30 miles long, and 12 broad. In the middle of the island is a high mountain, which the French called *Mont-real*, a name which was afterwards transferred to the city and island. The town is 200 miles below lake Ontario, and 180 miles above Quebec, in lat. 43 35 north, lon. 73 11 west, at the head of ship navigation. The St. Lawrence is 3 miles wide at this place. The city forms an oblong square, divided by regular streets, and is surrounded by a strong wall, built by order of Lewis XIV. The houses stand on a side hill, and are many of them badly built. Almost every house may be seen at one view from the harbour, or

† Quebec Almanac for 1811.

from the southeast side of the river. The number of inhabitants in 1809 was estimated at 16,000. The distance of the town from the southeast bank of the river is half a league. The chief trade of the city is in furs; though, during the American embargo, and since, its foreign trade was very much increased. A regiment of soldiers is stationed here. The British Northwest company, which has proved a formidable rival in the fur trade, to the Hudson bay company, is composed principally of Montreal merchants.

TROIS RIVIERES is pleasantly situated on the northern side of the St. Lawrence, 50 miles southwest of Quebec. It is but thinly inhabited, though commodiously situated for the fur trade, and was formerly the seat of the French government. It is the great resort of the savages, who come down the Three Rivers; to dispose of their skins and furs. The inhabitants are generally rich, and have elegant and well furnished houses, and the country round wears a fine appearance. In this town is a large parish church, a hospital, and female academy. It sends two members to the assembly. Two islands at the mouth of the river, produce the appearance of three rivers; hence its name: lat. 46 51 north, lon. 75 15 west.

La Prairie is a little village on the opposite side of the river to Montreal.

Sorelle lies 45 miles below Montreal, and contains 100 scattered houses. Its chief business is ship building.

Inland Navigation. Probably no country in the world has equal advantages furnished by nature for an extensive and easy inland navigation with North-America. In Canada there are two routes westward to fort Chepewyan, the great rendezvous of the western traders, situated near the southwest extremity of the lake of the Hills; in lat 58 40 north, long. 110 30 west. The southern is up the St. Lawrence and lake Ontario, and up Niagara river, 7 miles to Queenstown, where there is a portage of 6 miles, to Chipawa. From Chipawa, merchandize is transported in batteaux 18 miles, to fort Erie, at the head of Niagara river, whence it is shipped up lake Erie, Detroit river, lake St. Clair, Huron river, and lake Huron to the falls of St. Mary. The other route is up the Ottawas to the mouth of Little river, up that river 45 miles; thence by land to lake Nepisingui 10 miles; thence down that lake and French river, and across by the northern shore of lake Huron, to the falls of St. Mary. This last route is alone taken by the men employed in the fur trade. The other is taken to transport merchandize for the western country to Detroit and Michilimackinac. The route from the falls of St. Mary, westward, has been already described.

The river Sorelle connects lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec, and furnishes the former of these two towns an advantageous connexion with the northern parts of New-York and Vermont.

Manufactures and Commerce. Ship-building is carried on at Quebec and at Sorelle with considerable success. Flour, biscuit, and pot-ash, are extensively manufactured for exportation. The sugar consumed in the interior is all of it manufactured from the juice of the maple. A few coarse linen and woollen cloths are manufactured for home consumption.

The imports of Canada, antecedent to the conquest by the British, in the most flourishing years, amounted only to 160,000*l.* sterling, and its exports to 80,000*l.* Only 12 vessels were engaged in the fishery, and 6 in the West India trade. The exports, at that time, consisted wholly of furs and fish. In 1802 the exports exceeded half a million sterling. Besides furs and fish there were exported in that year 1,010,000 bushels of wheat, 38,000 barrels of flour, 32,000 cwt. of biscuit, large quantities of potash, and considerable quantities of American ginseng. In the export of these articles 211 vessels were employed, amounting to 36,000 tons. The fur trade and fisheries also have greatly increased.*

* The substantial articles of export in 1810 were peltries, lumber, flour, pork, and beef. The vessels cleared in that year were 661. Their tonnage amounted to 143,893; their seamen to 6,578.

The former, the fur trade, has become a very interesting object. The Northwest company was formed in 1783. They employ in the concern 50 clerks, 71 interpreters and clerks, 1120 canoe-men, 35 guides, and about 140 canoes. Each canoe will carry about 8,400 lbs. weight, and is navigated by 8 or 10 men. These canoes compose two fleets, each of which starts every other year from Montreal, loaded with coarse linen and woollen clothes, milled blankets, arms, ammunition, tobacco, coarse sheetings, thread, lines, twine, hardware, silk and cotton handkerchiefs, hats, shoes, stockings, calicoes, printed cottons, &c. obtained from England; and spirituous liquors and provisions purchased in Canada. The English goods are ordered in the October but one preceding, are shipped from London in March, arrive in Montreal in June, and are made up in the course of the following winter and spring. The canoes leave Montreal in May, arrive in the Indian country and dispose of the goods for furs in the winter; which arrive at Montreal in September, are shipped for London, where they are sold in March and April, and paid for in May and June. Nearly four years, of course, elapse from the first purchase of the goods, to the time of selling the furs.

The produce of the year 1810, consisted of the following:

98,523 Beaver skins	2,536 Fisher skins.
10,751 Bear do.	39,521 Raccoon do.
2,645 Otter do.	19 Wolf do.
9,971 Musquash do.	534 Elk do.
554 Marten do.	32,551 Deer do.
169 Mink do.	2,428 Cased and open Cat. do.
327 Lynx do.	1,833 Swan do.
517 Wolverine do.	2,468 Hare do.

Climate and Seasons. Winter commences early in November, and lasts till April. The cold is so intense that the largest rivers are frozen over, and even the mercury in the thermometer often reduced to a solid state. The ice on the rivers is usually two feet thick, and that close to the banks of the St. Lawrence, called *bor-dage*, is commonly 6 feet. The snow usually lies from 4 to 6 feet deep. The spring is extremely short, and vegetation surprisingly rapid. The thermometer in July and August, frequently rises above 80°, and sometimes above 90°.

Face of the Country. Lower Canada is every where hilly, and in many places mountainous. Far the greater part of the country is still covered with forests.

Soil and Agriculture. The soil is generally a loose, blackish earth, ten or twelve inches thick, covering a bed of clay. It is very fertile. Marl is employed as a manure, and is found in great abundance on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Wheat is raised in large quantities for exportation. Barley, rye, and other sorts of grain are productive. A little tobacco is raised for private use. Culinary vegetables thrive very well. The meadows, which are well watered, yield excellent grass, and feed great numbers of large and small cattle.

UPPER CANADA.

Extent. If, as we suppose, this province is considered as extending to lake Winnipeg westward; and northward to Poplar river, which falls into the middle of that lake from the east; the following account of its size and situation may be regarded as generally accurate. Its southern extremity on lake Erie is in lat. 42 30 N. its northern at Poplar river in lat. 52 30; its eastern on lake St. Francis in lon. 74° W. and its western on lake Winnipeg in lon. 97°. The northern line generally, however, is believed to be considerably south of lat. 52 30. Its length from east to west on this supposition is 1090 miles. Its greatest breadth from lake Erie to the northern line is 525 miles; the average breadth is not more than 250 or 300.

Boundaries. Bounded N. by New-Britain; N. E. by Lower Canada; E. by the same, and by the river St. Lawrence, lake Ontario; and Niagara river, which divide it from New York; S. by lakes Erie, Huron, and Superior, and Winnipeg ri-

ver, which divide it from New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan Territory, and the N.W. parts of the United States; W. by Detroit river, lake St. Clair, Huron river and lake, Winnipeg river and lake Winnipeg.

Religion. The great part of the province is destitute of a regular gospel ministry. At Kingston, Newark, and a few other places, there are settled clergymen. Except these places the Methodists are almost the only preachers in the country. Methodism is the prevailing religion of the province. There are a few Presbyterians or Episcopalians, and scarcely any Catholics.

Government and Civil Divisions. Like the other provinces, Upper Canada has a lieutenant governor, who acts as governor in the absence of the governor general.

The legislature is composed of a legislative council and house of assembly. The former contains not less than 7 members, the latter not less than 16. The manner of election and the tenure of the office are the same as in Lower Canada.

The legislature meets annually in May, and has the sole power of taxation.

Weekly courts are held in every town in the province, by two justices of the peace, who have final cognizance of all debts under 8 dollars. District courts are held every three months, by a district judge, in which causes are finally decided by a jury of 12, where the demand does not exceed 60 dollars. Greater sums are tried by a jury, before the circuit court, composed of the chief justice and two associate judges, who make an annual circuit through the province. From them is an appeal to the governor and council.

This province is divided into 19 counties, which are subdivided into townships ordinarily of 9 by 12 miles.

The constitution, which guarantees to the people their political privileges, was received from the British government in 1791. That government bears the whole expense of the civil establishment. There is no land tax, quit rent, nor any other, excepting for the regulation of internal police in counties and smaller corporations.

The people regulate all local matters and choose their town officers, as in the United States. Their privileges are much greater than were those of the American colonies previous to the revolution.

Population. The number of inhabitants, in 1783, was 10,000, in 1806, 80,000. They are composed chiefly of emigrants from New-England and New Jersey. Some of the settlers are from Great Britain. Many of the towns have the names of the towns in New and Old England.

Towns. York, formerly *Toronto*, the seat of government, stands on York harbour, on the north side, near the west end of lake Ontario, in 43° 35' N. directly opposite the mouth of Niagara river, which is 40 miles distant by water, and 100 by land. A long and narrow peninsula, called Gibraltar point, forms and embraces this harbour, securing it from the storms of the lake, and rendering it the safest of any on the coast. The town is projected to extend a mile and a half in length, from the bottom of the harbour, along the lake. Many houses are already completed, some of which display considerable taste. It was laid out in 1791. Within the last 10 years its growth has been rapid.

Kingston is in lat. 44° 8' N. lon. 75° 41' W. It stands at the head of the St. Lawrence, on the north shore, opposite Wolf island. It occupies the site of fort Frontenac, was laid out in 1784, and is of considerable size. It has an excellent harbour, in which the king's shipping on lake Ontario winter. It has an episcopal church, a hospital and a barrack for troops.

Newark stands on the west bank of Niagara river, at its mouth, in lat. 43. It extends a mile along the lake. It contains two churches, one Episcopal, the other Presbyterian.

Queenstown stands on Niagara river, 7 miles above Newark. It contains an Episcopal church.

Chipawa, is a little village 3 miles above the falls, and 6 above Queenstown.

Elizabethtown, in the district of Johnstown, near lake Ontario, was settled in 1784, chiefly by British people. The London missionary society have a missionary established here.

Militia. The militia in the several districts meet annually. All the males, except the Friends, Tunkers, and Mennonists, from 16 to 45, bear arms.

Climate. The climate is much milder than in the Lower province.

Face of the Country. This country is generally level, and, in many parts, little elevated above the lakes. In the northern parts of the province is the Canada range of mountains, which branches from the Rocky mountain range, near the head of Columbia river, and preserves an irregular course to the eastern shore of Labrador.

Soil and Agriculture. The soil is generally good. The agriculture is yet in its infancy. The whole country, which is cleared, produces good wheat, Indian corn, flax, and grass in abundance. Hops of a good quality grow spontaneously; also plums, mulberries, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, and grapes. Orchards begin to bear fruit. Peaches, cherries, and currants are abundant. Good pork is often fattened entirely in the woods.

From the eastern boundary of the province, to lake Ontario, the northern bank of the St. Lawrence is laid out into regular counties and townships; the land is fertile, and under good cultivation. There are between 30 and 40 mills in this extent. Good roads have been opened, bridges well constructed, and comfortable houses erected for the settlers. North of these townships is a tier of more than 20 others, most of which front on the Ottawas river. Settlements have commenced in these, and, from their soil, and the advantages of their situation, they will probably soon become flourishing, populous towns.

Bay. The bay of Quinti is a very long, narrow harbour on the northern shore of lake Ontario. It is formed by the county of Prince Edward, which is a large peninsula, running out eastward from the northern shore of the lake. The eastern end of the peninsula is called Point Pleasant. From Point Pleasant to the western end or head of the bay is 50 miles. It is navigable the whole distance for the vessels of the lake. The peninsula forms three townships, Ameliasburgh, Sophiasburgh and Marysburgh. At no great distance from the commencement of the peninsula, it becomes so narrow as to form a short portage from the head of the bay into the lake. The towns, which front the north side of the bay, are Sidney, Thurlow, Adolphustown, and Fredericksburgh. A little west of the portage, Trent river supplies the bay with the waters of Rice lake. A canal has been proposed across the portage, which would convert the peninsula into a large island.

Minerals. Iron is abundant, but it is not wrought in the province.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

Extent. Nova-scotia is a large peninsula, reaching from the province of New-Brunswick into the Atlantic. It lies between lat. 43 30 and 48 4 N. and between lon. 58 50 and 67 W. Its length is 307 miles, its breadth 154, and it contains about 14,000 square miles.

Boundaries. Bounded N. E. by the gulf of St. Lawrence, and the straits of Northumberland and Canceau; E. S. and S W. by the Atlantic ocean; W. by the bays of Fundy and Verte and the province of New-Brunswick with which it is connected by an isthmus about 18 miles wide.

Names. The name first given this province by the French was *Acadia*, which was intended by them to denote a country of indefinite extent in the northern part of North-America. James I. of Scotland gave it its present name in the year 1621.

Historical Epochs. In the year 1594, one May, an Englishman, touched upon the coast.

1598. The Isle of Sable was peopled by a number of French convicts, left there by the Marquis De la Roche, who explored the west of Nova-Scotia, but made no settlement.

1605. Henry IV. of France granted the Sieur de Montz a patent of the American territories from lat. 40 to 48 N. In the following year that adventurer made a settlement at Annapolis.

1613. Annapolis was destroyed by an English expedition from Virginia.

1621. James I. of Scotland granted sir William Alexander of Menstry a patent of Nova-Scotia under the great seal of Scotland; by what right it is hard to tell. It was created into a palatinate, to be held as a fief of the crown of Scotland; and the patentee had the usual powers of a count palatine. No settlements of any consequence were made under this patent.

1749. The English government published proposals for the establishment of a new settlement at Chebucto (Halifax.) An expedition sailed from England in the autumn of this year under general Cornwallis, consisting of 2700 persons. Parliament devoted 40,000*l.* sterling to defray the expense and 30,000 annually to support the settlement till 1755. Many of the settlers, however, soon deserted. The soil was barren, the climate severe, and the Indians numerous and hostile, and prompted to war, and furnished with weapons by the Canadian French. The progress of the settlement for the first 11 years was extremely slow.

1760. The capture of Canada this year relieved the settlers of their dangers from the Indians and French. Emigrants came over from England in great numbers, and the prospects of the colony began to brighten.

1763. Nova-Scotia by the treaty of Paris was finally ceded to Great Britain. Since that time the province has advanced rapidly in commerce and population.

Religion. The established religion is that of the church of England. The diocese of Nova-Scotia includes New-Brunswick, Cape Breton, and St. John's island. It was first made a bishopric in 1787. There are 19 missions. The ministers are supported partly by the society in England and partly by the government. The Presbyterian clergyman at Halifax has the same allowance from government, as any clergyman of the church of England.

Government and Laws. At the settlement of Halifax, in 1749, the government of Nova-Scotia was unconnected with any of the neighbouring colonies; but in 1763 New-Brunswick and Cape Breton were joined to it, and the whole was under one governor. Thus it remained till 1784, when Canada was made the seat of a general government, to which Nova-Scotia, New-Brunswick, Cape Breton and St. John's island were in a manner made subject. The governor-general, however, had no power but in the province where he resided. In 1808, the civil and military authorities were joined in the person of the present governor, sir George Prevost, baronet, and the provinces of Nova-Scotia, New-Brunswick, St. John's, and Cape Breton, erected into one military command of which he is the head.

The legislature consists of three authorities, the governor, the council, and the house of representatives.

The power of the governor varies with his instructions.

The powers of the two houses of assembly resemble those of the parliament.

The house of representatives consists of 59 members; 20 of whom are county members, and the remainder are sent by the different townships. Their proceedings are regulated by the parliamentary precedents of Great Britain.

The common law of England is in full force in Nova-Scotia, and all statutes made before the settling of the colony, except such as are inapplicable to the state of the country. There are also several statutes made by the legislature of the province; but few, however, that alter the operation of English laws. The supreme court possesses the joint jurisdiction of the courts of exchequer, king's bench, and common pleas; and the practice is the same as in those tribunals. This court consists of a chief justice, appointed and supported by the crown; and of three puisne judges, nominated by the governor, and paid by the province. The governor is the chancellor. He is assisted by two masters in chancery. The judge of the court of admiralty is appointed by the king. The practice of these courts resembles that of the same courts in England. The council of the province

is a court of errors, a high court of appeals, and a court of marriage and divorce. An appeal lies from the inferior courts to the council, and from them to the privy council, if the matter in dispute be above 500*l*. Few instances have occurred of such an appeal. All these courts are held in Halifax. Besides these there is an inferior court in every county, at which the *custos rotularum*, or oldest magistrate, presides. Each county also has a court for the probate of wills.

Divisions. Nova-Scotia is divided into eight counties subdivided into townships.

Population. The number of inhabitants amounts to between 70,000 and 80,000. The great body of the people are of English origin. Considerable numbers have settled there from Massachusetts and Connecticut. After these the Scotch and Irish are most numerous. There are a few Germans, also, and a few French Acadians.

The Mickmacks were the aborigines of the province. They inhabit the eastern shore, between Halifax and Cape Breton. They are supposed now to have about 300 fighting men. Their numbers are fast diminishing.

Chief Towns. Halifax, the capital of the province, is situated in latitude 44° 40' north, on a spacious and commodious harbour, of a bold and safe entrance. The town is built on the west side of the harbour, on the declivity of a commanding hill, whose summit is more than 300 feet above the level of the sea. The town is laid out in oblong squares. The streets cut each other at right angles. The town and suburbs are about two miles in length, the general breadth is a quarter of a mile. It contains 1000 houses and 8000 inhabitants. It is regularly built, and, until within the last five or six years, the houses were entirely wood. Brick is now more used than formerly. The government house is a large edifice situated in the south suburbs of the town. It is built wholly of hewn stone, produced and manufactured in the colony. Almost all the public buildings are of wood. At the north end of the town is the king's naval yard, completely supplied with stores of every kind for the navy. Halifax is reckoned inferior to no place in British America for a seat of government; as well from the harbour being open and accessible, at all seasons of the year, as from its easy entrance, and its proximity to the principal interior settlements of the province. The country around the town is very rocky, and the soil bad, and in general very unfit for cultivation.

Pictou is a growing settlement in the county of Halifax. It is built on the bay of Pictou, on the northeast coast of the province, nearly opposite the southeast end of the island of St. John's and about one hundred miles distant from Halifax, with which place it has a free and speedy communication. It contains 40 houses, and 500 inhabitants, who are chiefly Scotch. A few years ago, it was a small, insignificant place, but is now the most flourishing in the province. Its trade consists chiefly in the exportation of timber, great quantities of which are shipped, every year, to Great Britain and Ireland; and dry goods brought in return.

Liverpool is a commercial settlement on the sea coast in Queen's county. It is built on Liverpool bay, and contains 200 houses. The inhabitants are generally Americans, and almost all merchants or mariners; many are both. The town is regularly built on one long street. The trade is chiefly in fish and lumber to the West-Indies and Spain.

The other principal towns are Lunenburg, Barrington, Argyle, Yarmouth, Digley, Annapolis, and Windsor.

Shelburne and Manchester once so flourishing and populous, are now almost deserted. The former in 1783, contained 600 families; now (1811) it has not as many individuals. In Manchester, in the same year, there were 200 houses, or rather huts; now there are 5 houses and 3 barns.

Roads. The revenue of the province has been laid out by the present governor, Sir George Prevost, almost entirely in the improvement of old roads, and the opening of new ones. In 1810, not less than 10,000 pounds was expended in this manner.

In short, there is no settlement in the province, which has not a road opened with Halifax; and the traveller may ride from the bay Verte round all the coast to Chignecto bay, without meeting any other interruption than from rivers.

Trade. Since the year 1753, this province has increased in wealth and commerce in a degree scarcely credible. In 1753, the exports amounted to 29,552 pounds; the imports to 934 pounds. In 1810, the imports from Great Britain alone, into the single port of Halifax amounted to 600,000 pounds; and the imports into the whole province to 1,200,000 pounds.

The exports consist chiefly of timber, fish, and lumber, to Great Britain and the West-Indies. The export of timber has of late years been very extensive, and the numerous harbours, from the bay of Chaleurs, to the bay of Fundy, inclusive, have been covered with vessels for cargoes of timber. More than 200,000 tons were exported from that district in 1810. The fisheries, however, afford the principal article of export. The coast abounds with cod, salmon, mackerel, haddock, herring, and alewives. The Mackerel are caught in great quantities on the coasts in the county of Sydney. There is a herring fishery on the shores of the basin of Annapolis. The settlers smoke them, and send them to the United States and to the West-Indies. Shad are caught in great quantities in the small rivers, and in the basin of Minas.

Climate and Seasons. The winters of Nova-Scotia are generally mild and salubrious. The average height of the thermometer, in the winter of 1809, was, at Windsor, 30. Once it was as low as 15. During that winter the harbour of Halifax was frozen over, which had not happened for 20 years. From 1717, to 1807, the winters were mild, and were thought to be growing milder. Since 1807 they have been uniformly much more severe. The average height of the thermometer, in the summer of 1810, was 68. Once it was up to 98, and, in the month of August, 1799, it rose to 100. It never was higher in the province. The spring is usually late, and the weather rainy and unhealthy. The summer is warm, though seldom to an excess. The rains are not often violent, and rarely continue long. The first two months of the autumn are healthy, mild, and pleasant.

The accounts that are given of the continual fogs of Nova-Scotia are very much exaggerated. In the interior a sea-fog is hardly known. And, though Halifax and other places on the coast are often visited with it in the summer, yet it seldom advances more than 8 or 10 miles into the country.

Soil and Agriculture. The soil of these counties is rich and productive, and in general consists of a coarse loam; except on the plains between Annapolis river and the mountains, and the shores of the bay. There it is sandy and dry. Grain grows abundantly in every part of these counties; and enough might be raised in them to supply the whole of Nova-Scotia.

The soil, in the counties on the sea coast, is generally barren, and the agriculture very little improved. This, however, is partly owing to the fact, that the inhabitants are so generally engaged in the fisheries. The consequence is, that almost all the land retains its ancient covering of pine, spruce, fir, and hemlock. The county of Lunenburg is an entire exception to these remarks.

The country west of cape Canceau is more improved, and there are many flourishing settlements.

Mineralogy. There are mines of various descriptions in many parts of the province; but it is very doubtful whether, in the present state of the country, any of them would pay the expense of opening and working.

A good deal of iron ore has been found near Annapolis. Pieces of copper ore were found some years ago at cape d'Or and Haute isle, and near cape Chignecto, but none lately.

There are many extensive coal mines at Cumberland, and others in many parts of the province; but none are worked, except a small one near Cobequid, from which the neighbouring settlers get the chief part of their fuel. Halifax, the only place where coal is generally burned, is supplied from cape Breton and Scotland.

The province abounds in limestone, which is found in every county. Great quantities of gypsum are quarried in Hants, and at Canceau, and exported to the other provinces and the United States. There are extensive quarries of freestone near Pictou.

AMERICAN GALLANTRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following extract is taken from a History of the American War, by Hannah Adams, and alludes to the defeat we sustained from the British on Long Island, August 27, 1776.

The following narrative exhibits a case analogous to that of Major Andre, and surely while Americans regret the fate of an enemy, the heroic sufferings of their own countrymen should not be forgotten or unlamented. It is not charity but cold justice that compels us to rake the ashes of oblivion from his grave.

After this unfortunate engagement, General Washington called a council of war, who determined upon an immediate retreat to Newyork. The intention was prudently concealed from the army, who knew not whither they were going, but imagined it was to attack the enemy. The field artillery, tents, baggage, and about 9000 men, were conveyed to the city of Newyork, over East-River, more than a mile wide, in less than thirteen hours, and without the knowledge of the British, though not six hundred yards distance. Providence in a remarkable manner favoured the retreating army. The wind, which seemed to prevent the troops getting over at the appointed hour, afterwards shifted to their wishes; towards morning an extreme thick fog came on, which hovered over Long-Island, and, by concealing the Americans, enabled them to complete their retreat without interruption, though the day had begun to dawn some time before it was finished. In about half an hour after the island was finally abandoned, the fog cleared off, and the British were seen taking possession of the American lines.

Perhaps the fate of America was never suspended on a more brittle thread, than previously to this memorable retreat. A spectacle is here presented of an army, destined for the defence of a great continent, driven to the narrow borders of an island, with a victorious army of double its number in front, with navigable waters in its rear; constantly liable to have its communication cut off by the enemy's navy, and every moment exposed to an attack. The presence of mind which animated the commander in chief in this critical situation, the prudence with which all the necessary measures were executed, redounded as much or

more to his honour than the most brilliant victories. An army, to which America looked for safety, preserved—a general, who was considered as an host himself, saved for the future necessity of his country!—Had not, however, the circumstances of the night, of the wind and weather been favourable, the plan, however well concerted, must have been defeated. To a good Providence, therefore, are the people of America indebted for the complete success of an enterprise so important in its consequences.

This retreat left the British in complete possession of Long-Island. What could be their future operations remained uncertain. To obtain information of their situation, their strength, and future movements was of high importance. For this purpose General Washington applied to Col. Knowlton, who commanded a regiment of light infantry, which formed the van of the American army, and desired him to adopt some mode of gaining the necessary information. Colonel Knowlton communicated this request to Captain Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, who was then a captain in his regiment.

This young officer, animated by a sense of duty, and considering that an opportunity presented itself by which he might be useful to his country, at once offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passed in disguise to Long-Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations.

In his attempt to return he was apprehended, carried before sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views.

Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning.

This order was accordingly executed in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he desired was refused him; a bible for a few moments devotion was not procured, although he requested it. Letters, which, on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother and other friends, were destroyed; and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost marshal,

“that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness.”

Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast, with this, as his dying observation—that “he only lamented that he had but one life to lose for his country.”

Although the manner of this execution will ever be abhorred by every friend to humanity and religion, yet there cannot be a question but that the sentence was conformable to the rules of war and the practice of nations in similar cases.

It is, however, a justice due to the character of Captain Hale to observe, that his motives for engaging in this service were entirely different from those which generally influence others in similar circumstances.

Neither expectation of promotion, nor pecuniary reward, induced him to this attempt. A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good became honourable by being necessary—were the great motives which induced him to engage in an enterprise by which his connexions lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters.

The fate of this most unfortunate young man excites the most interesting reflections.

To see such a character, in the flower of youth, cheerfully treading in the most hazardous paths, influenced by the purest intentions, and only emulous to do good to his country, without the imputation of a crime, fall a victim to policy, must have been wounding to the feelings even of his enemies.

Should a comparison be drawn between Major Andre and Captain Hale, injustice would be done to the latter should he not be placed on an equal ground with the former. While almost *every historian of the American revolution* has celebrated the virtues and lamented the fate of Andre, Hale has remained unnoticed, and it is scarcely known such a character existed.

To the memory of Andre, his country have erected the most magnificent monuments, and bestowed on his family the highest

honours and most liberal rewards. To the memory of Hale not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription to preserve his ashes from insult!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.

THE allusion to the story of the Ephesian Matron in the eleventh number of the Spectator, in which is given the history of Inkle and Yarico, naturally excites in the reader, a desire to be acquainted with the circumstances of a transaction, bad enough to be put in competition with the turpitude of Mr. Inkle. As I do not remember to have ever met with the relation in English, I have briefly noted the substance of the (no doubt) slanderous tale, as it is found in Petronius.

“A certain matron of Ephesus was so distinguished for chastity, that she was held out as a pattern to the ladies of the neighbouring country. Having the misfortune to lose her husband, not content to bewail him in the usual manner, with dishevelled hair and beating of her naked bosom, she followed his dead body to the tomb, and there gave herself up to the most extravagant grief. So devoted was she to sorrow, and bent on self-destruction, that neither her friends or connexions could withdraw her from the dismal place. Even the city magistrates went away repulsed; and, lamented by all, this singular lady had already passed five days without any sustenance.

“She was attended by a faithful maid, who mingled tears with hers, and from time to time renewed the light as it wasted in the monument. Scarce any thing else was talked of in the city, and it was universally admitted, that one example at least, of a chaste and tender affection, was to be found.

“In the mean time, the governor of the province had caused certain malefactors to be crucified, not far from the cell in which the matron mourned over the corpse of her husband. On the next night, therefore, the soldier who kept guard over the crosses, observing the light in the monument, and hearing the groans which proceeded from it, was tempted, through curiosi-

ty, to inform himself of the cause. Descending into the tomb, he beheld a beautiful woman, whom he first supposed to be a spectre, but observing the dead body before her, and the despair she exhibited, he conceived the real fact, and concluded she was a widow, whose love for her husband was so excessive, as not to be extinguished. He, therefore, brought his supper into the tomb, and began to entreat the unhappy lady, that she would not persist in superfluous affliction, and consume herself with unavailing sorrow. He represented death as the common lot, and the grave as the last home of all, with such other topics of consolation, as were calculated to restore her to peace and serenity. But she, refusing comfort, beat her breast with increased vehemence, and scattered her torn-out hair upon the body of the deceased.

“The story goes on to say, that the soldier, however, through the intercession of the attendant female, after some time, prevailed upon the mistress to accept of some food, to take a little wine; and then, to consent to live. The sequel may be now conceived. The youth being neither uncomely in person, nor deficient in the arts of persuasion, so gains upon the lady, that she at length takes him for a husband, even in the very tomb where her late lamented one is deposited. But this is not all. During their entire devotion to each other for some days, and the consequent neglect of duty in the sentinel, one of the crucified bodies he was appointed to guard, is carried off, and he exposed to the punishment of death for his delinquency. In this situation, what does the matron do, but, in order, as she says, to spare herself the horror of beholding the funeral of two most dear husbands at the same time, suggest the expedient of hanging the body of the deceased one in the place of that purloined from the cross; which is accordingly done.”

Such are the particulars of this disgusting story, which, shocking as it is, has still less of heartless wickedness in it, than that of Inkle and Yarico. For the honour of human nature, neither of them, I hope, is true; but if both are to be credited, must we not exclaim—“Frailty, thy name is woman; and thine, perfidious cruelty, is man.”

In speaking of Petronius, who is generally supposed to have been the Petronius who was master of Nero's revels, Voltaire denies the fact, and says that the president Bouhier, translated his poem on the civil war: not that he thought, this piece of declamation, full of false thoughts, approached to the sage and elegant modesty of Virgil. He knew that the satire of Petronius, though sprinkled with charming passages, was but the caprice of some obscure young man, equally unbridled in his manners and his style.

The following line occurs both in Prior's *Henry and Emma*, and in Pope's *Homer's Iliad*:

"Should'st thou, but Heaven avert it, should'st thou bleed."

Prior probably was the original author of it. His *Henry and Emma* must have come out before the translation of the *Iliad*; and if so, the adoption of the line by Pope, must be considered as a mark of respect. It would be absurd to call it plagiarism.

Zimmerman, in his *Treatise on Solitude*, has taken for his motto, this passage from *La Fontaine*.

Solitude où je trouve une douceur secrète,
Lieux que j'aimais toujours, ne pourrai-je jamais,
Loin du monde et du bruit, goûter l'ombre et le frais;
Où! qui m'arrêtera sous vos sombres asyles?
Quand pourront les neuf sœurs, loin de cours et des villes,
M'occuper tout entier——

But notwithstanding all Mr. Zimmerman has said and quoted on the subject, I am inclined to believe, that on an appeal to the world, Balzac would obtain a vast majority of suffrages, when he says—That solitude is unquestionably a charming thing; but that still there is a pleasure in having some one at hand, to whom, we may from time to time observe—That solitude is a charming thing.

"To entertain readers," says doctor Zimmerman, "is, in my opinion, only to deliver freely in writing, that, which in the

general intercourse of society it is impossible to say either with safety or politeness." If this remark be just, of which there is certainly much appearance, it would be well for those to consider it, who virulently censure works, in which authors speak of themselves and others with a boldness and freedom forbidden by the fastidious rules of polished society. May it not be the very liberty they complain of which constitutes one of the principal charms of memoir writing? And is it not this which renders so agreeable, the apparently unimportant garrulity of Montaigne?

Again, says the doctor, "it appears to me that a writer may be permitted publicly to decompose the state of his mind, and to make observations on his own character, for the benefit of other men, rather than to leave his body by will to a professor of anatomy."

What fashionable lover, says the same author, has ever painted his passion for an imperious mistress with the same felicity, as the chorister of a village in Hanover, for a young and beautiful country girl? On her death, the chorister raised in the cemetery a sepulchral stone to her memory, and carving in an artless manner, the figure of a rose on its front, inscribed these words underneath: "*C'est ainsi qu'elle fut.*" Thus she was.

There is a passage in *Tristram Shandy*, never, I think, noticed, which contains a happy mixture of the ludicrous and pathetic, not unlike the relation of Falstaff's death of hostess Quickly. It is, where Trim is giving an account of the kind treatment he received from the fair Beguine, who took care of him in his tribulation, and rubbed his wounded knee. In relating the dreams with which he was visited in his fever—"I was all night long," says the corporal, "cutting the world in two, and giving her half." This is in the true character of a sick man's dream, and at the same time as wild and tender an imagination as can be conceived.

The ground for the character of, *vir magnus, acer, memorabilis*, which has been applied to Warburton, seems in no degree impaired by the style of his letters to the bishop of Worcester. In one of them, he says—"Jortin is himself as vain as he is dirty; to imagine I am obliged to him for holding his hand. Nobody has yet written against me, but at their own expense; and if he be a gainer, I will forgive him." More pride, conscious ability, and fire, than is here exhibited, cannot be well conceived; and the man that could say this, might be supposed to hold on till his "band blushed and his lawn sleeves were bloody," as both he and bishop Lowth are said to have done, in their memorable controversy.

If the historical fragment of James II. by Mr. Fox, had been the work of some unknown or ordinary hand, it seems not difficult to pronounce what the public opinion of it would have been. Feeble, tame, and *médiocre*, would, in all probability, have been the epithets applied to it. But being the production of a great orator and statesman, its reception has been respectful, and its very meagerness applauded, for that Mr. Fox, it seems, was most fastidiously studious of simplicity in historical style, dreading nothing so much as that any thing like an oratorical flourish should foist itself into this his intended model of the chaste, the perspicuous, the simple, and the modest in composition. Very well! so be it. It is a plain tale to be sure; and as the author was never high enough to be in danger of falling, he, of consequence, does not fall, and must be admitted to be an illustrious example of the *tutus nimium timidusque procellæ* of Horace. Having successfully hugged the shore, he has made his first port in safety. Wofully slow, however, was his progress, we are told; and how, indeed, could it be otherwise, since our coaster was continually heaving the lead, and pertinaciously consistent in refusing his canvas to the lightest breeze. These things, in substance, are said by his prefacer.

Still I must be permitted to think Mr. Fox in the right. Was it for a man of his established fame, to enter the lists of composition with the plebeian herd of scribblers? Who is there, at the present day, that cannot round a period, and emulate the

majestic march of a Robertson, or a Gibbon? Wisely then, concludes Mr. Fox to take a new career. I will persuade the world, says he, that to be eloquent, is nothing more than to be simple. My reputation will bear me out in the experiment, and I shall set a new fashion in literature.

So much for my style, but this is but one of two objects. My other is to justify my politics by my history. Now, if by moulding my incidents to my purpose, I can but write the world into a belief, that the policy of my rival Pitt, and my quondam colleague Burke, was the policy of the bigot James, very little will be wanting to the entire establishment of my orthodoxy, and the consequent heterodoxy of my opponents. Some conclusion of this sort inevitably forces itself upon the mind on the perusal of this fragment of the British statesman; and adverting to the long time it was announced before its appearance, we are, in spite of ourselves, reminded of the mountain in labour.

On reconsideration of the foregoing, I am displeased with it. Though not appearing quite unwarranted, it is in a strain of flip-pant sarcasm not called for by the occasion. From the apparent caution of adopting facts, and the spirit of liberty, justice, and philanthropy it breathes, this work of Mr. Fox is entitled to respect, little soever as may be its claim to literary distinction; and even in this view, perhaps, it is chaste, if not *brilliant*.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN BORLASE WARREN, BART. K. B.

SIR John Borlase Warren is descended from an ancient family, whose estates were situated in Buckinghamshire, and Nottinghamshire. He derives the name of BORLASE from his great grandmother, who was the heiress and daughter of Sir John Borlase, Bart. of Bockmore, Bucks—Lieutenant colonel of the famous lord Vere's regiment, that served in the palatinate to protect the elector king of Bohemia; afterwards placed under the

prince of Orange in the low countries, during the wars in Flanders and Holland.

The name of WARREN is of Norman extraction. Sir John is related to the family in Cheshire, and is descended from the ancient earls of Warenne, belonging to the Plantagenet family. He received his education under the reverend Mr. Prinseps, at Bicester, in Oxfordshire, whence he was removed to Winchester. As it was the intention of sir John's relations that he should be sent to one of the universities, a private tutor was afterwards appointed; but so strong an inclination for the navy pervaded his youthful mind, that notwithstanding many urgent persuasions to the contrary, sir John at length entered on board the Alderney sloop of war, then commanded by captain James O'Hara;—stationed at Yarmouth, and Shetland, to protect the fisheries. Our young mariner, who had thus displayed such an early inclination for a profession he has since so much adorned, continued in the Alderney sloop, and the Marlborough to which he was afterwards appointed, nearly three or four years; under the immediate patronage of the lamented lord Howe; and afterwards at the request of his friends went to Emanuel college Cambridge. He pursued the academical studies under his tutor Dr. Farmer; and having taken the degree of master of arts, left the university on a tour through some of the most interesting parts of the continent.

At the commencement of the American war, sir John Borlase Warren, who had previously been elected a member of parliament, still glowing with the same zeal for the British navy, immediately returned to its professional duties; and, during the year 1777, embarked in the Venus frigate, commanded by captain Williams.* This ship being soon ordered to join his old patron, lord Howe, on the American station, sir John was next placed by him in the Apollo frigate, under that brave, and excellent officer captain Pownall; and continued with him until the usual period of service was complete: being then appointed fourth lieutenant of the Nonsuch, 64 guns, commodore Walter Griffith, sir John was present in the fleet when the gallant lord Howe was opposed to the squadron under D'Estaing.

* Now vice-admiral.

Upon his return to England, lieutenant Warren, during the year (1779,) was appointed first of the *Victory*, with sir Charles Hardy's flag on board; who on the resignation of admiral Keppel was made commander in chief of the western squadron: admiral Kempenfelt served under sir Charles as captain of the fleet. On the sixteenth of July in the same year, lieutenant Warren, having been advanced to the rank of commander, was appointed to the *Helena* sloop of war; which had been taken from the French by the fleet off Ushant. Sir John received his commission as post captain, on the twenty-fifth of April, 1781, and was soon given the command of the *Ariadne*, 20 guns; which continued in the Downs, and on the north sea station.

The first engagement in which sir John Borlase Warren was present, after attaining his post rank, was with a French frigate, *L'Aigle*, 44 guns, and 400 men, then fitted out as a privateer from Dunkirk. The enemy having borne down, an action commenced, which continued for fifty minutes; when *L'Aigle*, who had lost many of her crew, hauled her wind from the *Ariadne*, and by superior sailing reached St. Maloes in safety. Captain Warren was afterwards appointed to the *Winchelsea* frigate, 32 guns, attached to the fleet in the North Sea under sir John Lockhart Ross. The *Winchelsea* being stationed to watch the Dutch fleet off the Texel, took three privateers.

On the cessation of hostilities by the general peace, which was concluded in (1783,) sir John Warren returned to the domestic comfort of his family: having married the youngest daughter of general sir John Clavering, K. B. and lady Diana.* During the peace, the active mind of sir John Warren eagerly seized the first opportunity that offered to renew the duties of his profession: he was accordingly twice at sea; first as a volunteer, with the honourable George Berkeley, June 1787, in a squadron of evolution; consisting of six ships of the line, besides frigates, under vice-admiral the honourable commodore Leveson Gower, who had hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Edgar*, of 74 guns; and afterwards in the *Valiant*, 74 guns, with his royal highness the duke of Clarence, having previously been

* Lady Diana West, who married sir John Clavering, was the daughter of earl Delawarr.

appointed, together with rear-admirals Christian, and Pole, groom of the bedchamber to the duke.

When the last war commenced, in the year (1793) sir John Warren commissioned the *Flora* frigate, 36 guns, then fitting at Deptford; and sailed from Spithead in company with the *Inconstant* frigate, 36 guns, captain Montgomery, as convoy to the Lisbon and Oporto ships; accompanied by five sail of the line under admiral Cosby. During the interval of the arrival of the convoy, and its departure, the two frigates cruised off the coasts of Spain and Portugal. Sir John Warren, in the *Flora*, having chased a frigate into L'Orient, which escaped, captured L'Affamée privateer on his return to Lisbon. The *Inconstant*, he found, had returned home, after taking four or five prizes; three of which being left, accompanied the ships to England. The *Flora*, in company with the *Druid*, 32 guns, captain J. Ellison, and *Fury* sloop, 14 guns, captain F. Sotheron, safely escorted the two convoys, consisting of ninety-seven sail; and arrived with them in the Downs during the month of October in the same year.

The *Flora*, in November, received orders to hoist rear-admiral M'Bride's flag; who came round in the *Sheerness*, 44 guns, to Spithead. A squadron of several frigates was placed under the admiral's command; and a body of British troops were embarked, consisting of six, or seven thousand men, with some French corps, under the command of the earl of Moira, to be escorted to Guernsey and Jersey, in order to assist the royalist army; which had penetrated to Granville, Arranches, and Dol, opposite to the above islands, under the generals L'Escure, Charette, Talmont, and others. Four thousand men were landed in Guernsey, and continued on the island nearly two months: they were afterwards brought over, and disembarked at Cowes; and cantoned with several Hessians in the Isle of Wight, under the command of earl Moira. Admiral M'Bride's squadron being attached to this expedition, continued also there until the arrival of the *Cumberland*, 74 guns, when the admiral removed his flag to that ship; and sent the *Flora*, *Crescent*, *La Nympe*, *Druid*, and *Fury* sloop, on a cruise off the coast of France, under the orders of sir John Warren; who captured *La Vipere*

National corvette brig, 18 guns, and 110 men, off Havre-de-Grace; and drove two other cruisers of the enemy into that port.

The *Flora* from this time continued for several months attached to the squadron under admiral M'Bride, cruising off Cherburgh, Havre-de-Grace, and St. Maloes; until they at length came into Cawsand Bay. Sir John Warren was soon despatched in the *Flora*, by the admiral, on a second cruise, as commodore; to cruise off Cherburgh, and the islands of Guernsey, and Jersey; as a squadron of French frigates from Cancale Bay, had captured many merchantmen in the channel; and had engaged, and nearly captured the *Hinde*, 28 guns, near Portland, commanded by captain P. Durham. This French squadron was composed of the best sailing, and most powerful frigates, in their navy; and had also been manned with the prime of their seamen: it in general rendezvoused at Cherburgh, or Cancale, and thus greatly annoyed the commerce of Great Britain. One of them, *La Carmagnole*, some weeks previous to the sailing of commodore Warren's squadron, ran ashore during a chase, and bilged.—Having steered for the Seven Islands, on the coast of Brittany, sir John, by the twenty-third of April (1794,) before day-break, discerned the remaining ships of the French squadron standing out from Cancale Bay to cruise; in expectation of intercepting the trade from Cork, convoyed by the *Aurora*, 28 guns, captain W. Essington. The engagement lasted nearly three hours; and gloriously terminated in adding to the British navy, *La Pomone*, one of the finest frigates ever built in France, 44 guns, twenty-four pounders, 400 men; *L'Engageante*, 34 guns, and four carronades, with 300 men; and *La Babet*, 22 guns, nine pounders, 200 men: another frigate, *La Resolue*, escaped, by outsailing the *Melampus* and *Nymphe*, who chased her into Morlaix. The French commodore, monsieur Desgarceaux, had been an officer in the old marine of his country; he was killed by the second broadside from the *Flora*, who led, seconded by the *Arethusa*, sir E. Pellew, and was gallantly supported by the other British ships.

His majesty, soon after this action, which gave a severe blow to the pride and confidence of the enemy, was pleased to create

sir John Warren one of the knights of the military order of the Bath.

The *Flora*, soon after the preceding event, with the *Arethusa*, sir E. Pellew, and the *Melampus*, captain sir R. J. Strachan, was detached from admiral M'Bride's squadron on a separate service; and cruised off the western coasts of Brittany and La Vendée. They at one time were obliged to steer through a part of the great convoy bound from America to France laden with provisions and corn; and this at a period of the enemy's principal distress:—the three British frigates were pursued by *Le Jean Bart*, *Le Tigre*, and *Zelé*, of 74 guns, with three French frigates, for several hours; and although sir John Warren passed within hail, and some of the ships spoke the rear of the enemy's convoy, he escaped at length from a force so superior. The *Melampus* being afterwards ordered on other service; the *Flora* and *Arethusa*, joined by the *Galatea*, 32 guns, captain Keats; the *Diamond*, 38 guns, sir Sidney Smith; the *Artois*,* 38 guns, sir Edmund Nagle; and the *Anson*, 44 guns, captain P. Durham, were continually stationed in the bay.

Sir John Warren in the month of June (1795) received orders to hoist his broad pendant in *La Pomone*, 44 guns, as commodore of an expedition that had been planned against the French coast. Fifty sail of transports were attached to the squadron, having on board nearly three thousand emigrant troops, under the command of comtes de Puysaye, and D'Hervilly. The whole force sailed from Yarmouth Roads, Isle of Wight, and joined the western squadron off Ushant, under that gallant veteran Earl Bridport. Here they continued until they made the Penmarks; when the fleet hauled their wind to the northward, and the ships under sir John Warren continued steering for the island of Belleisle. The ensuing evening the *Galatea*, captain R. G. Keats, having been sent into Quiberon bay, was chased by the French fleet under admiral Villaret Joyeuse, who soon afterwards hove in sight. Commodore Warren immediately threw out the signal for the whole convoy to wear, and the Con-

* Since lost on the coast of France, July 31, 1797.

corde to lead them; and for the line of battle ships and frigates, to form in the rear.

A *chasse maree* that had accompanied the *Galatea*, having been ordered by captain Keats to look out for the fleet under lord Bridport, had been successful in joining; and thus communicated the important intelligence to the commander in chief: the *Thunderer* and the *Experiment* lugger had also been detached by sir John Warren, for the same purpose, and to acquaint the admiral of the situation of the convoy.

Early on the following morning lord Bridport, with his usual zeal, was discerned under a press of sail. Sir John Warren detached, according to orders, the remaining line of battle ships from his squadron to join his lordship's: they however could not come up until the action off L'Orient, on the 23d of June, 1795, had terminated with such an addition of glory to the British navy.

Commodore Warren pursued his course to Quiberon bay; and notwithstanding the thick weather which came on, anchored between its entrance, and Belleisle. During this expedition he commanded the naval forces; and when the entire project of the descent on France failed he was employed as commodore in continual and successful cruises off the coast of France, from the port of Falmouth, under the immediate orders of the admiralty. The situation of this port at the entrance of the channel, is of the utmost importance to the trade of Great Britain. The enemy's convoys destined to bring provisions, ammunition, and supplies for the French fleet in Brest, were thus continually intercepted: from the success of this squadron, and the division of ships under sir E. Pellew, the French fleet were often kept in harbour for want of stores. *La Pomone*, *Galatea*, *Anson*, and *Artois*, at one time fell in with a convoy of no less than seventy sail going for provisions, under escort of *La Tribune*, *Proserpine*, *Thames*, *Coquille*, *Cygoin*, and *L'Etoile*: an engagement immediately ensued; but the enemy escaping through the Raz passage, between the offing of Douarne-Nez bay on the N. E. and Hodierne bay on the S. E. the only ships taken were *L'Etoile*,

and four merchantmen. For the protection the trade and commerce of Great Britain had thus received from the squadron under sir John Warren, the *committee of merchant seamen for the encouragement of the capture of the enemy's privateers*, presented the commodore with a sword of the value of one hundred guineas.

In consequence of a change which took place in the arrangement of the channel fleet, the ships under sir John Warren were attached to it, and placed under the orders of the commander in chief, lord Bridport: after attending for some time the motions of the enemy in Brest, the commodore's squadron became entirely dispersed.

During the year 1797 sir John Warren was appointed to the Canada, 74 guns, which was attached to the western squadron under lord Bridport. Being stationed off Brest, with the Robust, 74 guns, captain E. Thornbrough, and the Amelia frigate, 44 guns, captain the honourable C. Herbert, to watch the motions of the enemy then on the eve of sailing, sir John Warren happened to be off Le Bec de Chevre in l'Iroise passage, at the very instant when the enemy at day break attempted to come out; on seeing the detached ships from the western squadron, they immediately returned into the harbour; in effecting which, La Fraternité, and another of their frigates, ran foul of each other, and were considerably damaged.

At the close of the year 1798, sir John Warren received orders from vice admiral sir Alan Gardner in Cawsand bay, to proceed with the Foudroyant, 80 guns, captain sir T. Bayard, the Robust, 74 guns, captain E. Thornbrough, and Magnanime, 44 guns, captain the honourable M. de Courcy, in search of the enemy's squadron, that had escaped from Brest. The commodore immediately sailed; and struggling with unfavourable weather, arrived with his squadron off the coast of Ireland, without falling in with a single vessel of war: he then proceeded with a press of sail to the N. W. along shore.

Intelligence of the probability of the enemy's appearance off Black Sod Harbour, having been communicated by the Kangaroo brig, 18 guns, captain E. Brace, the commodore remained for some days off the harbour, and Achille Head; when standing

further to the northward, on the eleventh of October, the squadron under monsieur Bompard, consisting of one ship of the line, the *Hoche*, and eight frigates, a schooner, and a brig, with troops and ammunition on board destined for Ireland, at length appeared in sight. The following is the official account as sent to vice-admiral Kingsmill:

"I immediately made the signal for a general chase, and to form in succession as each ship arrived up to the enemy; whom, from their great distance to windward, and an hollow sea, it was impossible to come up with before the twelfth.

"The chase was continued in very bad, and boisterous weather, all day of the eleventh, and the following night; when at half past five A. M. they were seen at a little distance to the windward, the line of battle ship having lost her main topmast.

"The enemy bore down and formed their line in close order upon the starboard tack; and from the length of the chase, and our ships being spread, it was impossible to close with them before seven A. M. when I made the *Robust's* signal to lead, which was obeyed with much alacrity, and the rest of the ships to form in succession in the rear of the van.

"The action commenced at twenty minutes past seven o'clock A. M. the *Rosses* bearing S. S. W. five leagues, and at eleven, the *Hoche*, after a gallant defence, struck; and the frigates made sail from us: the signal to pursue the enemy was made immediately, and in five hours afterwards three of the frigates hauled down their colours also; but they, as well as the *Hoche*, were obstinately defended, all of them being heavy frigates, and, as well as the ship of the line, entirely new, full of troops and stores, with every necessary for the establishment of their views and plans in Ireland."

Sir John Warren, on his return from the coast of Ireland, was honoured with the freedom of the cities of London and Derry; and received the thanks of the Houses of Lords and Commons of Great Britain, with those of the Irish Parliament. When the promotion of admirals took place in 1799 on the memorable fourteenth of February, this distinguished officer was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue; and, for the

first time during the war, remained unemployed until the twenty-seventh of July in the same year; when he received orders to hoist his flag on board the *Temeraire*, 98 guns, lying at St. Helens. He sailed thence in a few days; and beat down Channel against a westerly wind to join the fleet in Torbay: apprehensions being entertained that the French had escaped out of Brest.

On the second of August 1799, rear-admiral Warren being off Ushant, under lord Bridport, and standing down with the advanced squadron to the Passage du Raz, discovered the Spanish ships from Rochfort, on the other side of the Saints: having made the signal, the wind not allowing the British ships to go through the passage (although it was favourable for the Spaniards, who thus would soon have gained Brest, or joined the French squadron then under weigh in the Bertheaume Road) the *Temeraire* stood round the Saints after the enemy, who had hauled their wind, and made sail. Although rear-admiral Warren was afterwards detached by the commander in chief in search of the Spanish ships, they escaped; and arrived at Ferrol two days prior to the appearance of the British squadron off that port.

Sir John Warren on the return of the channel fleet to Torbay, in the month of October, 1799, shifted his flag to the *Renown*, a new ship, of 74 guns; and, except an absence of a few weeks, has been with a division of the western squadron, under sir Alan Gardner, during the whole of the preceding winter.

Admiral Warren was doomed to encounter a severe affliction of divine Providence in the death of an only son. He visited foreign countries to divert his melancholy, and after the treaty of Amiens, in the year 1803, accepted a diplomatic appointment to the court of Russia. The object of this negotiation was to satisfy the Russian government that the English had still a right to hold Malta notwithstanding the stipulations of that treaty. The duties of this mission are said to have been executed on the part of admiral Warren with singular skill and dexterity, although destitute of eventual success. Indeed it has been observed by some officers of high standing in the British navy, that the admiral is by nature better qualified for diplomatic services, than to

command a fleet, brilliant as his reputation has been upon the ocean. Whether this be true or false, we have no means of ascertaining; but the appointment of a naval character to a diplomatic office, is a perfect novelty in the annals of English policy.

In the year 1806, the English affairs in the eastern world wore a very favourable aspect, though they had for some time previous to this, been obliged to maintain an expensive war, both by sea and land. Despatches were, however, about this period received, stating that tranquillity prevailed in every quarter of the company's dominions. On the 14th of March, sir John Borlase Warren, while cruising with the hope of intercepting the squadron under Jerome Bonaparte, had the good fortune to fall in with admiral Linois who had too long triumphed in the East Indies; and having made many rich captures, most of which he had sent to France, was returning thither himself. This admiral had, some time before, with a formidable force, attacked the East India fleet in their return to Europe; but the ships, though deeply laden, made a gallant resistance, and the French were obliged to sheer off. In this engagement, the French frigate *Foudroyant*, with the admiral Linois, was captured; likewise the *Marengo* of 80 guns, and the *Belle Paule* of 40. This was the remainder of a French squadron commanded by admiral Villametz, consisting of five seventy fours and one ship of 80 guns that had committed much depredation on the British commerce in the East Indies.

Since the time that admiral Warren obtained this victory, we have heard nothing further of him, until he was appointed to take the command of the squadron destined for the coast of America.

TALES OF A PARROT.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following is a translation from the Persian of the Introductory Chapter to a series of amusing narratives called the *Tooti Nameh* or Tales of a Parrot; a performance held in great estima-

tion throughout the East, and ranks among the first classics in the Persian language; and of which an incorrect and mutilated translation of the first thirty-five chapters only has hitherto been published in any of the languages of Europe. The Persian copy from which the present translation is made was taken by the translator from an original manuscript in the Imperial Library at Paris.

It is intended if this specimen should meet with a favourable reception to publish within a short time a complete translation of the entire work to be comprised in one volume octavo.

Newyork, October 8, 1812.

INVOCATION.

IN the name of God all merciful! Thee I invoke, thou great Creator of the universe! to thee will I address my vows and prayers with the incense of gratitude and devotion. Thou art the author and dispenser of all good: to thy bounteous goodness, are we indebted for our existence and preservation. At thy sovereign pleasure, thou sheddest abroad throughout the earth, the darkness of ignorance and the light of knowledge. To thy divine will, do we owe the purity of the Mussulman faith; and by thy gracious permission, is the world suffered to be defiled by the impiety of infidels.

Thou dispensest joy, unspeakable to the hearts of thy devoted servants; grant therefore that the writings of *Nakshebi*, may be endued with the charm of pleasing. Inspire my words with the spirit of thy beneficence, and so purify my heart, that it may become the fit receptacle of thy grace; enlighten my understanding by thy holy inspirations, and exempt my body from the infirmities of this transitory life, so that my tongue may unceasingly praise thy wonderous works. Banish all impure thoughts from my mind; dissipate the clouds of ignorance and unbelief from my eyes, and conduct me in the paths of wisdom and uprightness.

Although the writings of *Nakshebi*, abound in faults, yet he can submit to criticism and bear contradiction. He concludes this invocation, by humbling himself before the Most High, earnestly imploring the prosperity of *Islamism*.

A Bird whose plumage shines with all the variegated colours of the flower garden; a Phoenix, whose song and melodious warblings surpass the harmony of the dove and the nightingale, has this moment, imparted to me certain verses, inspirations of the divine Prophet, under whose authority I now disclose them to my faithful readers.

Nothing exists but by the approbation of our holy ambassador of God, the great Mahommed. The thrones of kings are upheld only by his support and permission. By him, have wisdom and science and the knowledge of the true faith been established in the world.

The author of these tales, *Zyai Nakshebi*, to whom may God be merciful, has endeavoured to render them as amusing and instructive as possible, to his readers; if however, he has not been successful with those motives in view, and if he should be so unfortunate, as to incur their censure, for inaccuracies of style and defects in composition, it were irremediable, as such errors and imperfections are irretrievable; for neither the arrow, shot from the bow, nor time that has expired, can be recalled.

This history, or rather this collection of fifty-two tales, was written by the author, in the flower of his youth and in the complete enjoyment of his faculties, and has occupied the most valuable portion of his time in their composition. They are of very high antiquity, and have been translated into various languages, and lastly from the *Hindostanee* into *Persian*. The following is the account of their origin and the circumstance that gave rise to their compilation.

CHAP. I.

The story of *Maimon** and *Khojestah*,† the happy pair, giving an account of the fidelity of *Maimon's* Parrot during his absence, and his various conversations with *Khojestah*.

THE FIRST EVENING.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS PARROT.

It is related that in former times, there lived in a Hamlet of Hindoostan, a certain rich, respectable and powerful merchant,

* Happy

Fortunate.

named *Mebauck*.* He lived in the enjoyment of the greatest ease and affluence, that fortune could bestow, and only wanted a son to complete his happiness. This was the object of his most ardent solicitude, and he ceased not to implore the Almighty to propitiate his prayer, which was finally heard, and his wife bore to him a son of such extraordinary and angelic beauty, that he might justly be called a second *Joseph*.†

Mebauck was overjoyed in being the father of so handsome a child. He directed that the greatest care should be bestowed on his nurture and education, and gave him the name of *Maimon*, to denote his fortunate destiny. As soon as he had attained his eighteenth year and the dawn of manhood began to shade his chin, his father was anxious to see him married; and accordingly chose a damsel for his wife, named *Khojestah*.

Maimon and his bride lived many years together, in the enjoyment of the most perfect sublunary bliss and uninterrupted prosperity. Happy in the mutual confidence and reciprocal affection they entertained for each other, they passed their days contentedly together, without anticipating any possible change in their prosperous situation.

One day, as *Maimon* was passing through the market place, he saw a parrot gifted with speech, exposed for sale, which related many amusing and interesting stories. He inquired of the merchant how much he asked for it, and was told one thousand *dinars*,‡ and a small trifle to drink into the bargain. *Maimon*, appearing astonished at the high price which the owner demanded for the bird, the Parrot thus addressed him; young man, you cannot judge of my value, or appreciate my worth, until you become better acquainted with me. I appear to you to be an ordinary Parrot, and you seem ignorant of my knowledge and talents. Know then that I am able to unravel mysteries and relate things that would surprise you; there is not throughout the whole world a bird of my species, that can be compared

* Prosperous.

† The Apollo, or Adonis of the east. The loves of the Hebrew Patriarch, *Joseph*, with the fair *Zuleikha*, who in the Old Testament is called the wife of *Potiphar*, and by some Arabian Histories, *Rail*, have furnished the subject of one of the most celebrated poems in the Persian Language "*Joseph and Zuleikha*" by *Jaumi*, of which the translator has a manuscript copy in his possession.

‡ A coin of Hindoostan worth about two dollars American currency.

with me, in as much as that I am endowed with speech, wisdom and knowledge, which you must know, although the vulgar do not often appreciate such talents, are the most valuable acquisitions. Learn, therefore, that I can prognosticate future events, and predict what is to take place many days before hand. In order to convince you of the truth of my assertion, I now inform you, that three days hence, a caravan of merchants will arrive in this place, for the purpose of procuring spices, in the mean while, you must purchase all the spices that can be procured, and have plenty of them in store. If, as I predict, the caravan should arrive on the third day, you will make a large profit by the speculation. Pay down only one half the price which my master asks for me, and if my predictions are not fulfilled, you may return me after the expiration of the third day, and he will return you your purchase money, so that you shall lose nothing by the bargain.

Maimon was highly pleased with the Parrot's proposal, and purchased him conditionally; after which he immediately went in quest of all the spices he could obtain throughout the village, and collected a large quantity in his own warehouse. At the expiration of three days, according as the Parrot had foretold, a caravan arrived and sought for spices among all the merchants, but were unable to find any, except in the store of *Maimon*, who, profiting by the occasion, disposed of his merchandize at a very high price, by which he made a large sum of money. He completed the payment of the thousand *dinars* which he had agreed to pay for the Parrot, and deposited in his coffers, the residue of the profits he had made.

The next day *Maimon* meeting with a Magpie that could talk intelligibly, exposed for sale, likewise purchased her, and placed her beside the Parrot, to keep him company, and serve for his amusement. Being fully convinced of the knowledge and sagacity of his Parrot, he consulted him on every thing he did, and undertook nothing without first obtaining his advice and approbation.

One day being seated beside the Parrot and engaged in conversation with him, their discourse happened to turn upon commercial affairs and sea voyages. The Parrot spoke in such strains

of commendation of the seafaring life, that *Maimon*, who had never beheld the sea, determined to undertake a long voyage to see the ocean lashed by its waves and tossed by tempests. As soon as he had formed this resolution he hastened to impart it to *Khojestah*, and said to her, "Celestial beauty! soul of my life! I consider that man is but of transitory existence, and that the life which has been given us should be usefully employed. Favourable opportunities do not frequently occur of travelling by sea, and of seeing the world. I have heard that sea voyages are very profitable, and am extremely desirous of undertaking one with a view to ameliorate our fortune. Now whilst I am in the most vigorous period of life, and capable of enduring the fatigues attendant on such an enterprise, I ardently wish to undertake a voyage by sea so that its waters may be the means of furnishing us with bread for the residue of our days. You know that a man without fortune may be compared to a river deprived of water, or to a house without money, and is of no consideration in the world. Death is even preferable to penury, and to a privation of the comforts and enjoyments of life. In this degenerate age, nothing commands respect and esteem but the benefits of fortune: such as are deprived of them are undervalued and despised.

I am very sensible, replied *Khojestah* that sea voyages are productive of great profits, but they are subject to the most imminent hazards and perils. Why would you run such risks and expose your life in amassing riches and in pursuit of the treasures of this world? Prudence teaches us to be content with a mediocrity of fortune, and not to sacrifice our happiness and forego the enjoyment of the tenderest affection for schemes of aggrandizement and ambition. If, however, my entreaties should prove unavailing to dissuade you from the resolution you have taken; and if you are inflexibly determined on a sea voyage, take me with you; you know that a woman is unhappy in her husband's absence, and it is improper she should be separated from him.

Khojestah my dear, replied *Maimon*, it is not fit that a woman should undertake a sea voyage: your sex is destined both by nature and education to stay at home and lead a domestic life, and it is not becoming their condition to roam abroad through

the world. It is my particular desire, my dear *Khojestah*, in all cases of difficulty or embarrassment which may occur during my absence, that you should take counsel of the Magpie and the Parrot who will decide and regulate every thing to your satisfaction. After this injunction, he took an affectionate farewell, and set out on his journey.

Some time after his departure, one day as *Khojestah* was taking her accustomed walk on the terrace of her house, she espied the king's son, a very handsome young man, who chanced to be passing that way. They immediately attracted each other's attention, and the young prince retired violently smitten with her charms. As he withdrew from her sight she felt as if her heart was rent asunder, and her soul ready to take its flight from her body. Love erected his throne in her bosom and bewildered her imagination. She made every exertion to quench the glowing flame and stifle the vehemence of her attachment, but without success; the ardour of her passion overcame all opposition, and she finally determined to avail herself of the first favourable occasion to gratify her desires; but reflecting that the light of day is unpropitious to the intrigues of lovers she deferred the execution of her project until the mantle of night should overspread the earth, when she determined to visit the young prince.

As soon as the sun had disappeared from the horizon and the veil of darkness shrouded the world, *Khojestah* put on her shawl and hastened to impart her intentions to the Magpie, and thus addressed her, O my dear Magpie! a circumstance has occurred which deeply concerns me, and so distracts my thoughts, that I could not forego taking your advice on the course I ought to pursue. My heart is become a prey to the tenderest of passions, and I cannot stifle the flame that glows in my agitated bosom. I have formed the resolution of visiting my lover this night by stealth, and beseech you to give me your advice and consent without delay.

Khojestah did not anticipate any opposition or objection to her proposal; but she was deceived in her expectations: for no sooner was the Magpie apprised of her amour, and the project she had in view, than she rebuked her in the severest terms for her dereliction of duty, and exerted all the eloquence of which she was

capable to recall the infatuated lady to a sense of her conjugal fidelity, remonstrating with her on the extreme impropriety and criminality of the course she was about to pursue, and representing the disgrace and ignominy she would incur by a perseverance therein. The Magpie was certainly unacquainted with the power of love, and unapprised of the feeble influence of reason with its votaries. Impatient of control, and highly exasperated at the Magpie's refusal to comply with her solicitations, she seized the unfortunate bird, and dashed her with such fury against the ground that her spirit departed from the cage of her body and fled to the mansions of happy souls.

After thus sacrificing the devoted Magpie as a victim to her anger, she hastened with great precipitation to the Parrot, to whom she also imparted the resolution she had taken and informed him of his companion's fate, soliciting his approbation which the other had refused.

The Parrot who was not deficient either in prudence or cunning began to reflect on the case, and pondering within himself, said, if I should counsel like the Magpie, and have the temerity to dissuade and remonstrate with my mistress I may perchance meet with the same unfortunate fate. We ought to take warning by the example of others, and not subject ourselves to similar misfortunes. On the other hand by consenting to her request I should be highly culpable and become an accomplice in her guilt and dishonour. I must devise some plausible pretence or expedient, in order to extricate myself from the present dilemma, and at the same time preserve the honour of my mistress unsullied. It is certainly the most advisable to amuse her with agreeable stories and affect to approved of her project, by which means I shall be enabled to gain time, and at the least retard the execution of her intentions.

Having determined to pursue this course of conduct towards the infatuated lady, he thus addressed her; O *Khojestah*, you have committed a great indiscretion, in admitting a Magpie into your confidence. Besides her being a female, who ought never to be entrusted with a secret, that species of bird is rash and inconsiderate, which rendered her unworthy of your confidence. Remember that we ought never to entrust either a woman or an

inconsiderate person with our secret thoughts. Nevertheless entertain no apprehensions, take courage and confide in me. I will make every exertion in my power to serve you and hope to be able to crown with success the object you so ardently solicit. If perchance it should ever be discovered, or come to the knowledge of your husband, and be attended with the loss of your reputation, and even though I should be so unfortunate as to be cruelly lacerated and dispoiled of my plumage as it once befel the parrot of a certain merchant, yet, rest assured I shall ever maintain the most inviolate fidelity and attachment towards you, and exert my utmost endeavours to compromise matters between you and your husband.

What, asked *Khojesta*, was the adventure of the merchant's parrot to which you allude?

In one of the cities of Hindoostan, he replied, there lived an opulent and respectable merchant, who had a parrot that could converse intelligibly, to whom he had entrusted the management of his domestic affairs, and the superintendence of his household concerns: he ordered and directed every thing therein at his pleasure, and followed his inclinations without countrol or opposition.

Business of importance inducing the merchant to undertake a long journey; and remaining some time absent from home, his wife, regardless of her conjugal faith, became violently enamoured of a young man with whom she maintained a clandestine intercourse. The Parrot was apprised of her amours, but the fear of being ill used and put to death induced him to dissemble taking any notice of their frequent interviews and to feign an utter ignorance of the intrigue.

Nakshebi! in our intercourse with the world we should often through motives of prudence dissemble what we know; have eyes but see not; else we may have occasion to repent of our officiousness and scrutiny into the conduct or affairs of other people.

After the lapse of a considerable time the merchant returned home from his travels. The Parrot gave him a minute detail of the state of his domestic affairs, and related to him every thing of importance that had occurred during his absence, with

the exception of the intrigue that had been carried on by his wife, fearful of exciting his indignation, and instigating him to wreak his vengeance on the imprudent lady and her paramour, and bring himself into difficulty. Notwithstanding, however, the discreet silence of the Parrot on the subject, the merchant became apprised of the intrigue, from another quarter.

Alas! *Nakshabi*, criminal acts cannot long be kept secret. Love can no more be concealed than the light of the sun or moon: and as the odour of musk cannot be confined, although enveloped in many coverings; so will love manifest itself in defiance of every precaution that can be taken to conceal it.

The lady, learning that her husband had become acquainted with her amours, did not doubt but that the Parrot had betrayed her, in consequence of which she conceived the most irreconcilable antipathy to the poor bird, regarding him as her most inveterate enemy. The desire of vengeance possessed her heart; and she watched the most favourable moment to get rid of him.

One evening she went to his cage and seizing the unoffending Parrot, devested him of his plumage and mangled him in the most shocking manner; after which she screamed aloud and raised the most lamentable outcries, saying that a cat had carried off the Parrot and destroyed him. Her shrieks and lamentations alarmed her attendants, who immediately entered the apartment, and beholding the feathers scattered about, did not doubt the truth of her assertions.

The other Parrots, through grief at this misfortune, assumed a blue plumage: the nightingales shrouded themselves in black, the turtle doves cast off their feathered crowns; the partridges ceased their charming melody; and the pigeons became melancholy; the cock chanted lamentations; the peacock, in sadness, forgot to display his gorgeous plumage; the dove sighed forth her plaintive cooings; the eagle lost the use of his wings, and ceased his flights in the elevated regions of the air.

When the sad intelligence of the Parrot's death arrived in the flower gardens and groves, the flowers fell to the earth; the cypress drooped; the trees shed their leaves; and the rosebuds did not put forth: the violets were tinged with blue in sign of mourning; the jasmins turned to a yellow colour, and the tulips were

spotted with blood. In a word the whole creation seemed to sympathise in the loss of the Parrot, and evinced their sorrow by every testimonial of grief.

Although the Parrot was apparently deprived of life and his death universally deplored; yet some symptoms of reanimation began to be manifest. Alas! every sentient being in the world exists only at the will of the Sovereign Creator. Mutilated and exhausted by the wanton cruelties he had suffered, the poor bird crawled along as well as he was able, and hid himself beneath a tomb in a burying ground not far distant; where he remained concealed during the day, venturing out only at night in search of food. In the course of a short time he recovered his strength and regained his plumage and former appearance, together with the use of his wings; which induced him to sally forth from his retreat.

The dishonourable conduct of his wife overwhelmed the merchant with affliction, which was augmented by the loss of his favourite Parrot. Under the pretence that she had been guilty of destroying him, he turned her out of his house; and notwithstanding the most earnest intreaties and solicitation, to be restored to his favour, he still remained inexorable in his resolution not to receive her back again.

The unhappy lady, sinking under despair and distraction of mind, in beholding herself thus deprived of all the enjoyments of life, happened by chance to wander towards the burying ground where the Parrot had taken up his abode, and whence he sallied forth only during the night, in order to procure subsistence. As soon as he beheld her approach, he raised his voice from behind the tomb and thus addressed her, "O lady! Fortune will never be propitious to your prayers until you consent to have your head bereft of all its ornaments. If you are willing to pluck out the ringlets and tresses that adorn it, and disfigure your person with your own hands and then sojourn with me in this asylum during the space of forty days in the strict observance of the precepts of religion, I promise, at the expiration thereof, to become your intercessor and protector, and will make every exertion to restore you to the confidence of your husband."

The lady hearing these words, instantly determined to inflict on herself the prescribed punishment, and accordingly tore

her hair, and lacerated her person. When the Parrot saw that she had acted agreeably to his injunction, he sallied forth from his hiding place, and thus addressed her: "O lady! You now suffer the same punishment, you wantonly inflicted on me, in retaliation for the injustice of which you have been guilty. I am the Parrot, whom you so inhumanly treated, and dispoiled of his plumage, and without cause or provocation, reduced to the most miserable condition. Although I have taken refuge among the tombs; yet I have strength enough left to pronounce the words you have this moment heard, which induced you to inflict on yourself the same indignities you have caused me to suffer. Know that we ought never to commit a bad action; but should abstain with the most scrupulous forbearance, from the perpetration of injustice. I have always evinced the greatest regard for you, and fidelity in your service; never saying or doing any thing, to disturb the harmony that subsided between you and your husband, and behold the recompense of my zeal and attachment! Notwithstanding all which, I am desirous that you should be reconciled to him, and will obliterate from my memory, the recollection of every thing that has taken place."

On the ensuing morning, as soon as the bird of golden plumage, had flown from his cage in the east, the Parrot proceeded to his master's house, and greeted him with many praises, and flattering compliments. "Who art thou?" said the merchant to him. "I am," he replied, "your old Parrot, whom a cat stole from his cage, and devoured." Astonished at the answer, he demanded: "How is it possible you could be resuscitated, after having been swallowed, and digested? Has the day of resurrection arrived? Tell me, I pray you, how you have been restored from the shades of death, to the mansions of existence."

"Alas!" he replied, "your chaste and virtuous wife, the gift of heaven, whom you have cruelly, and unjustly, banished from your presence, sought refuge in a burying ground, in this neighbourhood, where by prayers and supplications, which the Almighty hath propitiated, as to a sainted martyr, that virtuous lady, succeeded in restoring me to life, and has sent me with abundant proofs and evidences to convince you of the inviolable fidelity, and affection, she has ever manifested towards you. In

consequence of which, you now behold me before you: I come to assure you, that all the rumours you have heard respecting your wife's infidelity, are malicious falsehoods, and atrocious calumnies. Hasten, therefore, to make atonement for the indignity and barbarity with which you have treated her. Delay not a moment, in restoring that chaste and virtuous wife to your confidence, and to those rights, of which you have so unjustly dispossessed her

The merchant was amazed and confounded, at having suffered himself to become the dupe of an overweening credulity, and to have treated so unworthily, a woman of such superior virtue and sincerity, as to succeed by prayers and supplications, in raising the dead. Ashamed of having suspected and abandoned so chaste a spouse, on such frivolous grounds, and willing to make the most ample atonement for his treatment to her, he hastens to the burying ground, where he found his disconsolate wife, and embracing her with the most affectionate fondness, lavishing a thousand caresses and endearments, asked pardon for the unmerited severity with which he had treated her, and brought her back to his own house.

Thus the parrot fortunately succeeded in his solicitations, and happily accomplished the object of his mission.

How joyful must be the meeting of lovers, after a separation! How delightful the pleasures of a reconciliation!

When the Parrot had concluded the relation of this story to *Khojesta*, he added, my dear and charming mistress, since you are so desperately in love, and ardently languish to meet your lover, yield to your inclinations, and enjoy with him the most exquisite pleasures of sense. Should the secret ever be divulged, and your husband become acquainted with your intrigues, I will exert myself in your behalf, in imitation of the conduct of the parrot, towards the merchant's wife, in the story which I have just related to you; and although you may dispoil me of my plumage, and treat me with similar inhumanity, yet I will never cease to plead your cause, and endeavour to reinstate you in the affections of your husband.

"The time is now favourable, the moment is propitious; arise, go forth and meet your lover: do not disappoint his expectations, or omit to meet him according to your promise."

Khojestah, was about departing to visit her lover, who impatiently awaited her coming; when the dawn of day began to appear, and renewed the bustle and commotion of the city; which constrained her to remain at home, and suspend her assignation until the ensuing evening

The light of day is unfavourable to amorous interviews.

The parrot's address in prolonging his conversations and stories, in order to amuse his mistress until the break of day, inspired him with the hope of captivating her attention on the subsequent evenings. *Khojestah*, presenting herself before him every evening during the space of fifty-two days, in succession, for the purpose of soliciting his permission to visit her paramour, the parrot, who had exercised his invention during the day, in devising the most plausible expedients to prevent the assignation from taking place, captivated her attention by relating some entertaining story, which he prolonged, until day broke in upon them, and prevented her from departing unpobserved. The parrot, persevered in this stratagem towards the lady, during the space of fifty-two evenings, at the expiration of which time, *Maimon* returned home from his journey; when he related to him, what had occurred during his absence. Exasperated and indignant at the abandoned profligacy of his wife, he ordered her to be put to death, and rewarded his faithful Parrot, by admitting him to his friendship and confidence.

REFLECTIONS.

A dead woman is better than a woman without modesty.

A man ought not to grieve at the infidelity of his wife.

Why should a wise and prudent man regret the loss of a profligate abandoned wife?

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;
A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

THE FLEMISH SCHOOL.

LIFE OF ANTHONY VANDYKE.

ANTHONY VANDYKE, whose name, next to Rubens, stands the most distinguished of the Flemish School, was born at Antwerp on the 22d day of March, 1599. His father possessed some skill in painting on glass, and his mother excelled in embroidery. Those who consider genius and talent as a species of family inheritance and descendible like other property, from father to son, might be disposed to cite the example now afforded as a precedent in point. His father thought otherwise, and beholding a capacity for information, and a stretch of curiosity beyond his own ability to satisfy, placed his son under the care of Henry Van Balen, an artist who had received his instructions under the most admired masters. This artist was doomed to encounter the same difficulties that the parent did, and finally turned his pupil over to be disciplined and tutored by Rubens. As the wing of genius began to gather strength and the plumage to expand, Van Balen plainly foresaw that the future flight was to be beyond his sphere. He thought it far more generous and just, to avoid all interference and not to curb or restrain what required more enlargement, and was aware that he might do an injury, even by his best exertions where they were incapable of conferring solid benefits. Vandyke powerfully felt this disparity between the master and himself, and inwardly sighed for the patronage of Rubens. This admired artist gave the young pupil a cordial reception, and distinctly foresaw his future eminence. Considering the different character of the two, it may be fairly inferred that Rubens himself derived benefit from Vandyke. The mind of Rubens partook of all the kindling enthu-

siasm of his art—abounding with inexhaustible stores of poetic images, he poured them upon his canvass with the same prodigality that his fancy gave them birth. Vandyke, more cool, more dispassionate, was calmly attentive to those minuter beauties and defects, both of which his preceptor, in the hurry and rapidity of his movements overlooked. He saw and was capable of amending those incongruities which escaped the impatience of his master's hand. Rubens often gave him sketches of his own, which he filled up so faithfully that they were thought by able connoisseurs to have been the production of the same pencil. In proof of this, the following anecdote is related. Rubens, after the labours of the day were accomplished, was in the habit of walking out to enjoy the mildness and serenity of the evening air. During these hours, his scholars would sometimes obtain the key of his cabinet, examine his pieces, and make their comments and criticisms more unrestrained than they could do in his presence. As they were one day thus employed, Dienbeke, one of the pupils, fell by accident against the picture they were examining, and effaced the arm of a Magdalen, and the cheek and chin of a Madonna. Knowing the estimation in which their master held these pieces, consternation seized on every one; and an immediate consultation was held what measures should be taken to repair this unintentional damage. John Van Mark, one of the fraternity exclaimed, that no time was to be lost; that the most skilful among them must immediately undertake the reparation of the piece, and that Vandyke should have his suffrage, as the one by far the most capable. This was the general opinion, and Vandyke was the only one who hesitated on the subject. It was indeed a trying moment to the fortitude of the young painter: for unless the execution was not only exquisite, but in the style of the piece, it would be a clue to their detection; it would aggravate instead of mitigating the offence; and the whole responsibility would be transferred from Dienbeke to Vandyke. Encouraged however by the assurances of success, he undertook in the flutter of the moment to repair the damage. We presume that the reader, who must, if he has attended these sketches, have discovered the peculiar jealousy entertained by the masters towards their aspi-

ring pupils, feels a degree of sympathy for the fate of this ingenious artist, who volunteers his youthful services in so perilous an adventure. He will then not be displeased to learn that Rubens on visiting his Cabinet the next day with his students, declared to them with a smile of satisfaction, that the arm and face were amongst the happiest efforts of his pencil. This picture was no other than Rubens's famous descent from the cross, formerly preserved in the church of Antwerp, and now in the Museum of Paris.

After a proof so decisive, it is presumed unnecessary to record further instances of the improvement made by Vandyke, under the auspicious patronage of Rubens. By his advice he visited Rome to consult the works of the great masters, and to apply himself more immediately to the study of portraiture.

Envy always on the watch to discover mean motions in generous actions, thus interpreted this benevolent advice. Rubens having a rival in historic painting, recommended this journey to remove a person justly obnoxious from his presence. He remarked that Vandyke possessed more delicacy, taste, and judgment, than fancy, and from hence concluded that his peculiar character would shine to more advantage in taking living nature for a model, embellishing its defects, preserving and at the same time heightening its characteristic resemblances, and spreading over the whole an imaginary grace, than to endeavour to form the model in his own mind, and to endow it with all these qualities by the strength of his own unguided genius. This constitutes the distinction between historic and portrait painting. Rubens knew that the historic department of the art, where fancy was so essential, had been filled with high and illustrious characters with whom Vandyke could not without presumption, aspire to cope: whereas portraiture had been comparatively neglected; it was ground to a certain extent unoccupied; and for that reason as well as from the peculiar powers of Vandyke, was his surest passport to fortune and to fame. The event justified all this, and still this advice must be attributed to envy.

Vandyke, previous to his setting out upon his journey, presented his master with two paintings, one denominated an *Ecce Homo*, and the other our Saviour on the Mount of Olives; both

of which were highly admired by Rubens, placed in his best apartment, always spoken of in enthusiastic terms of approbation. In return Rubens presented Vandyke with the best horse in his stable.

Persuant to this benevolent advice, Vandyke departed for Italy; but in his journey at the village of Savelthem, near Brussels, his too susceptible heart was captivated by the charms of female beauty.

At the request of his mistress, he painted the piece of which an engraving is here annexed. The subject is taken from this historical fact.

St. Martin was the son of a military tribune, and by his father compelled to bear arms. Meeting, when he was only sixteen years of age, a beggar at the gates of Ameins, he divided his mantle with him, being incapable of bestowing any other charity. In a few days afterwards the saint was baptized. This painting represents the naked pauper in possession of one half of the mantle. Another mendicant is in the act of soliciting charity from the saint, adjoining whom an old man is stationed, who regards and applauds his beneficence. The picture is remarkable for the delicacy of its tints, and for the vivaciousness of its lights. The mantle of the saint is red—his horse white—the old man clothed in a green drapery is mounted on a brown steed. Between the two warriors the back of a third appears clothed in a violet habit. The armour of St Martin is thought to be too modern, and his horse to be possessed of all that heaviness of form that distinguishes the Flemish breed. The critics have gravely remarked that the horse on which St. Martin rides, appears to be of the Flemish breed. They might have extended their censures so as not only to include his horse but the saintly rider also; *for both were undoubtedly of the Flemish extraction.* Vandyke, at the request of his mistress, drew this picture of St. Martin, and to add to the value of the donation, drew the saint from his own likeness, and his horse from the model of the one he was presented by Rubens. This artifice has often been adopted by the painters of that age.

In the enervating lap of sensual indulgence, Vandyke continued to dally away his dreams of future glory: until he was



Van Dyck pinx.^t

Boyd sculp.^t

S. Martin dividing cloak with a beggar.

roused from his lethargy by the friendly admonitions of Rubens. Reluctantly he broke loose from these fascinations, and proceeded to Venice, where he consulted for the first time the works of Titian, and Paolo Veronese. From them he acquired an unusual delicacy of outline, and facility of manner. Having arrived at Genoa, he eminently distinguished himself in portraiture, and a general anxiety prevailed to preserve some token of his genius. He visited Rome and Sicily, and after his return to his native country, manifested how much he had improved in the exercise of his art, by his celebrated picture of St. Augustine.

Rubens, ever alive to the welfare of his pupil, conceived that nothing would so effectually fix his attachment to the pencil and restrain his criminal indulgence as matrimony, and offered him his own daughter in marriage. Vandyke nevertheless declined this proposal, and assigned as a reason, his intention of visiting Rome. He departed to the Hague, where he became so generally known, that he was employed to paint the prince and princess of Orange, their children, foreign ambassadors, opulent merchants, and most of the principal nobility.

England at that time stood high in the patronage it afforded to eminent artists. Vandyke was resolved to try his fortune in that country. He accordingly embarked, with a mind full of ardent hopes: but notwithstanding some of his most beautiful pictures were painted during this visit, the poor artist was miserably neglected. He seemed to have plunged from celebrity into obscurity. Few noticed and none admired the labour of his hands. At length dejected and mortified he returned to his native country.

Some of his portraits *painted abroad* having found their way into England, fell into the hands of the unfortunate Charles. They were immediately allowed to possess uncommon merit; he was warmly pressed to reside at the English court, and the sovereign himself joined in the solicitation. Vandyke was disgusted with his first visit, and at first stoutly refused to comply. He was at last prevailed upon to return and accompany sir Kenelm Digby to the English court. Charles gave him a most gracious reception, presented him with a gold chain, to which was suspended his own portrait set in diamonds, allowed him a

noble pension, and conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Suitable apartments were provided for him at Hampton court; and Vandyke repaid the royal bounty by enriching the country with some of his most admired productions.

We have here an example how necessary it often is for the most sterling genius to rely on something more than its own intrinsic strength to obtain celebrity. The pieces which the same pencil had before painted in this country, and were held in no estimation, suddenly burst from their obscurity and were regarded as prodigies of excellence. Every connoisseur and many who had no pretensions to that character, joined in their admiration of Vandyke. They extolled the unrivalled softness and delicacy of his style; and in whatever he did, that admiration which before was denied to his most meritorious pieces was now paid in advance. The tone was now given, for the monarch had admired, and kings and courtiers, the nobles and the ignobles, all joined in one indiscriminate peal of approbation. Beauties that were perfectly aliens from his pencil were eulogized, the exuberance of his fancy was applauded, and its delicacy and simplicity overlooked.

One critic gravely asserts that if he had possessed with all his other qualities a more vigorous fancy, he would have been a consummate painter of history. This is in other words to inform us that if he had been a historic painter, then he would undoubtedly have been a historic painter. The king often condescended to visit the artist while at labour, and was delighted no less with his conversation than with his workmanship. While he was taking the portrait of the duke of Norfolk, he complained to his patron of the low state of his finances. Well, sir Anthony, said his grace, do you know the want of five or six thousand guineas? Sir, replied the painter, an artist who keeps an open table for his friends, and an open purse for his mistresses, must always be distressed for money.

The following anecdote will show on what free and easy terms he could address his royal patrons. While he was taking the portrait of Henrietta the wife of Charles, whose hands were exquisitely beautiful, she observed that he paid uncommon attention to them while he neglected her face. Vandyke was singularly felicitous in painting the extremities, and it did so happen

that the queen had besides this but little beauty to boast. Vandyke was too courteous to state the real motive, and evaded the inquiry by this dexterous compliment: because madam (he replied) I expect from those beautiful hands a reward worthy of the august personage to whom they belong.

Charles was delighted with the artist, and it may easily be imagined that his subjects, although rebellious in other points, were perfectly loyal in their admiration of Vandyke. They were interested in believing, that the man who honoured them as well as their monarch, and delivered them both down to posterity, was the first painter of his age. In this point both the prince and his people happily agreed, and the high prices demanded by Vandyke was paid without grudging or reluctance. Exulting in his success, and with that improvidence that usually accompanies the exercise of great talents, he enlarged his expenses in proportion as his good fortune was enlarged. His table was covered with the costliest delicacies, and all his establishment was in the same character of princely magnificence. It was open to every visiter indiscriminately, and many, while they complimented the painter, and talked in the style of connoisseurs, were much more enamoured with his hospitality than with his pictures.

This style of living, expensive as it was, his pencil might have supported; but there was another extravagance still that it was found incompetent to answer. Unfortunately Vandyke, with many others, believed in alchymy. He built a superb laboratory, and the gold which he had acquired with so much labour and industry, evaporated in his crucible. In the pursuit of this phantom, he exhausted the hard earnings of his genius, until soured by disappointment and chagrin, he resorted to the bottle, and by his intemperance, was brought to the very verge of the grave.

His friend, the duke of Buckingham, seriously admonished him of the fatal consequences of indulging in such excesses. By his warm and affectionate remonstrances, Vandyke was induced, at last, to abandon his mistresses, and to adopt a more frugal style of living. He seemed one of those who could contend honourably with, and, finally, overcome adversity; but he was not

able to resist the fascinating smiles of prosperity. The past and the future were then absorbed in the present, and all his preparatory toil and anxiety were sacrificed at the shrine of a vanity alike puerile and criminal.

The deranged state of his finances, his recent alarming illness, seconded the remonstrances of friendship, and he deliberately resolved to change his luxurious habits of living. For this purpose, he espoused a lady by the name of Martha Ruven, a daughter of the earl of Gowran, of illustrious family, and of remarkable beauty. He was now linked to life by a more endearing connexion than he had ever been, and saw and lamented those hours he had devoted to criminal and to sensual pursuits. When he contrasted his former turbulent and destructive pleasures, with the sacred calm and cheerful quiet, that now pervaded his dwelling: when he witnessed, on his return from his labours, not the insidious, artful, and seductive smile of a mistress, but the mild and affectionate joy of an heart allied to his, he found, amidst all the favours of a court, how much of existence he had lost.

Every one now congratulated him on this favourable change, amongst which his beneficent sovereign participated the most. Exulting in his reformation, he journeyed to Antwerp with his wife, on a visit to his friends, and from thence proceeded to Paris. He received here the attentions and civilities from the principal nobility, and particularly from the cardinal de Richlieu. At this place, he offered himself as a candidate to paint the gallery of the Louvre; but his place was supplanted by Poussin, and after a journey of two months only, he returned to London.

Shortly after, he was blest with the birth of a daughter, but his joy, on this occasion, was of short duration. He was overcome by constitutional weakness, and the stamina of life was destroyed by the various remedies adopted for his recovery. The king, touched by his melancholy situation, offered a reward of three hundred guineas to his physician if he could preserve the life of Vandyke. He was unfortunately beyond the reach of medicine, and, in the year 1641, he expired, in the 42d year of his age. He was honourably interred in St. Paul's cathedral. A monument was erected to his memory, and the poet Cowley was

honoured by having an epitaph from his hand inscribed to the memory of the artist. This was destroyed in the dreadful conflagration of 1666. His widow was afterwards espoused by a gentleman of the name of sir Richard Price, of Cardiganshire, but died soon after her second marriage. Justina, the daughter of Vandyke, survived her mother, and was married to sir John Stepney, a gentleman of Wales.

Such are the outlines of the life of this eminent artist; and when we compare the solid permanency of his fame with his transitory existence; when we deduct from that little, the time he devoted to study, to preparation, and to criminal pursuit, we cannot hesitate to pronounce the genius extraordinary that could, in so short a space, and with such obstacles, accomplish so much. The style and character of his paintings have already been noticed. He was peculiarly distinguished in portraiture. Preserving truth and nature, he imparted to his forms, in addition to these, a fanciful dignity, elegance, and grace. Disdaining to consider himself bound merely to play the part of a copier, he raised this department in painting to its proper character, and showed that it was susceptible of embellishment. He gave unparalleled elegance to his heads, and displayed abundance of ease, propriety, and grace, in his attitudes. For this he was well qualified by nature. With less fire and impetuosity of genius than Rubens, he was chaste, and more critically just. His draperies were cast in a grand style, simple in their folds, and graceful in their disposition. Like a man conscious of the full extent of his powers, he never ventured on projects hastily conceived, trusting to the strength of his own genius to bear him triumphantly out. If he does not fill the mind with that astonishment that the bolder masters do, he never offends by his grossness, but always delights, fascinates, and charms. Delicacy and propriety were the two goddesses he worshipped. He painted with uncommon rapidity; seldom or never retouched his pieces; would begin a head in the morning, and in the afternoon finish the picture. In the latter part of his life his friends observed a falling off in his pieces. He was by them reminded of this defect, and he very frankly replied—I know there is a great difference in my paintings; formerly I laboured

for fame; I now labour for my kitchen. The most beautiful specimens of this artist now remain in England. At Blenheim there is a portrait of king Charles I. in armour, mounted on a dun horse; at Hampton Court the king is seen in full armour, and mounted on a white horse; his equerry holding his helmet. The countenance of that monarch had always a serious and pensive cast, which Vandyke has improved into an air of the most interesting melancholy. At Kensington is to be seen the portrait of his friend, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, and Lord Francis, his brother, which are truly admirable. The late duke of Orleans was in possession of a whole length portrait of Mary de Medici, which may vie almost with Rubens, in strength, and in colouring with Titian.

His historical pieces are not so numerous as his portraits, but they all betray that characteristic delicacy and chastened fire that distinguished him in the less splendid walks of portraiture.

[In our last number we inserted two sketches from the pencil of Rubens, but having since procured a third, from an original and very beautiful picture, by the same artist, we cheerfully add it to our collections. For permission to copy this piece, we are indebted to the politeness of the proprietor, Joseph Sansom, esq. a liberal patron of the fine arts, who has increased our obligations by the following explanatory remarks.]

THIS exquisite painting, is one of the few original pictures of the great Flemish masters, with which the revolutions of the age have unexpectedly enriched the incipient collections of America. It is one of those master pieces of Rubens which were selected for the graver of his eminent contemporary, Luke Vorsterman, and it would appear, from the dedication of his well known print of the subject, to have been painted for the private cabinet of the abbot of Dunes, at Bruges, about the year 1620; when the painter was in the meridian of life and vigour, having just completed his great historical work at the gallery of the Luxembourg.

Our blessed Saviour, according to the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, having alarmed the doctors of the law, as well by the parables which he uttered, as by the miracles which he had wrought, in the

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.



Engraved by J. P. Richards.

Drawn & Engraved by G. Murray.

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." [Math. XXII. 15-21.]

sight and hearing of the whole people of the Jews. "The Pharisees took counsel (in the impressive language of the evangelist) how they might entangle him in his talk. And they sent out unto him their disciples, with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man, for thou regardest not the persons of men. Tell us, therefore, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not? But Jesus perceived this wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he said unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They said unto him, Cæsar's. Then, saith he unto them, Render, therefore, unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God, the things that are God's."

According to the law of Moses tribute was due to God alone, whose sovereignty the Jews acknowledged by a tribute, or capitation, of half a shekel a head; which every Israelite was to pay yearly (Exodus xxx. 13.) *the rich were not to give more, and the poor were not to give less, for an offering unto the Lord.* If, therefore, Christ had enjoined the observance of the law, they would have denounced him to the Romans, to whom the Jews were then subject, as *forbidding them to give tribute to Cæsar*, and if he had commanded them to pay the tribute, then they would have accused him to the Jews, as *a breaker of the law.* But the prudent answer of our Lord, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," preserved him at once from both the horns of the dilemma, and sent away his enemies with shame and confusion.

The picture (on pannel) measures 19 inches by $24\frac{3}{4}$, and contains nine figures, of the proportion of about two feet, being seen only to the knees. That of the Saviour is marked for superiority, by being the only one which is displayed at full—no more than a gentle radiation, scarcely to be observed without particular notice, emanating from the head and face! With a look of mild reproof, he is in the act of returning to the Pharisees, with one hand, the piece of money which had been shown him, and pointing upwards, with the other, to the place where all tribute is due. Beyond him stands an aged disciple, who re-

gards the piece of money with a look of unsuspecting simplicity. Before them stand four Pharisees, and, behind these, three Herodians (the philosophic unbelievers of antiquity) one of whom looks askance, with affected inattention, while another listens, with earnest observance, to the convicting voice of *truth*; and the third looks on with unreserved amazement. The Pharisee who brought the piece of money, has just answered the preliminary question, "Whose is this image and superscription?" with an air of pretended candour, and indifference; a crafty Levite, upon his left, eagerly waits for the expected advantage; and a superannuated priest, on his right, hears, but does not understand, the confounding reply; confident that his wary coadjutors could put to silence the supposed impostor. The fourth Pharisee stands off, and gnashes his teeth, with unlooked for vexation, and disappointed malice.

The composition of the subject is close without crowding, an arrangement which binds the parts together, and gives occasion for those broad masses of light and shade, which, with the transparent colouring of this master, produce a magical delusion in the relief or depression of the figures, so that every one seems to occupy its proper plane, upon the floor of a vestibule of the temple, whose accordant shades unite the whole, and bring out the colours of the drapery with equal harmony and lustre.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

MEMOIR

ON THE RESEARCHES OF LORD ELGIN IN GREECE.

It will be seen that the following Memoir is the production of one disposed to view the voyage of lord Elgin into Greece, in its most favourable aspect. Of the character and deportment of that mission, we may perhaps take some future opportunity of expressing our opinions at large. In the mean time, we insert with pleasure, the detailed account of lord Elgin's proceedings, and the additions which he has made to our knowledge of that country.

"In the year 1799, when lord Elgin was appointed his majesty's ambassador extraordinary to the Ottoman Porte, he happened to be in habits of frequent intercourse with Mr. Harrison,

an architect of great eminence in the west of England, who had there given various very splendid proofs of his professional talents, especially in a public building of Grecian architecture at Chester. Mr. Harrison had besides studied many years, and to great purpose at Rome. Lord Elgin consulted him, therefore, on the benefits that might possibly be derived to the arts in this country, in case an opportunity could be found for studying minutely the architecture and sculpture of ancient Greece; and his opinion very decidedly was, that although we might possess exact measurements of the buildings at Athens, yet a young artist could never form to himself an adequate conception of their minute details, combinations, and general effects, without having before him some such sensible representation of them as might be conveyed by *casts*. This advice, which laid the ground work of lord Elgin's pursuits in Greece, led to the further consideration, that, since any knowledge which was possessed of these buildings had been obtained under the peculiar disadvantages which the prejudices and jealousies of the Turks had ever thrown in the way of such attempts, any favourable circumstances which lord Elgin's embassy might offer, should be improved fundamentally; and not only modellers, but architects and draftsmen might be employed, to rescue from oblivion, with the most accurate detail, whatever specimens of architecture and sculpture in Greece had still escaped the ravages of time, and the barbarism of conquerors.

"On this suggestion, lord Elgin proposed to his majesty's government, that they should send out English artists of known eminence, capable of collecting this information in the most perfect manner; but the prospect appeared of too doubtful an issue for ministers to engage in the expense attending it. Lord Elgin then endeavoured to engage some of these artists at his own charge; but the value of their time was far beyond his means. When, however, he reached Sicily, on the recommendation of Sir William Hamilton, he was so fortunate as to prevail on Don Tita Lusieri, one of the best general painters in Europe, of great knowledge in the arts, infinite taste, and most scrupulously exact in copying any subject he is to represent, to undertake the execution of this plan; and Mr. Hamilton, who

was then accompanying lord Elgin to Constantinople, immediately went with Mr. Lusieri to Rome; where, in consequence of the late revolutions in Italy, they were enabled to engage two of the most eminent *fôrmatori* to make the *madreformi* for the casts: Signior Balestra, the first architect there, along with Ittar, a young man of great talent, to undertake the architectural part of the plan; and one Theodore, a Calmouk; who had distinguished himself during several years at Rome, in the capacity of figure painter.

"After much difficulty lord Elgin obtained permission from the Turkish government to establish these six artists at Athens; where they prosecuted the business of their several departments during three years, acting on one general system, with the advantage of mutual control, and under the general superintendence of M. Lusieri. They at length completed lord Elgin's plan in all its parts.

"Accordingly every monument, of which there are any remains in Athens, has been thus most carefully and minutely measured; and, from the rough draughts of the architects (all of which are preserved) finished drawings have been made of the plans, elevations, and details of the most remarkable objects; in which the Calmouk has restored and inserted all the sculpture, with exquisite taste and ability. He has besides drawn with astonishing accuracy, all the *bas-reliefs* on the several temples, in the precise state of decay and mutilation in which they at present exist.

"Most of the *bas-reliefs*, and nearly all the characteristic features of architecture, in the various monuments at Athens, have been moulded, and the moulds of them have been brought to London.

"Besides the architecture and sculpture at Athens, all remains of them which could be traced through several other parts of Greece, have been measured and delineated, with the most scrupulous exactness, by the second architect, Ittar.

"And picturesque views of Athens, of Constantinople, of various parts of Greece, and of the islands of the Archipelago, have been executed by Don Tita Lusieri.

“In the prosecution of this undertaking, the artists had the mortification of witnessing the very wilful devastation, to which all the sculpture, and even the architecture, were daily exposed on the part of the Turks and travellers. The Ionic Temple, on the Ilyssus, which, in Stuart’s time (about the year 1759) was in tolerable preservation, had so completely disappeared, that its foundation can no longer be ascertained. Another temple, near Olympia, had shared a similar fate, within the recollection of man. The Temple of Minerva had been converted into a powder magazine, and been completely destroyed, from a shell falling upon it, during the bombardment of Athens by the Venetians, towards the end of the seventeenth century; and even this accident had not deterred the Turks from applying the beautiful Temple of Neptune and Erectheus to the same use, whereby it is constantly exposed to a similar fate. Many of the statues on the *posticum* of the Temple of Minerva (Parthenon) which had been thrown down by the explosion, had been absolutely pounded for mortar, because they furnished the whitest marble within reach; and the parts of the modern fortification, and the miserable houses where this mortar was so applied, were discovered. Besides, it is well known that the Turks will frequently climb up the ruined walls, and amuse themselves in defacing any sculpture they can reach; or in breaking columns, statues, or other remains of antiquity, in the fond expectation of finding within them some hidden treasures.

“Under these circumstances, lord Elgin felt himself impelled, by a stronger motive than personal gratification, to endeavour to preserve any specimens of sculpture he could, without injury, rescue from such impending ruin. He had, besides, another inducement, and an example before him, in the conduct of the last French embassy sent to Turkey before the revolution. French artists did then remove several of the sculptured ornaments from several edifices in the Acropolis, and particularly from the Parthenon. In lowering one of the metopes, the tackle failed, and it was dashed to pieces; but other objects from the same temple were conveyed to France, where they are held in the very highest estimation, and some of them occupy con-

spicuous places in the gallery of the Louvre. And the same agents were remaining at Athens during lord Elgin's embassy, waiting only the return of French influence at the Porte to renew their operations. Actuated by these inducements, lord Elgin made use of all his means, and ultimately with such success, that he has brought to England, from the ruined temples at Athens, from the modern walls and fortifications, in which many fragments had been used as so many blocks of stone, and from excavations made on purpose, a greater quantity of original Athenian sculpture, in statutes, alti and bassi relievi, capitals, cornices, frizes, and columns, than exists in any other part of Europe.

"Lord Elgin is in possession of several of the original metopes from the temple of Minerva. These represent the battles between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the nuptials of Pirithous. Each metope contains two figures, grouped in various attitudes; sometimes the Lapithæ victorious, sometimes the Centaurs. The figure of one of the Lapithæ, who is lying dead and trampled on by a Centaur, is one of the finest productions of the art; as well as the group adjoining to it, of Hippodamia, the bride, carried off by the Centaur Eurytion; the furious style of whose galloping in order to secure his prize, and his shrinking from the spear that has been hurled after him, are expressed with prodigious animation. They are all in such high relief, as to seem groups of statues; and they are in general finished with as much attention behind as before. They were originally continued round the entablature of the Parthenon, and formed ninety-two groups. The zeal of the early Christians, the barbarism of the Turks, and the explosions which took place when the temple was used as a gun-powder magazine, have demolished a very large portion of them: so that, with the exception of those preserved by lord Elgin, it is in general difficult to trace even the outline of the original subject.

"The frize, which was carried along the top of the walls of the cell, offered a continuation of sculptures in low relief, and of the most interesting kind. This frize, being unbroken by triglyphs, had presented much more unity of subject than the detached and insulated groups on the metopes of the peristyle. It represented the whole of the solemn procession to the tem-

ple of Minerva, during the Panathenaic festival: many of the figures are on horseback; others are about to mount: some are in chariots; others on foot: oxen, and other victims are leading to sacrifice: the nymphs called Canephoræ, Skiophoræ, &c. are carrying the sacred offerings in baskets and vases; priests, magistrates, warriors, &c. &c., forming altogether a series of most interesting figures, in great variety of costume, armour, and attitude. Some antiquaries, who have examined this frieze with minute attention, seem to think it contained portraits of many of the leading characters at Athens, during the Peloponnesian war, particularly of Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Alcibiades, &c. The whole frieze, which originally was six hundred feet in length, is, like the temple itself, of pentelic marble, from the quarries in the neighbourhood of Athens.

“The tympanum over each of the porticoes of the Parthenon, was adorned with statues. That over the grand entrance of the temple from the west, contained the mythological history of Minerva's birth from the brain of Jove. In the centre of the group was seated Jupiter, in all the majesty of the sovereign of the gods. On his left, were the principal divinities of Olympus; among whom Vulcan came prominently forward, with the axe in his hand which had cleft a passage for the goddess. On the right was Victory, in loose floating robes, holding the horses of the chariot which introduced the new divinity to Olympus. One of the bombs fired by Morosini, the Venetian, from the opposite hill of the Museum, injured many of the figures in this tympanum; and the attempt of general Kœnigsmark, in 1687, to take down the figure of Minerva, ruined the whole. By purchasing the house of one of the Turkish janizaries, built immediately under and against the columns of the portico, and by demolishing it in order to excavate, lord Elgin has had the satisfaction of recovering the greatest part of the statue of Victory, in a drapery which discovers the fine form of the figure, with exquisite delicacy and taste. Lord Elgin also found there the torsi of Jupiter and Vulcan, the breast of the Minerva, together with other fragments.

“On the opposite tympanum had been represented the contest between Minerva and Neptune for the honour of giving a

name to the city. One or two of the figures remained upon this tympanum, and others were on the top of the wall, thrown back by the explosion which destroyed the temple; but the far greater part had fallen: and a house being built immediately below the space they had occupied, lord Elgin, encouraged by the success of his former excavations, obtained leave, after much difficulty, to pull down this house also, and continue his researches. But no fragments were here discovered; and the Turk, who had been induced, though most reluctantly, to give up his house to be demolished, then exultingly pointed out the places in the modern fortification, and in his own buildings, where the cement employed had been formed from the very statues which lord Elgin had been in hopes of finding. And it was afterwards ascertained, on incontrovertible evidence, that these statues had been reduced to powder, and so used. Then, and then only, did lord Elgin employ means to rescue what still remained from a similar fate. Among these objects is a horse's head, which far surpasses any thing of the kind, both in the truth and spirit of the execution. The nostrils are distended, the ears erect; the veins swollen, one might almost say throbbing: his mouth is open, and he seems to neigh with the conscious pride of belonging to the ruler of the waves. Besides this inimitable head, lord Elgin has procured, from the same pediment, two colossal groups, each consisting of two female figures. They are formed of single massive blocks of Pentelic marble: their attitudes are most graceful, and the lightness and elegance of the drapery exquisite. From the same pediment has also been procured a male statue in a reclining posture, supposed to represent Neptune. And, above all, the figure denominated the Theseus, which is universally admitted to be superior to any piece of statuary ever brought to England. Each of these statues is worked with such care, and the finishing even carried so far, that every part, and the very plinth itself in which they rest, are equally polished on every side.

“From the Opisthodomos of the Parthenon, lord Elgin also procured some valuable inscriptions, written in the manner called Kionedon or Columnar, next in antiquity to the Buostrophedon. The greatest care is taken to preserve an equal number

of letters in each line; even monosyllables are separated occasionally into two parts, if the line has had its complement, and the next line then begins with the end of the broken word. The letters range perpendicularly, as well as horizontally, so as to render it almost impossible to make any interpolation or erasure of the original text. The subjects of these monuments are public decrees of the people; accounts of the riches contained in the treasury, and delivered by the administrators to their successors in office; enumerations of the statues; the silver, gold, and precious stones, deposited in the temples; estimates for the public works, &c.

“The Parthenon itself, independently of its decorative sculpture, is so chaste and perfect a model of Doric architecture, that lord Elgin conceived it to be of the highest importance to the arts, to secure original specimens of each member of that edifice. These consist of a capital; assizes of the columns themselves, to show the exact form of the curve used in channelling; a triglyph, and motules from the cornice, and even some of the marble tiles with which the ambulatory was roofed: so that, not only the sculptor may be gratified by studying every specimen of his art, from the colossal statue to the basso-relievo, executed in the golden age of Pericles, by Phidias himself, or under his immediate direction; but the practical architect may examine into every detail of the building, even to the mode of uniting the tambours of the columns, without the aid of mortar, so as to give to the shafts the appearance of single blocks.

“Equal attention has been paid to the Temple of Theseus; but as the walls, and columns, and sculpture of this monument, are in their original position, no part of the sculpture has been displaced, nor the minutest fragment of any kind separated from the building. The metopes in mezzo-relievo, containing a mixture of the labours of Hercules and Theseus, have been modelled and drawn, as well as the frize representing the battle between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, some incidents of the battle of Marathon, and some mythological subjects. The temple itself is very inferior in size and decorative sculpture to the Parthenon; having been built by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, before Pericles had given to his countrymen a taste for such magnifi-

cence and expense, as he displayed on the edifices of the Acropolis.

“The original approach to the Acropolis, from the plain of Athens, was by a long flight of steps, commencing near the foot of the Areopagus, and terminating at the Propylæa. The Propylæa was a hexastyle colonnade, with two wings, and surmounted by a pediment. Whether the metopes and tympanum were adorned with sculpture, cannot now be ascertained; as the pediment and entablature have been destroyed, and the intercolumniations built up with rubbish, in order to raise a battery of cannon on the top. Although the plan of this edifice contains some deviations from the pure taste that reigns in the other structures of the Acropolis, yet each member is so perfect in the details of its execution, that lord Elgin was at great pains to obtain a Doric and an Ionic capital from its ruins. On the right hand of the Propylæa, was a temple dedicated to Victory without wings; an epithet to which many explanations have been given. This temple was built from the sale of the spoils won in the glorious struggles for freedom at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. On its frieze were sculptured many incidents of these memorable battles; in a style that has been thought by no means inferior to the metopes of the Parthenon. The only fragments of it that had escaped the ravages of barbarians, were built into the wall of a gun-powder magazine near it, and the finest block was inserted upside downwards. It required the whole of lord Elgin’s influence at the Porte, very great sacrifices, and much perseverance, to remove them; but he at length succeeded. They represent the Athenians in close combat with the Persians, and the sculptor has marked the different dresses and armour of the various forces serving under the great king. The long garments and zones of the Persians, had induced former travellers, from the hasty and imperfect view they had of them, to suppose the subject was the battle between Theseus and the Amazons, who invaded Attica, under the command of Antiope; but the Persian tiaras, and the Phrygian bonnets, and many other particulars, prove them to be mistaken. The spirit with which the groups of combatants are portrayed, is wonderful;—one remarks, in particular, the contest of four warriors to rescue the dead body of one of their comrades,

which is expressed with uncommon animation. These bas-reliefs, and some of the most valuable sculpture, especially the representation of a marriage, taken from the parapet of the modern fortification, were embarked in the *Mentor*, a vessel belonging to lord Elgin, which was unfortunately wrecked off the island of Cerigo: but Mr. Hamilton, who was at the time on board, and most providently saved, immediately directed his whole energies to discover some means of rescuing so valuable a cargo; and, in the course of several months directed to that endeavour, he succeeded in procuring some very expert divers from the islands of Syme and Calymno, near Rhodes; who were able, with immense labour and perseverance, to extricate a few of the cases from the hold of the ship, while she lay in twelve fathoms water. It was impossible to recover the remainder, before the storms of two winters had effectually destroyed the timbers of the vessel.

(To be Continued.)

THEY write from Rome that the statue of Love, by the sculptor Villa Reale, the most distinguished pupil of the celebrated Canova, has been purchased at a great price by an amateur. This statue, which is five feet in height, is one of the finest productions of the art. Among its other beauties, the artists praise most highly the purity of design, the grace of contours and those traits of physiognomy which, in all the works of Canova, seem to give life and animation to marble.

At a late sitting of the Medical Society at Copenhagen, Professor Bang, read a very singular memoir on "The circum-spection of physicians, in conversation."

A new abridgment of the history of Florence, from the time of the republic, to that of Leopold, is announced for publication at Florence.

TRANSLATION of a note, in the hand writing of Petrarch, in the margin of a manuscript of Virgil, belonging to him, and at present deposited in the library of St Ambrose, at Milan.

Laura, whom her virtues have rendered celebrated, and who has been the subject of my verse during several years, first

offered herself to my view, on the 6th of April 1327, in the Church of St. Clair at Avignon. In the same church on the same day, at the same hour in 1348, this light was extinguished; this sun left the world where it shone so brilliantly. I was then at Verona, and I forget my misfortune; it was only on the 19th of the same month, that I received a letter from my friend Louis, giving me this fatal intelligence. The very day of her death, that body so beautiful, so pure, was deposited after vespers in the church of the Cordeliers. I do not doubt that her soul, to express myself like Seneca, has returned to that heaven from which it descended.

In order not to suffer recollections attached to that of so melancholy a loss to escape, I have written these details in a book which I read incessantly, so that I have prepared for myself a pleasure mingled with pain. This loss, always present to my remembrance, will teach me that nothing here below can render me happy, and that it is time for me to renounce the world, since the dearest tie which attached me to it, is broken. I hope, with the aid of heaven, that this renunciation will not be difficult. My mind, in turning towards the past, will see that the cares with which it has been occupied were vain, that the hopes with which it had been nourished were treacherous, that the plans which it had conceived, have been abortive, and ended only in misfortune.

(Signed)

PETRARCH.

—
Works in the press, or recently published in England.

Some account of a journey into Albania, Roumelia, and other provinces of Turkey, during the years 1809, and 1810, by J. C. Hobhouse.

An eminent member of the church of England is engaged on a work on the characters of Caiaphas and Barnabas, exculpating the Jews from the charge of having crucified our Saviour, and proving the same to have been wholly and solely the act of the Roman government.

During the last summer, the poet Campbell has delivered in London, a public course of lectures on poetry.

The border antiquities of England and Scotland delineated in 4 volumes, quarto.

Portraits of ladies, the most distinguished for beauty and rank, at the British court, in thirty engravings, folio.

Memoirs of Joan of Arc, called the Maid of Orleans by G. Ann Graves.

Memoirs of the late Rev. G. Whitfield, A. M. by the Rev. J. Gillie.

Biographical Memoirs of Adam Smith, L. L. D. of William Robertson, D. D. and of Thomas Reid, D. D. read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, now collected into one volume, with some additional notes, by Dugald Stewart, Esq. F. R. S.

SINGULAR WILL.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

Among the various subjects which have occupied the Poetical department of your Miscellany, I do not recollect to have ever seen a last will and testament. I therefore send the following which I have met with in my law studies. The testator died in England in the year 1735, and his will passed a very large estate. These are truly "golden verses," and contain so much of the *useful*, that Horace himself would have acknowledged their value.

TYRO.

The fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclin'd,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother;
Because I foresaw
That my breth'ren-in-law,
If I did not take care
Would come in for their share,

Which I no wise intended
 Till their manners are mended;
 And of that God knows there's no sign,
 I do therefore enjoin,
 And do strictly command,
 Of which witness my hand,
 That nought I have got
 Be brought into hotch-pot:
 But I give and devise,
 As much as in me lies,
 To the Son of my Mother,
 My own dear brother,
 To have and to hold
 All my silver and gold,
 As the affectionate pledges
 Of his brother John Hedges.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

The mistakes of the learned or those which the learned have occasioned would furnish a curious collection. To the number we might add the following.

When Danté published his *Inferno*, such was the credulity of his age and country, that the account which he gives of his descent into the infernal regions passed for some time as an incontestible fact.

The publication of More's *Utopia* gave rise to a curious error. In this political romance he speaks of a perfect republic, which he imagines to exist in a newly discovered island of America. As this age (says Granger) who relates the circumstance in his voyage through Egypt, was that of the great maritime discoveries, the learned Budæus and several others took literally this account of Morus and proposed to send missionaries to convert these wise heretics.

A French physician D'Aquin in a memoir on the preparation of Jesuits' bark takes the word *Mantissa* (the title of the appendix of Johnson's history of plants) for the name of an author, who he adds is so little known that he has discovered nothing more than his name.

The famous lines of Virgil beginning with *excudent alii &c.* prove, according to Lord Bolingbroke, that Virgil assigns a great superiority to the Romans over the Greeks, in point of historians, in other words that he preferred Livy and Tacitus to the Greek historians. Yet Virgil died before Livy had published his history, or Tacitus was born.

Romberg, a German monk, who compiled an ecclesiastical history, makes Guarini a sacred writer, owing to the title of his pastoral *Il pastor fido* (the faithful shepherd) which he supposed alluded to some devout and faithful pastor of the Church.

Pope, in a note on the subject of the tale entitled *Measure for Measure*, informs us that the subject of it was drawn from the novels of Cinthio, Dec. 8. Nov. 5. that is *decade 8th novel 5th*. Warburton in his edition of Shakspeare writes these abbreviations in full *December 8th. November 5.*

A French writer translates Cibber's Comedy of *Love's Last Shift*, *la derniere chemise de l'amour*.

Another calls Congreve's Mourning Bride *l'Epouse du matin*, the bride of a morning.

While Dr. Johnson was composing his Dictionary he put an advertisement in the papers requesting information as to the word *Curmudgeon*, and being satisfied by some anonymous writer inserted the following account of the word;

Curmudgeon, a bad manner of pronouncing *cœur mechant*; Unknown correspondent. Ash copies this definition thus: *Curmudgeon*, from the French *cœur* unknown and *mechant* correspondent.

Boileau, in his epistle on the passage of the Rhine, speaks of the fortress of Tolus, which said fortification was neither more nor less than the toll-huys, or toll house, to receive the ferriage money.

The learned Richard Simon mistakes Suria and Tritila, two officers of the Gothic army, for two German ladies. Of the same kind is an error of the German translator of Bayle's dictionary, who makes Justus Lipsius, a learned writer of Leipsic (*der gerechte Leipziger*.)

We shall conclude by a singular error of Thomas Warton. In an old romance describing a duel between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin there is the following line:

A Faucon brode in hand he bare, &c.

This he explains by making Saladin enter the lists with a falcon in his hand as a mark of contempt for his adversary. This conjecture is supported by a long commentary, in which all the old chronicles and paintings and tapestries of feudal times are laid under contribution to prove that this bird was an essential part of the equipage of ancient knights. All this erudition unhappily vanishes before the arguments of Mr. Ritson who proves that this *faucon* was no bird, but a good stout weapon then in use, and called by the French *fauchon* or *faulchion* which truly seems to be a much fitter companion for a warrior in battle fray than any bird he could have selected.

VARIETY.

A gentleman in the pit of the Opera, happened to be seated behind a man, whose long hair and noisy behaviour incommoded him very much. He begged several times that he would not make so much noise, but finding all his efforts ineffectual, took him by the hair, which happened to be a wig, and threw it into the middle of the pit. The fellow turned instantly round

and said with a threatening air, "Six months ago you would not have done a thing like that. "And why not," said the gentleman, "Because sir" replied the bully, "I did not wear a wig then."

A shrewish wife pressing her husband to partake of some mock turtle soup, he peevishly replied: "No, my dear, I thank you; I have had a surfeit of *mock turtle* since I *married*."

In a party a few evenings since, it was asked, "why is a *woman* unlike a *looking glass*?" it was answered, "Because the first *speaks* without *reflecting*, and the second *reflects* without *speaking*."

The facetious Ned Ward tells us of a law suit founded on two words, *this* and *that*, so ill written, that one could not be distinguished from the other; the suit lasted so long that time completely obliterated both, so that in the end it was neither *this* nor *that*.

A butcher's boy, carrying his tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her wig. "The deuce take the tray," cried the lady in a passion. "Madam," said the lad gravely, "the *deuce* cannot take the *tray*."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO JUVENILE AUTHORS.

An author young, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him dread
Each *pop-gun*, level'd at his head.
The lead, yon critic's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries Lord have mercy on my soul.
Concluding that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot;

But when, with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one creature dropping:
 That missing fire, or missing aim,
 His life is safe, I mean his fame:
 The danger past, takes heart of grace,
 And looks a critic in the face.

ON MEETING AN AUTHOR AFTER THE SECOND REPRESENTATION
 OF HIS TRAGEDY.

Mon cher, as-tu revu mon drame?
 Oui, mon ami—Qu'en penses-tu?
 J'ai pleuré tout comme une femme,
 Vraiment tu pleurais?—Mon écu.

The following satire is attributed to Martin Luther, and is at least in the true spirit of that reformer as well as of the times.

Great employment and dignities are obtained first by the *nominative*, that is by a great name, second by the *genitive*, by the memory of parents, third by the *dative*, by giving seasonably—fourth, by the *accusative*, by accusing and calumniating our rivals, fifth, by the *ablative*, by taking from others what we wish for ourselves.—How few are procured by the *vocative*, that is by a true and honourable vocation.

“ Know thyself,” is a precept of no less importance to a nation than to individuals. The following part of our national character is drawn by a hand at once so able and so impartial, that it merits the highest attention. When our faults are known and acknowledged, there is some hope of amendment.

General Washington, in a private letter, written in the year 1780 observes, “ The satisfaction I have in any successes that attend us even in the alleviation of misfortunes, is always alloyed by the fear that it will lull us into security. *Supineness and a disposition to flatter ourselves seem to make parts of our national character.* When we receive a check, and are not quite undone, we are apt to fancy we have gained a victory; and when we do gain any little advantage, we imagine it decisive, and expect the war immediately to end. The history of the war is a

history of false hopes and temporary expedients."—4 vol. *Marshall's Life*, p. 272.

The marquis de Chastellux relates the following story, which he says was told to him by Mr. Samuel Adams of Massachusetts. Two young soldiers had deserted from the army, and returned to their father's house. Their father incensed at this action, loaded them with irons, and conducted them himself to their general, lord Sterling. He did what every other officer would have done in his place, he pardoned them. The father as patriotic, but less austere than a Roman, was happy to preserve his children, nevertheless, he seemed astonished, and approaching the general, "my lord," says he, with tears in his eyes, "*It is more than I hoped for.*"

It is no wonder, says Hume, that faction is so productive of vices of all kinds; for besides that it inflames all the passions, it tends much to remove those great restraints, honour and shame. When men find that no iniquity can lose them the applause of their own party, and no innocence secure them against the calumnies of the opposite.

Under the title of "The Fallacy of the Senses," Dr Reid observes of the Art of Gastriloquist, that it is only such an imperfect imitation as may deceive those who are inattentive or under a panic. I have never heard, says he, of any exhibition of this kind; and therefore am apt to think that it is too coarse an imitation to bear exhibition even to the vulgar. But Dr. Reid is greatly mistaken. In the Encyclopedia title "Ventriloquism," an attempt is made to account for the exercise of this power, and several instances are mentioned of persons possessed of it, particularly of a ventriloquist who exhibited his powers in Scotland at the time when this article in the Encyclopedia was written. This person was in Philadelphia several years ago, and his performances were very generally attended. The account given of him is just. He was very illiterate, though he appeared to be shrewd. He said that his ventriloquism was a natural power

which he discovered in himself when a child, that the exercise of it was greatly impaired and sometimes prevented by a cold or by the use of spirituous liquors.

EPITAPH ON A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND.

Ci-git ma femme; ah! qu' elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien.

The following epitaph upon an *upright* worthy man, is actually inscribed upon his tomb in Jersey.

Under this stone, lies Stephen Auricula,
Who served God, perpendicular.

SELECTED POETRY.

STANZAS.

By Lord Byron, from his late volume of poems.

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I love and long must love
Like common earth can rot;

To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis nothing that I lov'd so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who did'st not change through all the past,
And can'st not alter now.
The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine.
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away:
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey,
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hast past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd not decay'd;

As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed,
To gaze—how fondly on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

—
To *****.

BY THE SAME.

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he lov'd thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break,
But when th' unconscious infant smil'd,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see;

But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away.

While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay.

My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet met with no confusion there:
One only feeling couldst thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come Inspiration! from thy hermit seat;
By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

THOMSON.

DEAR SIR,

Perhaps in the elegant and finished Cato, there are not to be found any more beautiful lines than the following, of which I now send you a Latin translation.

SCENE—LUCIUS AND JUBA.

Lucius—"Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Juba! I have seen the godlike Cato,

Some power invisible, supports his soul,
 And bears it up in all its wonted greatness,
 A kind refreshing sleep, is fall'n upon him.
 I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost,
 In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
 He smil'd, and cry'd, Cæsar thou can'st not hurt me."

Lucius—

Membra divinus Cato,
 Leni sopore laxat. Ipse alto toro,
 Vidi jacentem, proh virum qualem, Juba!
 Diis vix minorem. Pristiæ innexum suæ,
 Vigore mentis tela Fortunæ supra,
 Aliquis potenti sublevat manu Deus.
 Toro supinum blanda dum mulcet quies,
 Tranquillus animo varia quæ finxit sopor
 Simulachra rerum deviam mentem abstrahunt,
 Placidisque ludunt somniis. Tacito pede
 Proprius ut accessi, ore subridens levi,
 Voce inquiebat; jam mihi Cæsar nequis
 Nocere: tutus arma tua temnit Cato.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO ELIZA.

On hearing that she often indulged herself in weeping.

O WEEP not thus! thine azure eyes,
 Were form'd for nobler ends than crying;
 O check those unavailing sighs!
 Why shouldst thou waste thy time in sighing?

O weep not thus! those storms of wo,
 Will blight the roses on thy face:
 Whilst Care, to beauty still a foe,
 Shall plant his lilies in their place.

O weep not thus! thy youthful cheek,
 Full soon, alas! shall time impair:
 He, with unsparing hand, will seek,
 To trace unwelcome furrows there.

O keep thy tears! they'll precious be,
 To gem affection's hallow'd shine;
 Then shall the eye that dotes on thee,
 Mingle its holy drops with thine.

G.

 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MISS M.

Do you ask, dear Miss M. why in peace I remain,
 While my country's broad banner is rear'd?
 While her sons seize the falchion and crowd to the plain,
 Where soon shall Columbia's bold thunder be heard?
 Ah! with joy would I fly to proud victory's field,
 But *freemen* alone may enrol in her train,
 And I am a slave, forc'd by Cupid to yield,
 Long since, lovely girl, to your chain!

J. H.

 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO DOCTOR JOHN C. WARREN OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

—————"known
 Less by his father's glories than his own.

WARREN—thy name to every patriot dear,
 Seems an immortal charm to Genius given;
 In the bold annals of an empire famed,
 In the firm records of her wisdom prized,
 A star whose path is glory—while on thee
 The rays descend reflected, and reflecting.
 For thou hast Nature's wealth, treasures of mind,
 Gifted by every high, and graced endowment,
 Which culturing care, and letter'd lore bestow,
 Even mid thy bloom of years, fruits ripe as autumn's
 And, as the youthful summer's early ray,
 Bounteous and brilliant, are thine, in morn

Matured, as in the full meridian hour
Of manhood's rich and proud pre-eminence.

Envi'd, admir'd, approved, but most beloved,
Since all the sacred charities that bless,
With every finer elegance that lives
In look, or form, or accent, are thy own.

Behold the rescued victim of disease—
He whom thy steadfast eye, and powerful hand,
Pitying, have pain'd, and saved through many a suffering,
He—mid the moan of anguish, murmurs blessings,
While she, of mental malady the prey,
She whose hurt brain, and ever-quivering nerve,
Invite *the great destroyer*, she has hail'd,
Thēe—gentlest of the gentle—not more prized
For science, than for virtues heaven-awarded.

Go on, and in the path where peril dwells,
Meet happiness—that path, by genius trod,
Is strew'd with honours—thy true inheritance,
But most enlarged by thee—graceful and graced,—
IN ALL THE HIGH NOBILITY OF NATURE.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Verses commemorative of Mr. John O'Lynch, late of Richmond, Virginia, who died and was buried at York Town, in that state, in August last.

WRAPP'D in the bosom of yon verdant steep,
Where Freedom fought and triumph'd o'er her foes;
Where war's sad victims undistinguish'd sleep,
The dear remains of *Daphnis* too repose.

And there, while martial souls that watch the brave,
Each hero's tomb with pride and pity view,
Susceptive spirits, o'er *his* grassy grave,
Shall drop the meed to fallen genius due.

Yes, there soft nymphs and sympathetic swains,
 Forsaking pleasure's ring, around his urn,
 With sighs responsive to their kindred pains,
The rose of mirth, untimely pluck'd, shall mourn.

More plaintive too, shall sound the Naiad's shell,
 While there she rides the wave that laves the shore;
 Since *he*, who fancy's offspring lov'd so well,
 Insensate is, and ah! can love no more.

October 1, 1812.

AMICUS.

—
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have copied from the Greek Anthology, published at Edinburgh, the following poem, which is at your service if you think proper to insert it in your useful publication. yours, J. S.

ON THE EXPULSION OF THE SONS OF PISISTRATUS, AND THE
 CONSEQUENT ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ATHENIAN REPUBLIC.

In myrtle, my sword will I wreath,
 Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
 Who devoted the tyrant to death,
 And to Athens, equality gave.

Lov'd Harmodius, thou never shalt die,
 The poets exultingly tell,
 That theirs is the fullness of joy;
 Where Achilles and Diomed fell.

At the altar the tyrant they seized,
 While Minerva he vainly implored;
 And the goddess of wisdom was pleas'd,
 With the victim of Liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,
 Among men as your glory shall be;
 Ye doom'd the usurper to die,
 And bade our dear country be free.

MORTUARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*"Cui Pudor et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullam invenient parem?"*

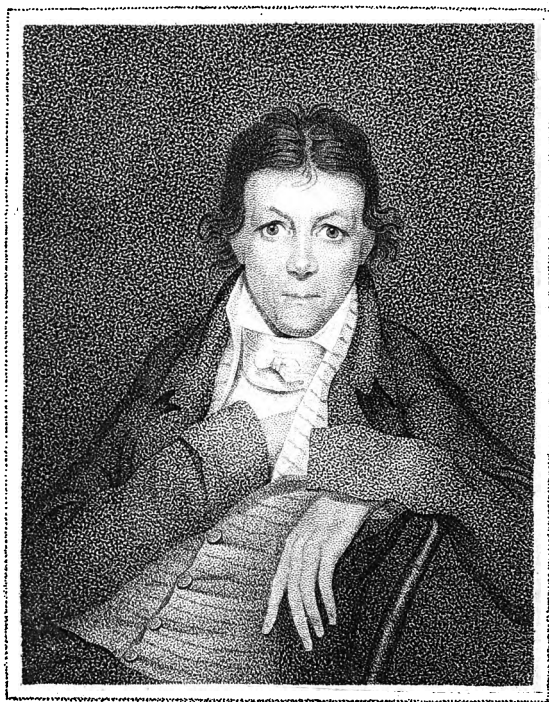
*"Lacrymas at fundere inanes quid juvat?
Heu Lacrymis nil Fata moventur acerba."*

AMICUS.

"Departed this life on Saturday morning the 5th Sept. last, after a long and painful indisposition, Mrs. Lucy Thom, consort of John Thom, esq. Culpeper, and only daughter of the late Doctor Lewis, of that county.—Mrs. T. possessed in an eminent degree all the amiabilities of her sex; she was an affectionate wife, a dutiful daughter, a tender mother, and an indulgent mistress. Her heart was cast in "Nature's softest mould," and her "hand was open as day to melting Charity." Among the circle of her relatives and friends, her loss will long be lamented; to the former she was peculiarly dear by reason of her warm and ardent affection; to the latter for her affability and amenity of manners. It is, however, a consolatory thought to an aged and affectionate mother and a doating husband, that from her pious and exemplary life, we cannot but indulge the fond hope, that she has been snatched from a world of sin and sorrow to those bright mansions of everlasting beatitude, "where seraphs forever gather immortality at God's right hand." Then, ye surviving friends, weep not her loss, but bow with submission to the will of Him who, from seeming evil, knows to bring forth good; and from whose eternal and unalterable fiat there is no appeal. This short tribute is offered by one who was no stranger to her virtues; and who, while he urges, perhaps in vain, the feeble voice of consolation, drops the tear of tender sympathy, and breathes the sigh of fond regret, over the memory of departed worth.

Adieu! fair friend, a long, a last, adieu!

"Thy virtues many, and thy faults but few."



1772 . 6.

John Randolph Esq

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1812.

No. 6.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE had hoped to accompany the annexed portrait of our distinguished countryman, with a copious biography, which, from the character of the subject, as well as of the accomplished friend to whose genius we are indebted for it, cannot fail to inspire peculiar interest. Unavoidable difficulties, however, have prevented the completion of it; and we are, therefore, obliged to confine ourselves, at present, to the faithful resemblance of Mr. Randolph, on the opposite page; reserving, for a subsequent number, the detailed account of his life and character.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Henry Lee, lieutenant-colonel commandant of the partisan legion during the American war. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 910. Bradford and Inskeep.

A FRIEND like Patroclus, and a poet like Homer, were deemed the best gifts of fortune to Achilles. If the heroes of the Southern war cannot yet boast of their poets, they are amply compensated by history; since, besides a large share in the gene-

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ral accounts of our revolution, their exploits are now amply commemorated by the rival leaders themselves.

The nature of these campaigns, however, as well as the character of the commanders, completely warrant this preference.

During the whole war, we do not remember any thing more replete with interest and instruction, than the loose and desultory border fighting which these memoirs describe. A great stake—no less than the safety of all the Southern states—was committed to a handful of men, of consummate bravery and skill; but miserably provided with all that can render an army formidable, or, at least, comfortable; and aided, or to speak more properly, joined occasionally by the local militia; whose assistance was, at all times, precarious, and, sometimes, worse than useless. This gallant little army had to make its way, through privations of every kind, to dislodge an enemy commanding the whole sea coast, provided with ample military means, and already strengthened by a chain of posts, through both the Carolinas. In this situation of things, the contest necessarily became a war of posts and skirmishes—The British were to be beaten in detail—their attention distracted—their detachments harassed; and the Americans after a disaster, or even a successful attack, were obliged to retire to their strong holds, in the mountains, to gather strength and provisions, and collect the militia, for a fresh sally. The whole is, therefore, a scene of bold attacks, and desperate enterprises—of dexterous retreats, and of combats, in which the smallness of numbers made every soldier personally responsible for victory, instead of being lost in the thousands which cover a European field of battle. To this theatre of war, the chief actors themselves give an additional interest. The marquis Cornwallis, lord Rawdon, now earl of Moira, and the present general Tarleton, the member of parliament from Liverpool, have since risen to a distinguished rank among military commanders—Of their adversaries, Greene and William Washington, and Lee, and Sumpter and Marion, the military advancement was stopped by the attainment of the objects for which they fought; but in all the qualities of soldiers and chieftains, they were not less gifted than those over whom they triumphed; and had the war lasted, they might have acquired, at

least, equal fame. Between the two historians of their own actions, col. Tarleton and the author of these memoirs, there exists, indeed, no small resemblance. They had similar and independent commands—they both possessed the same daring hardihood and activity of character—both were matched in the same fields—and both have since described the same campaigns. In the comparison between their works, which this analogy forces upon us, we are quite sure that we are divested of all undue prejudice, when we award to our countryman, a decided and marked superiority. Col. Tarleton's work appeared in 1787; a period too recent, for one who had been so active, to dismiss his resentments, and much too early for that comprehensive knowledge of all the transactions, which subsequent disclosures have revealed. He was a stranger, too, in the country, and had scarcely any acquaintance with the personal character of either his opponents, or his royalist friends: so that we have sometimes nothing more than "Mr. Marion", and "a colonel Pyle," and "a colonel Moore,"—the mere names of persons, whose history naturally excites some interest in their characters. But Col. Tarleton is chargeable with more serious faults. Throughout the whole of his history, there is far too much of the dragoon. One would suppose that these Americans were some fugitives, whom he was always pursuing, and was sure to put to the rout, whenever he overtook them—he seems always to insist upon it, that he gained the victory, and will hardly let us believe that he was beaten at the Cowpens; for our success, he says, was owing to an "unaccountable panic," among the English, of which advantage was taken by the Americans, "who before thought they had lost the action." On one occasion, his pertinacity in claiming success is quite amusing. He attacked general Sumpter, for instance, at Blackstock's hill, and, after a loss of nine times as many men, retired; leaving Sumpter on the field, where he remained for some hours, burying Tarleton's dead and taking care of his wounded; and then, fearing that Tarleton would be reenforced in the morning, from a neighbouring corps, he went off during the night. The next morning, Tarleton arrives at the scene of action, and finding that his enemy is gone, very logically concludes, that he was beaten the evening before.

The work of col. Lee is exempt from all these errors. He knew personally and intimately most of the characters whom he mentions. In the long interval which has succeeded, the animosities of war, if any such existed, have had full time to subside; and the work breathes, throughout, a strain of candid and generous regard for his enemies, equally honourable to his feelings as a soldier, and his discernment as an historian. We think, too, that in every requisite of history—in accuracy of narration—in fullness of detail—in moderation and candour—in all, except in point of style, he has a great and evident advantage over his competitor. We have, indeed, rarely read any volumes with such eager interest, and we regard them as forming, by far the most curious and entertaining work on the military events of the revolution, which has yet appeared. The author relates what he saw. He, therefore, writes with a clearness and precision, which it is scarcely possible for a closet historian to acquire, and which indicates the presence of an actual observer. He thus succeeds most happily, in placing the enemy before our eyes; he carries us at once into the midst of the engagement; nor do we recollect ever to have been present, at any poetical or historical battle, where we saw the "pomp and circumstance of war," more distinctly, or felt the shock of "man to man, and steel to steel," more sensibly. After each action, moreover, the author analyses, with great moderation and judgment, the causes of success or disaster; and, whatever may be thought of the soundness of his military opinions, the liberality with which he states the errors, not only of his adversaries, but of his brother officers, and even of himself, is singularly conspicuous. In this respect he seems to think, as well as write, decidedly in the third person; and if he deviates from the character of an impartial spectator, it is when he fails to give to his own services the degree of éclat which they fully merit. Thus much we have deemed it our duty to premise, before proceeding to give an account of the contents of the volumes, from which our remarks have, we fear, too long detained the reader.

As preliminary to the immediate subject of the memoirs, the author gives a rapid, but clear and interesting sketch of the operations of the war, during the year 1777, which explain the

reasons of changing the scene to the Southern states. From this part of the work, we select a few remarks on the battles of Germantown and Breed's hill. As to the first, he observes, that

"The sudden change [of fortune] which we experienced was attributed to the delay of the left column's entrance into action, to the fog of the morning which was uncommonly dense, and to the halt at Chew's house. These certainly were the ostensible causes of the defeat; and some of them lightly contributed to our disaster. A critical examination of the operations of that day, however, will lead all impartial inquirers to one conclusion: namely, that although the fog withheld from us the important advantage, resulting to assailing troops, from a clear view of the enemy's incipient measures to repel the assault; and although the halt at Chew's house had cooled the ardour, which, at the beginning, success had infused into our soldiers; yet these incidents could not have produced the disastrous change in the fortune of the day.

"But this turn must be ascribed to deeper causes: to the yet imperfect discipline of the American army; to the broken spirit of the troops, who, from day to day, and from month to month, had been subjected to the most trying and strength-wasting privations, through the improvidence, or inability of government; to the inexperience of the tribe of generals; and to the complication of the plan of assault: a complication said to have been unavoidable.

"The halt at Chew's house was taken after some deliberation (as the writer well recollects; being for that day in the suite of the commander in chief, with a troop of dragoons charged with duty near his person.)

"Many junior officers, at the head of whom were colonel Pickering and lieutenant colonel Hamilton, urged with zeal the propriety of passing the house. Brigadier Knox opposed the measure with earnestness, denouncing the idea of leaving an armed force in the rear; and, being always high in the general's confidence, his opinion prevailed."

After mentioning, also, what is but little known, that the Americans at Breed's hill were commanded, in the first attack, not by general Warren, as is generally supposed, but by colonel Prescott. He adds, in a note,

"The honor conferred upon colonel Prescott was only a promotion in the army soon after established; and this the writer was informed by a gentleman residing in Boston, who was well acquainted with colonel Prescott, consisted only in the grade of lieutenant colonel, in a regiment of infantry. Considering himself entitled to a regiment, the hero of Breed's hill would not accept a second station. Warren, who fell nobly supporting the action, was the favorite of the day, and has engrossed the fame due to Prescott. Bunker's hill, too, has been considered as the field of battle, when it is well known that it was fought upon Breed's hill, the nearest of the two hills to Boston. No man reveres the character of Warren

more than the writer; and he considers himself not only, by his obedience to truth, doing justice to colonel Prescott, but performing an acceptable service to the memory of the illustrious Warren, who, being a really great man, would disdain to wear laurels not his own."

It was not till after the defeat of Gates, and the transfer of his command to general Greene, that colonel Lee, with his legion, consisting of about two hundred and eighty men, cavalry and infantry, joined the Southern army at Cheraw hills. From that time he was engaged in constant and laborious service, during all the operations in the South, ending with Cornwallis's surrender. It is not our purpose to go minutely through the history of these campaigns, which have been so often and so well related; and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with such extracts as display the character and talents of the writer, or contain facts not hitherto generally known. Of the first sort, is the description of the battle of the Eutaw Springs; the length of which does not prevent our transcribing the whole, as it is so much more circumstantial than any account hitherto published:

"The effective force of the hostile armies may be fairly estimated as nearly equal, each about two thousand three hundred. A portion of both armies, and that too nearly equal, had never as yet been in action; so that in every respect the state of equality was preserved, excepting in cavalry, where the advantage, both in number and quality, was on our side.

"The night passed in tranquillity; and, judging from appearances, no occurrence seemed more distant than the sanguinary battle which followed.

"Greene advanced at four in the morning, in two columns, with artillery at the head of each, lieutenant colonel Lee in his front and lieutenant colonel Washington in his rear.

"While moving with much circumspection, in the well grounded expectation that we should fall upon the British picquets unperceived, captain Armstrong, conducting the reconnoitring party, communicated to Lee the approach of a body of the enemy. This occurred about eight o'clock in the morning, four miles from the British camp. Forwarding this intelligence to the general, and presuming that the deserved foe, consisting of horse and foot, must be the van of the enemy, Lee halted, waiting for the approximation of our main body.

"The legion infantry were drawn up across the road, the cavalry in open wood on its right, and Henderson with his corps in thick wood upon its left. Shortly the British appeared, following Armstrong. The action opened, and the enemy were soon forced in front, while the horse, making a rapid movement under ma-

for Eggleston, gained the rear. The infantry was destroyed, several killed, and about forty taken with their captain; the cavalry, flying in full speed as soon as they saw the legion dragoons pressing forward, saved themselves, as did the foraging party following in the rear, consisting of two or three hundred without arms.*

"Pressing forward, we soon got in view of another body of the enemy, with whom the action recommenced. Lieutenant colonel Lec, advising the general of this occurrence, requested the support of artillery to counteract that of the enemy now opening. Quickly colonel Williams, adjutant general, brought up captain Gains with his two pieces in full gallop, who unlimbering took his part with decision and effect.

"During this rencontre both armies formed: The American having, as before mentioned, moved in two columns, each composed of the corps destined for its respective lines, soon ranged in order of battle.

"The North Carolina militia under colonel Malmedy, with that of South Carolina, led by the brigadiers Marion and Pickens, making the first, and the continentals making the second line: lieutenant colonel Campbell with the Virginians on the right; brigadier Sumner with the North Carolinians in the centre; and the Marylanders, conducted by Williams and Howard, on the left, resting with its left flank on the Charleston road. Lee with his legion was charged with the care of the right, as was Henderson with his corps with that of the left flank. The artillery, consisting only of two threes and two sixes, commanded by the captains Gains and Finn, were disposed, the first with the front and the last with the rear line; and Baylor's regiment of horse, with Kirkwood's infantry of Delaware, composed the reserve, led by lieutenant colonel Washington.

"The British army was drawn up in one line, a few hundred paces in front of their camp (tents standing) with two separate bodies of infantry and the cavalry posted in its rear, ready to be applied as contingencies might point out.

"The Buffs† (third regiment) composed its right, resting with its flank on the Charleston road; the remains of several corps, under lieutenant colonel Cruger, the centre; and the sixty-third and sixty-fourth (veterans) the left. On the Eutaw branch, which runs to the British camp, right of the Charleston road, was posted major Majoribanks at the head of the light infantry, making one battalion; his right on the branch, and his left stretching in an oblique line towards the flank of the Buffs. This branch issued from a deep ravine, between which and the British camp was the Charleston road, and between the road and the ravine was a strong brick house. The artillery was distributed along the line, a part on the

* The rooting party, being unarmed, hastened back to the British camp upon the first fire, and therefore escaped.

† This regiment was one of the three which had lately arrived from Ireland, and had never before been in action; yet, nevertheless, fought with the most determined courage. The regiment of Maryland, under lieutenant colonel Howard, was opposed to it; and such was the obstinacy with which the contest was maintained, that a number of the soldiers fell transfixed by each other's bayonet.

Charleston road, and another part on the road leading to Roache's plantation, which passed through the enemy's left wing.

"The front line of the American army, following close in the rear of the two pieces under captain Gains, began now to be felt by the van, who, diverging to the right and left, firing obliquely, took post on the flanks agreeably to the order of battle.

"The militia advancing with alacrity, the battle became warm, convincing lieutenant colonel Stuart, unexpected as it appears to have been, that Greene was upon him. The fire ran from flank to flank; our line still advancing, and the enemy, adhering to his position, manifesting a determination not to move.

"The sixty-third and the legion infantry were warmly engaged, when the sixty-fourth, with a part of the centre, advanced upon colonel Malmedy, who soon yielding, the success was pushed by the enemy's left, and the militia, after a fierce contest, gave way; leaving the corps of Henderson and the legion infantry engaged, sullenly falling back.

"Greene instantly ordered up the centre of the second line under brigadier Sumner, to fill the chasm produced by the recession of the militia, who came handsomely into action, ranging with the infantry of the legion and the corps of Henderson, both still maintaining the flanks with unyielding energy. The battle being reinstated grew hotter, and the enemy, who had before gained ground, fell back to his first position. Stuart now brought into line the corps of infantry posted in the rear of his left wing, and directed major Coffin with his cavalry to take post on his left; evincing a jealousy of that flank where the woods were open and the ground opportune for cavalry, in which we excelled. In this point of the action, lieutenant colonel Henderson received a ball, which stopped his further exertion. His corps, however, soon recovered from the effect produced by his fall; and, led on by lieutenant colonel Hampton, continuing to act well its part; the American line persevered in advance, and the fire became mutually destructive. Greene, determining to strike a conclusive blow, brought up the Marylanders and Virginians; when our line became dense, and pressing forward, with a shout, the battle raged with redoubled fury.

"The enemy, sensible that the weight of our force was bearing upon him, returned our shout, and sustained himself nobly from right to left. Majoribanks now for the first time was put in motion, which being perceived, lieutenant colonel Washington, with the reserve, was commanded to fall upon him, and at the same moment the line was ordered to hold up its fire and to charge with the bayonet. The air again resounded with the shouts of the advancing Americans; the enemy answering by pouring in a close and quickly repeated fire. As we drew near, lieutenant colonel Lee, at the head of his infantry, discerning that we outstretched the enemy's line, ordered captain Rudolph to fall back with his company, to gain the enemy's flank, and to give him a raking fire as soon as he turned it. This movement was executed with precision, and had the happiest effect. The enemy's left could not sustain the approaching shock, assailed in front as it was

in flank, and it instantly began to give way, which quickly afterwards took place along the whole line, in some parts of which the hostile ranks contended with the bayonet, many individuals of the Marylanders and of the Buffs having been mutually transfixed.

"The conquering troops pressed the advantage they had gained, pursuing the foe, and possessed themselves of his camp, which was yielded without a struggle. Washington promptly advanced to execute the orders he had received, and made a circuit to gain the rear of Majoribanks, preceded by lieutenant Stuart* with the leading section. As he drew near to the enemy, he found the ground thickly set with black jack, and almost impervious to horse. Deranging as was this unlooked for obstacle, Washington with his dauntless cavalry forced his way, notwithstanding the murderous discharge of the enemy, safe behind his covert. Human courage could not surmount the obstruction which interposed, or this gallant officer with his intrepid corps would have triumphed. Captain Watts, second in command, fell, pierced with two balls. Lieutenants King and Simmons experienced a similar fate; and Washington's horse being killed, he became entangled in the fall, when struggling to extricate himself he was bayoneted and taken. Lieutenant Stuart was now dismounted, being severely wounded, and his horse killed close to the hostile ranks; nor did a single man of his section escape, some being killed and the rest wounded. The gallant young Carlisle, from Alexandria, a cadet in the regiment, was killed, and half the corps destroyed; after which the residue was drawn off by captain Parsons, assisted by lieutenant Gordon.

"This repulse took place at the time the British line gave way. Majoribanks, although victorious, fell back to cover his flying comrades; and major Sheridan, with the Newyork volunteers, judiciously took possession of the brick house, before mentioned, for the same purpose; while, with the same view, major Coffin, with the cavalry, placed himself on the left, in an open field west of the Charleston road.

"In our pursuit we took three hundred prisoners and two pieces of artillery: one taken by captain Rudolph, of the legion infantry, and the other by lieutenant Duval, of the Maryland line, who was killed—a young officer of the highest promise. As soon as we entered the field, Sheridan began to fire from the brick house. The left of the legion infantry, led by lieutenant Manning, the nearest to the house, followed close upon the enemy still entering it, hoped to force his way before the door could be barred. One of our soldiers actually got half way in, and for some minutes a struggle of strength took place—Manning pressing him in, and Sheridan forcing him out. The last prevailed, and the door was closed. Here captain Barry, deputy adjutant general, the brother of the celebrated colonel S. Barry, and some few others, were overtaken and made prisoners. Lieutenant colonel Lee, finding his left discomfited in the bold attempt, on the success of which much hung, recalled it; and Manning so disposed of his prisoners, by mix-

* Colonel Philip Stuart, now a member of congress from Maryland.

ing them with his own soldiers, as to return unhurt; the enemy in the house sparing him rather than risking those with him.

"At this point of time lieutenant colonel Howard, with a part of his regiment, passed through the field towards the head of the ravine, and captain Kirkwood appeared approaching the house on its right. Majoribanks, though uninjured, continued stationary on the enemy's right, as did Coffin with the cavalry on the left. Sheridan, from a few swivels and his musketry, poured his fire in every direction without cessation.

"During this period, Stuart was actively employed in forming his line; difficult in itself from the severe battle just fought, and rendered more so by the consternation which evidently prevailed. The followers of the army, the wagons, the wounded, the timid, were all hastening towards Charleston; some along the road in our view, others through the field back of the road, equally in view; while the staff were destroying stores of every kind, especially spirits, which the British soldiers sought with avidity.

"General Greene brought up all his artillery against the house, hoping to effect a breach, through which he was determined to force his way; convinced that the submission of the enemy in the house gave to him the hostile army. At the same moment lieutenant colonel Lee (still on the right) sent for Eggleston and his cavalry, for the purpose of striking Coffin, and turning the head of the ravine; which point was properly selected for the concentration of our force, too much scattered by the pursuit, and by the allurements which the enemy's camp presented. Here we commanded the ravine, and might readily break up the incipient arrangements of the rallying enemy; here we were safe from the fire of the house, and here we possessed the Charleston road. While Lee was halted at the edge of the wood, impatiently waiting for the arrival of his horse, he saw captain Armstrong (the leading officer for the day) approaching, and not doubting that the corps was following, the lieutenant colonel advanced into the field, directing Armstrong to follow.

"He had gone but a little way, when the captain told him that only his section was up, having never seen the rest of the corps since its discomfiture on the left some time before. This unlooked for intelligence was not less fatal to the bright prospect of personal glory, than it was to the splendid issue of the conflict.* Not

* When lieutenant colonel Lee took charge of his infantry, general Greene was pleased to direct that the cavalry of the legion should be placed at his disposal. It accordingly followed, at a safe distance, in the rear of the infantry.

Being sent for at this crisis (as has been related) only one troop appeared. Major Eggleston had been previously ordered into action, and had been foiled, by encountering the same sort of obstacle experienced by Washington, as was afterwards ascertained.

To this unfortunate and unauthorized order, may be ascribed the turn in this day's battle. Had the legion cavalry been all up at this crisis, Coffin would have been cut to pieces, the enemy's left occupied in force, the route already commenced completed, and Stuart would have been deprived, by the change in our position, of the aid derived from the brick house; and his army must in consequence have laid down their arms.

a single doubt can be entertained, had the cavalry of the legion been in place, as it ought to have been, but that Coffin would have been carried, which must have been followed by the destruction of the British army. Our infantry were getting into order, and several small bodies were sufficiently near to have improved every advantage obtained by the cavalry. Howard, with Oldham's company, had just recommenced action between the house and the head of the ravine; and our troops on the right were in motion for the same ground, not doubting the destruction of Coffin, who only could annoy their flank. The recession of Lee, and the retirement of Howard, who was at this instant severely wounded, nipped in the bud measures of offence in this quarter; while, on the left, the house remained in possession of Sheridan, the weight of our metal being too light to effect a breach.

"This intermission gave Stuart time to restore his broken line, which being accomplished, he instantly advanced, and the action was renewed. It soon terminated in the enemy's repossession of his camp, followed by our retreat, with the loss of two field pieces, and the recovery of one of the two before taken by us.

"Satisfied with these advantages, colonel Stuart did not advance further; and general Greene (after despatching lieutenant colonel Lee with a proposition to the British commander, the object of which was to unite with him in burying the dead) drew off; persuaded that he had recovered the country, the object in view, as well as that a more convenient opportunity for repetition of battle would be presented on the enemy's retreat, which he was convinced could not long be deferred.

"The battle lasted upwards of three hours, and was fiercely contested, every corps in both armies bravely supporting each other. The loss was uncommonly great—more than one fifth of the British and one fourth of the American army being killed and wounded, as stated in the official returns, which intelligent officers of both armies considered short of the real loss sustained. The enemy made sixty prisoners, all wounded—we took about five hundred, including some wounded left in his camp by colonel Stuart when he retired. Of six commandants of regiments bearing continental commissions, Williams and Lee were only unhurt. Washington, Howard and Henderson were wounded; and lieutenant colonel Campbell, highly respected, beloved and admired, was killed.

"This excellent officer received a ball in his breast, in the decisive charge which broke the British line, while listening to an interrogatory from lieutenant colonel Lee, then on the left of the legion infantry, adjoining the right of the Virginians, the post of Campbell. He dropped on the pommel of his saddle speechless,* and was borne in the rear by Lee's orderly dragoon, in whose care he ex-

* Doctor Ramsay has represented the death of this highly respected officer differently, from information which no doubt the doctor accredited.

But as the writer was personally acquainted with the transaction, he cannot refrain from stating it exactly as it happened. The Virginians had begun to fire, which was not only against orders, but put in danger Rudolph and his party, then turning the enemy's left. To stop this fire, lieutenant colonel Lee galloped down the line to Campbell, and while speaking to him on the subject, the lieutenant colonel received his wound, of which he soon expired without uttering a word.

pired, the moment he was taken from his horse. Many of our officers of every grade suffered, militia as well as continentals; among whom was brigadier Pickens, who was wounded.

"The conclusion of this battle was as unexpected to both armies as it was mortifying to ours. The splendor which its beginning and progress had shed upon our arms became obscured, and the rich prize within our grasp was lost. Had our cavalry contributed their aid, as heretofore it never failed to do, a British army must have surrendered to Greene on the field of battle. But they were unfortunately brought into action under difficulties not to be conquered; one corps cut to pieces, and the other dispersed, in effect the same; and the critical moment passed, before it concentrated. Had the infantry of the reserve preceded the cavalry of the reserve, Washington would have avoided the unequal contest to which he was exposed; and by patiently watching for the crisis, would have fallen upon Majoribanks when retiring to shield the enemy's broken line. Had Eggleston not been drawn from his post by orders officiously communicated to that officer as from the general, when in truth he never issued such orders, Lee would have been joined by his cavalry, ready to inflict the last blow, so clearly within his power. Both these untoward incidents were necessary to stop us from the signal victory courting our acceptance, and both occurred.

"The honor of the day was claimed by both sides, while the benefits flowing from it were by both yielded to the Americans: the first belonged to neither, and the last to us."

The following account, of the surrender of lord Cornwallis, is of a different character:

"At two o'clock in the evening the British army, led by general O'Hara, marched out of its lines, with colors cased, and drums beating a British march.

"The author was present at this ceremony; and certainly no spectacle could be more impressive than the one now exhibited. Valiant troops yielding up their arms after fighting in defence of a cause dear to them (because the cause of their country) under a leader, who, throughout the war, in every grade and in every situation to which he had been called, appeared the hector of his host. Battle after battle had he fought; climate after climate had he endured; towns had yielded to his mandate, posts were abandoned at his approach; armies were conquered by his prowess; one nearly exterminated, another chased from the confines of South Carolina beyond the Dan into Virginia, and a third severely chastised in that state on the shores of James river. But here, even he, in the midst of his splendid career, found his conqueror.

"The road through which they marched was lined with spectators, French and American. On one side the commander in chief, surrounded by his suite and the American staff, took his station; on the other side, opposite to him, was the count de Rochambeau in like manner attended. The captive army approached, moving slowly in column with grace and precision. Universal silence was obser-

ved amidst the vast concourse, and the utmost decency prevailed: exhibiting in demeanor an awful sense of the vicissitudes of human life, mingled with commiseration for the unhappy. The head of the column approached the commander in chief—O'Hara, mistaking the circle, turned to that on his left, for the purpose of paying his respects to the commander in chief, and requesting further orders; when quickly discovering his error, with much embarrassment in his countenance, he flew across the road, and advancing up to Washington, asked pardon for his mistake, apologized for the absence of lord Cornwallis, and begged to know his further pleasure. The general feeling his embarrassment, relieved it by referring him with much politeness to general Lincoln for his government. Returning to the head of the column, it again moved under the guidance of Lincoln to the field selected for the conclusion of the ceremony.

"Every eye was turned, searching for the British commander in chief, anxious to look at that man, heretofore so much the object of their dread. All were disappointed. Cornwallis held himself back from the humiliating scene: obeying sensations which his great character ought to have stifled. He had been unfortunate, not from any false step or deficiency of exertion on his part, but from the infatuated policy of his superior, and the united power of his enemy, brought to bear upon him alone. There was nothing with which he could reproach himself; there was nothing with which he could reproach his brave and faithful army: why not then appear at its head in the day of misfortune, as he had always done in the day of triumph? The British general in this instance deviated from his usual line of conduct, dimming the splendor of his long and brilliant career."

Among the facts of a peculiarly interesting character, is the following, contained in a note to that part of the text mentioning that lieutenant colonel Hamilton commanded the van of the attack on the enemy's redoubt at Yorktown:

"An unhappy difference had occurred in the transaction of business between the general and his much respected aid, which produced the latter's withdraw from his family. A few days preceding this period, Hamilton had been engaged all the morning in copying some despatches, which the general, when about to take his usual rounds, directed him to forward as soon as finished.

"Washington finding on his return the despatches on the table, renewed his directions in expressions indicating his surprise at the delay; and again leaving his apartment, found, when he returned, the despatches where he had left them. At this time Hamilton had gone out in search of the courier, who had been long waiting, when accidentally he met the marquis La Fayette, who seizing him by the button (as was the habit of this zealous nobleman) engaged him in conversation; which being continued with the marquis's usual earnestness, dismissed from Hamilton's mind for some minutes the object in view. At length breaking off from the marquis he reached the courier, and directed him to come forward to receive his charge and orders. Returning he found the general seated by the ta-

ble, on which lay the despatches. The moment he appeared, Washington, with warmth and sternness, chided him for the delay; to which Hamilton mildly replied, stating the cause; when the general, rather irritated than mollified, sternly rebuked him. To this Hamilton answered, 'If your excellency thinks proper thus to address me, it is time for me to leave you.' He proceeded to the table, took up the despatch, sent off the express, packed up his baggage, and quitted headquarters.

"Although Washington took no measures to restore him to his family, yet he treated him with the highest respect; giving to him the command of a regiment of light infantry, which now formed a part of La Fayette's corps.

"In the arrangements for the assault of the redoubt, La Fayette had given his van to his own aid-de-camp, lieutenant colonel Gimat; but it being Hamilton's tour of duty, he remonstrated to the marquis upon the injustice of such preference. La Fayette excused himself by saying, that the arrangements made had been sanctioned by the commander in chief, and could not be changed by him. This no doubt was true; but Washington did not know that any officer had been called to command out of tour.

"Hamilton, always true to the feelings of honor and independence, repelled this answer, and left the marquis, announcing his determination to appeal to headquarters. This he accordingly did, in a spirited and manly letter. Washington, incapable of injustice, sent for the marquis, and inquiring into the fact, found that the tour of duty belonging to Hamilton had been given to Gimat. He instantly directed the marquis to reinstate Hamilton, who consequently was put at the head of the van, which he conducted so advantageously to the service and so honorably to himself.

"This anecdote was communicated to the writer by lieutenant colonel Hamilton, during the siege of Yorktown."

But the most satisfactory light in which we regard the memoirs of colonel Lee, is the use to which they may be applied, in diffusing more correct notions of our military policy, than have hitherto prevailed among us. It is difficult, indeed, by any perversion of facts, or any idle declamation, to obscure the splendid glory of the soldiers of the revolution. But it is the misfortune as well as the folly of the present day, to look at the result only of that great struggle, without profiting by the admirable lessons which the errors of our enemies, as well as of ourselves, present at every page of the revolution. Because the contest between this country and Great Britain ended successfully, we are content to think, that having grown older we have grown stronger—that it is, of course, useless to make more preparations than our ancestors did—and thus we advance, sure of committing the

same faults, and equally sure of the same good fortune to extricate us from them. In this dreaming confidence, we forget, that although positively stronger, we are, in fact, relatively weaker; because, while other nations have advanced, we are, at least, stationary in the means of defence. We forget, also, what is more to our present purpose, that the war of the revolution was shortened by the mistakes of the enemy, and prolonged by our own—that we owe much to fortune—something to foreign assistance—and that a nation is unworthy of her freedom, if she neglects the best preparation to defend it. Of the character of our adversaries, colonel Lee gives his sentiments in a manner equally forcible and just:

“Sir Henry Clinton was, like most of the generals who appeared in this war, good, but not great. He was an active, zealous, honorable, well bred soldier; but Heaven had not touched his mind with its ætherial spark. He could not soar above the ordinary level; and though calculated to shine in a secondary sphere, was sure to twinkle in the highest station. When presidents, kings, or emperors confide armies to soldiers of common minds, they ought not to be surprised at the disasters which follow. The war found general Gage in chief command in America; confessedly better fitted for peace. He was changed for sir William Howe, who, after two campaigns, was withdrawn, or withdrew. Sir Henry Clinton succeeded; and when peace became assured, sir Guy Carleton, afterwards lord Dorchester, took his place. By a strange fatality the soldier best qualified for the arduous duties of war, was reserved to conduct the scenes of returning peace. This general was, and had been for many years, governor of Canada. He defended Quebec against Montgomery; where he gave strong indications of a superior mind by his use of victory. Instead of detaining his enemy (fellow subjects, as he called them) in prison ships; committing them to the discretion of mercenary commissaries for food and fuel, and to military bailiffs for safe keeping, Carleton paroled the officers, expressing his regret that they should have been induced to maintain a cause wrong in principle, and fatal to its abettors in issue; and sent home the privates, giving to all every requisite aid for their comfortable return, enjoining them never to take up arms a second time against their sovereign; as thereby they would forfeit the security and comfort which he had presented, as well as violate their own peace of mind, by cancelling a contract founded in the confidence of their truth.”

“The effect of such policy was powerful. General Greene, from whom the information is derived, expressed his conviction that the kindness of Carleton was more to be dreaded than the bayonet of Howe; and mentioned as an undeniable fact, that in the various districts to which our captured troops returned, not excepting the faithful state of Connecticut, the impressions made by the relation of the treatment experienced from him, produced a lasting and unpropitious effect.

"Here is exhibited deep knowledge of the human heart—the ground work of greatness in the art of war. When we add the honorable display of patriotism evinced by the same officer, in his support of the expedition under lieutenant general Burgoyne, intruded by the minister into an important command which the governor of Canada had a right to expect, and subjoin that when a colonel at the head of a regiment in the army under Wolfe, before Quebec, he was the only officer of that grade entrusted by that great captain with a separate command, America may justly rejoice in the misapplication of such talents, and Great Britain as truly lament the infatuation of her rulers, who overlooked a leader of such high promise."

And again:

"In the whole course of the American war, there seems to have been a systematic sacrifice of time by the British generals, excepting where lord Cornwallis commanded. I do not recollect any operations wherein the British resorted to forced marches. Washington, in 1776, was hurried through the Jerseys. Upon this occasion lord Cornwallis was the operating general; and we all remember how he pushed Morgan, and afterwards Greene, in the Carolinas. The delay of sir Henry Clinton in this short march of thirty miles is inexplicable, unless from habit, or from a wish to induce the American general to shut himself up in Charleston."

The mistakes of general Gates, and other officers, in the Southern army—the deficient arrangements of the commissariat—the want of maps, and knowledge of the topography of the country, and other smaller defects, are noticed and censured with equal severity. But the great and radical vice in our modes of thinking on military matters, is the reliance which we are disposed to place on the militia—a confidence which the whole history of the revolution, and the testimony of the most distinguished officers, ought to impair, if not totally destroy.

"Whenever (says col. Lee) the commitment of our militia in battle with regulars occurs, the heart of the writer is rent with painful emotions; knowing, as he does, the waste of life resulting from the stupid, cruel policy. Can there be any system devised by the wit of man, more the compound of inhumanity, of murder, and of waste of resources? Ought any government to be respected, which, when peace permits substitution of a better system, neglects to avail itself of the opportunity? Was a father to put his son, with his small-sword drawn for the first time, against an experienced swordsman, would not his neighbours exclaim, murderer! vile murderer! Just so acts the government; and yet our parents are all satisfied; although, whenever war takes place, their sons are to be led to the altar of blood. Dreadful apathy! shocking coldness to our progeny!"

And again:

"Convinced as I am, that a government is the murderer of its citizens, which sends them to the field uninformed and untaught, where they are to meet men of the same age and strength, mechanized by education and discipline for battle, I cannot withhold my denunciation of its wickedness and folly; much as I applaud, and must ever applaud, those instances, like the one before us, of armed citizens vying with our best soldiers in the first duty of man to his country."

It is, indeed, a lesson, worth the sufferings of the war, to have ascertained the want of energy and character, which is almost inseparable from that species of force; and how often the employment of it, hurried the American cause to the verge of ruin.

If ever there was a cause more emphatically the cause of the militia, it was ours. We were, in the first instance, contending for popular rights; and, at last, combating for our fire sides, against an invading enemy. There was, therefore, every thing to operate on the feelings, and stimulate the valour of the militia. Yet, after the first gallant stand, at Breed's hill, it would not be difficult to decide, that the militia were quite as injurious as they were beneficial to the public service. "I solemnly declare," says Gen. Washington, "I never was witness, to a single instance, that can countenance an opinion, of militia or raw troops being fit for the real business of fighting. I have found them useful as light parties, to skirmish in the woods; but incapable of making, or sustaining, a serious attack. This firmness is only acquired by habits of discipline, and service." It was this loose, irregular composition of the army, which prevented the acquisition of Canada, by making Montgomery attempt what was beyond his force, rather than see himself abandoned by his army. After the battle of Long island, "the militia," says Ramsay, "ran off by companies." The militia gave way, in disorder, before the first fire of the British at Princeton, and nearly occasioned the death of Washington, in attempting to rally them. They fled, at the first fire, before an inferior force, at Briar creek, when general Ash nominally commanded them. They threw away their arms, and fled in a body, on the first fire, at the battle of Camden. They gave way at the Cowpens—and, before a single man of them had been killed or wounded, they took to flight

at the battle of Guilford. It is, therefore, not merely a careless improvidence, it is throwing away all the advantages of historical knowledge, to declaim, as we are in the habit of doing, on the valour of our armies, whilst we neglect the only precautions which can ensure them success or distinction.

We have already observed, that in every thing, except the style, these memoirs are superior to those of Tarleton. The manner of the latter partakes more of the temperate gravity of history; whilst that of colonel Lee, though bold and strong, is very often redundant and rhetorical, and fitter for an oration than an historical composition. It would, indeed, seem as if these competitors had exchanged styles; for the memoirs of Lee are written rather in the dashing manner of Tarleton, whilst Tarleton's mode of writing would suit better the calm and historical matter of Lee's volumes. Our meaning will be best explained by specimens like the following, taken at random, which are much too inflated:

"These soldier-like reflections determined this gallant officer to rely solely upon his inferior force, which he directed to resume its original disposition, assigning his entire corps to that part of the works heretofore contracted to fit his strength; nor could the persevering solicitations of lieutenant colonel Simms, seconded by the anxious wishes of his troops, *shake the fixed resolve of Greene*.

"Disappointed in his *sought participation of the terrific conflict impending*, this zealous officer hastened to his destined post, to share with the commandant of Mud island the dangers of his *arduous and momentous struggle*.

"Filing off through the *postern gate* of the fort, he embarked in boats prepared to transport his detachment to the island."—vol. 1. p. 33.

Thus, also:

"The terrible conflict became more and more desperate. Not the tremendous fire from Province island and the heights of Schuylkill, not the thunder from the hostile fleet, nor the probable sudden cooperation of the army down the river, could damp the keen and soaring courage of Thayer. Cool and discriminating amidst surrounding dangers, he held safe the great stake committed to his skill and valor."—p. 42.

And again—An officer was despatched "to gain our rear by moving occultly along the accidentally discovered path."—vol. 1. p. 69. And, Washington is represented, as "patiently watching the opportune moment to strike the meditated blow.—ib. p. 26.

Besides these, we are sorry to perceive a multitude of new words, which have neither authority nor elegance to recommend them. Thus, we have "a renewal of amity with Great Britain with *preferential* commercial intercourse." Howe's conduct is "examined with *scrutinous* eyes,"—and some one's "progress is subject to *interception*." "A retreat was *effectible*;" and the *withdraw* of troops is again and again repeated. Then, too, the author uses such colloquialisms, as, that an officer "saw himself *gone*," if he could not extricate himself, &c.—and, Tarleton "*drove at*" the enemy.

With regard to his facts, we do not perceive any inaccuracy, except a small error in reporting general Lee's expression to general Gates (vol. 1. p. 224) which, as we have understood it was: "Take care that your northern laurels are not turned into southern cypress."

But, notwithstanding these slight and subordinate imperfections, we cannot close the work before us, without expressing our thanks to the author, for the high gratification which he has afforded us, and the rich addition which he has made to our military annals.

Σ

Sketches, historical and descriptive of Louisiana. By major Amos Stoddard, member of the U. S. M. P. S. and of the New-York historical society. 1 vol. 8vo. Mathew Carey.

LOUISIANA is a country, the geography of which we knew as little a few years ago, as of the farfamed fields of Arcady described by the poets. The map presented us with nothing but a dreary vacancy, and we almost regarded the region west of the Mississippi as a spot interdicted by nature to the researches of man. We have lived to see the day when the torch of adventurous enterprise has penetrated the glooms of this wilderness, and brought to our view rivers and mountains hitherto concealed from civilized man, probably since the date of creation. This extensive region becomes every hour more important. The convulsed situation of the world, the outrages now perpetrating on the European continent, have induced the wretched outcasts

from their families and their homes, to court the society and protection of the savage tribes they once dreaded, and to find a refuge from the barbarities they have suffered, which barbarities have deprived the tomahawk of its terrors. So mysteriously has divine Providence, in all ages, led the arts and sciences, the comforts and graces of social life, amidst the recesses of savage beasts, and savage men; and tamed to the hand of cultivation, the barren and howling wilderness. America is *once more* destined to become the asylum of oppressed humanity, exiled from the shores of Europe. This state of things has lent to philosophy, no less than to mercantile speculation, a laudable curiosity to explore those gloomy wilds and sullen mountains, where nature seemed to have retired for repose, and to have sought an asylum from the persecutions of art. The author of this work, which he modestly denominates *Sketches*, historical and descriptive, of Louisiana, introduces himself to our notice with an apology that, "during its progress, he was wholly secluded from the literary world, and the aid of literary friends; destitute of books, and most of the time afflicted with the endemics of the climate. This (he continues) will, in some measure, account for occasional aberrations of manner and style, imputable, in part, perhaps, to the rugged service of eighteen years in the tented field." The volume is divided into fourteen chapters, comprehending the history of Louisiana, and the Floridas; their geography, government, laws, commerce, and manufactures, learning and religion. The character of the Louisianians, the state of slavery amongst them, the antiquities, the rivers, and mineral riches of that country; a description of the aborigines, and the arguments in favour of the conjecture that this country was settled by emigration from Wales, anterior to the discovery of Columbus, conclude the volume. In the first chapter, the author considers, somewhat at large, the various and conflicting claims between France and Spain to the honour of discovery, and powerfully advocates the pretensions of the Spaniards. He then enters into a history of the scanty portions of emigration, which were detached from both those great and powerful kingdoms, inheriting all the jealousies of their parent states, which their common danger, from the natives, served to aggravate instead

of subduing Unworthy, and in fact unconscious of the civilized blessings which they finally led into the midst of this wilderness, they attempted first to overreach the natives by tampering with and betraying their simplicity, and then to use them as instruments for the destruction of their rivals. Meanwhile the natives thus alternately flattered and betrayed by both, regarded both with abhorrence; and being now disciplined to deception, practised all those arts against their masters, of which they were formerly the victims. Sometimes they were so successful in these artifices, that they exterminated whole settlements, and left nothing but smoking brands, and heaps of mouldering ashes, to mark the spot where civilisation was planted. In short, fraud, hypocrisy, and all the vices of the courts in which these rival emigrants were brought up, were here practised, on a narrower scale, and the Spaniards, particularly, reacted in North America the self same enormities they had once perpetrated in the South. The natives, at length, began to understand the character of their invaders, and with what success they retorted upon them their own arts, is evident from the following anecdote:

“Florida was now of sufficient importance to attract the notice of the crown. Francis de Geray obtained the first grant or patent of that country about the year 1524; but he did not long survive this mark of favor, and was succeeded by de Al-lyon, who visited his province.

The Spaniards for some time were confounded at the vigorous opposition of the natives; they did not perceive, that the inhabitants of the continent were more resolute and hardy, more independent and lofty in their sentiments, than those of the islands, whom they had enslaved. They at last concluded, that the country abounded in the precious metals, and that the natives were possessed of immense wealth, which they were determined to defend with their lives: On no other principle were they able to account for the numerous obstacles opposed to their progress. These conceits served to swell their prospects, and to urge them on to new exertions. Accordingly in 1528, Pamphilo Narvaez, on whom the province had devolved, landed in Florida with a considerable body of Spaniards. The Indians made use of a stratagem to draw them into the interior. They presented some gold to them, and at the same time intimated, that this treasure abounded in the Appalachian mountains. The Spaniards marched directly into the wilderness, extremely delighted with the prospects before them. But how great was their surprise, when they found themselves in an ambuscade, and vigorously attacked by several nations! The contest was long and bloody. Narvaez

perished with many of his men. The remainder attempted to regain their ships. Their provisions were soon expended, which reduced them to the painful necessity of feeding on the carcasses of their dead companions."

Other instances are likewise too remarkable to pass without notice.

"M. de Chopart, the Commandant of Fort Rosalie, had been guilty of such repeated acts of injustice, as to render an investigation of his conduct indispensable; and for this purpose he was ordered to New Orleans. This event excited much joy among the Indians, but it was of short duration: That officer appeared before M. Perier, who at that time administered the government, and found means to justify his proceedings in such a manner as to be re-instated in his command. On his return to his post he conceived himself at liberty to indulge his malice against the Indians; partly on account of the trouble they had given him, but much more on account of the satisfaction manifested by them at the prospects of his disgrace. As some gratification to his spite, he suddenly resolved to build a town on the site of the village of the White Apple,* "which covered a square of about three miles in extent." Accordingly he sent for the Sun, or Chief, of that village, and directed him to clear the huts, and to plant themselves in some other place. The Chief replied, perhaps rather hastily, "that their ancestors had lived there for many ages, and that it was good for their descendants to occupy the same ground." This noble and dignified language served only to exasperate the haughty commandant, and to extort from him the declaration, "that unless the village was abandoned in a few days, the inhabitants of it should repent of their obstinacy." The Chief then retired to consult the old men, and to hold a council. As a bloody conflict was inevitable, the Indians resorted to such expedients as were calculated to gain time. They wished to create an indissoluble union among themselves, and to devise means adequate to the end: one of these was the assistance of their allies, which they deemed of infinite importance. They therefore represented to M. de Chopart, "that their corn had just come out of the ground, that their hens were laying their eggs, and that to abandon their village at that time would prove as injurious to the French as to themselves." M. de Chopart treated these reasons with disdain; and menaced immediate destruction, unless his desires were gratified. The Indians in general are fruitful of expedients; and the Natchez, who were well acquainted with the avaricious disposition of their adversary, at last resorted to one, which for a while suspended his wrath. They obtained permission to remain in their own houses till after harvest, on condition, that each hut should pay him a fowl and a basket of corn.

* This village was situated about twelve miles below the present city of Natchez, and nearly three miles to the eastward of the Mississippi; on the site of which is the seat of the late col. Anthony Hutchings. Not a vestige of Indian industry now remains, except a few mounds.

During this short interval the Natchez frequently and privately assembled in council, and a plan of operations was carefully concerted. They unanimously resolved to make one great effort to preserve their independence, and to defend the tombs of their fathers. They proceeded with caution, and omitted nothing to ensure success. They invited the Chickasaws to share in the arduous enterprize; but by a strange fatality, occasioned by the treachery of one of their own women, the latter were deceived as to the time of the intended blow, and therefore did not arrive in season to participate in the struggle. The massacre of all the French was what they had in view, and it was concluded to commence the work at the time of presenting the tribute of corn and fowls. Notwithstanding all their precaution, and the inducement each one had to observe inviolable secrecy, yet one of their chief women suspected the plot; and either offended at the seclusion of her sex, at least of one of her rank, from a knowledge of it, or influenced by private attachment, communicated her suspicions to some soldiers and others. Even just before the fatal catastrophe, M. de Chopart was cautioned to be on his guard; but his evil genius led him to disregard the admonitions given him, to punish those who prognosticated danger, and to repose himself in criminal security.

At length the fatal period arrived, when the vengeance of the injured and vindictive Savages was to burst on the devoted heads of the French. Near the close of the last day of November 1729, the grand Sun, with some warriors, repaired to the Fort with the tribute of corn and fowls agreed on. They seized the gate and other passages, and the soldiers were instantly deprived of the means of defence. Such was their number, and so well distributed, that opposition was vain. Other parties repaired to their appointed rendezvous, and the houses of the French about the country were filled with them. The massacre was general among the men; the slaves, and some of the women and children were spared. The chiefs and warriors, disdaining to stain their hands with the blood of M. de Chopart, he fell by one of the meanest of the Indians. This settlement contained about seven hundred French, and very few of them escaped to carry the dreadful tidings to the capital. The forts and Settlements at the Yazous and Washita shared the same fate. Thus these extensive possessions of the French, which were gradually progressing to maturity, and the most wealthy of any in the colony, presented a melancholy picture. They were first plundered, and then exposed to the flames."

"While the French were in possession of the country, they built several forts. The one at Kaskaskia is almost wholly destroyed. They also had one on the Ohio, about thirty six miles from the Mississippi; the Indians laid a curious stratagem to take it, and it answered their purpose. A number of them appeared in the day time on the opposite side of the river, each of whom was covered with a bear skin, and walked on all fours. The French supposed them to be bears, and a party crossed the river in pursuit of them. The remainder of the troops left their quarters, and resorted to the bank of the river in front of the garrison to observe the sport. In the mean time a large body of warriors, who were concealed in the woods near by, came silently up behind the fort, and entered it

without opposition, and very few of the French escaped the carnage. They afterwards built another fort on the same ground, and called it *Massac* in memory of this disastrous event; and it retains this name to the present time."

But these gleams of savage success are only partial and intermittent. These characters have one quality, in common, that will ever prevent various tribes from acting in concert, mutuality of distrust. This may easily be brought to aid the designs of exterminating civilisation, and the tomahawk, in such instances, supercedes the necessity of the musket. It is a pleasant and delightful occupation to trace the manners and habits of savage man, and to compare them with our own. Surrounded, as we are, with the blessings and comforts of civilized life, we can only learn to estimate them properly by contrasting them with what savages are, and what we might have been. In the following sketch we observe a specimen of Indian coquetry; and, what appears not a little whimsical, not practised by the sex to whom that appellation seems, of right, to appertain.

"The ceremonies of courtship and marriage are by no means uniform; they are somewhat singular among the Indians on the east side of the Mississippi. When a young man is desirous of obtaining any particular female for his wife, he explains his intentions either to her real or adopted uncle. The bargain once completed, and the preliminaries settled, the groom builds himself a fire or hut separate from the rest; and in the evening commences playing on an instrument, something in the form of a whistle. The bride advances slowly behind him, and tickles his nose with a leaf or blade of grass. He starts as from a profound reverie, and manifests great surprise, while she leaps into the dark, and indulges a kind of tittering laugh. This farce is frequently repeated, till at length the groom wraps himself in his blanket, lays down, and pretends to be in a sound sleep. The bride silently approaches his feet, and tickles them, and he is again awaked to a seeming surprise. She makes her escape as before. This is also frequently repeated, till the fire becomes extinguished, and the Indians have retired to rest, when she silently lays herself down by the side of her husband."

The principles of religion, inherited by these rude sons of nature, bear a striking affinity to those entertained alike by civilized and savage man, unenlightened by the beams of revelation. Writers, and our author among the rest, employ this as an argument to prove their descendancy from civilized men; but we believe the fact too equivocal. We should rather incline to account for this seeming phenomenon in another manner.

There are certain evils in the elements from which all the guards of civilized life afford but a partial security. We are never absolutely free from the devastations of thunder, fire, water, and wind, whatever mode may be adopted for prevention. The children of the wilderness feel all the force of such calamities. A power is in motion which they are incapable of resisting, and nothing is more natural than that the sufferers should suppose that some invisible agent was near, where so much force has been exerted. This being presents himself to their terrified imagination in the character of an evil spirit, whose hostile malignity is inferred from the injury they suffer. After they have once imbibed this belief, the reverse of this principle seems to follow, of course. If a malignant spirit dwells in a tempest, a propitious one may be supposed to reside in the calm sky and exhilarating gale. Thus they embody their own pleasures and their pains, and worship under the character of deities.

"The Indians believe in the existence of good and evil spirits, which roam, unperceived, the regions of the air; and this belief is general from Greenland to Patagonia. Hence on occasions of importance, they endeavour to deprecate the wrath of the one, and to invoke the propitious smiles of the other. This ceremony is performed by their physicians, who are also their priests or jugglers, it consists of a variety of grimaces and contortions; and in their profound reveries, they are supposed to converse with the spirits. Almost the same methods are pursued by some in the cure of those diseases, which have baffled their medical skill. The more northern Indians practise incantations and charms; while those in more temperate climates much oftener trust to the efficacy of medicinal plants. In all these occult attempts, the jugglers are expert in their tricks, and usually perform them in a naked and exposed posture. Hearne saw one pretend to swallow a bayonet, the hilt of which only appeared out of the mouth. Another made an attempt to swallow a broad piece of wood, as large as a barrel stave, and shaped like it, one end of which was exposed in the same manner. Both of them walked about among the spectators with the articles apparently in their throats; nor was it in the power of Hearne to detect the deception. The author of these sketches has seen an Osage juggler swallow an arrow, eighteen inches long, and there was no deception in this instance.

The Indians have likewise much faith in dreams, by which they pretend to the knowledge of future events; nor are they less sanguine in their prognostications, grounded on certain occurrences in their wakeful moments. An Ioway chief who accompanied the author of these sketches to the seat of government in Ne-

ember, 1805, was possessed of a very curious kind of shell, in which he carried his tobacco. In Kentucky a citizen took a fancy to it, and requested it of him. He readily parted with it; after which he turned round, and addressed his companions thus: "I have given away my tobacco shell, and this circumstance puts me in mind that I shall die in a few days." Four days afterwards he expired without any apparent previous indispositions except a hard struggle for about an hour, while in the agonies of death."

The number of live stock possessed by those living in the vicinity of a wilderness, abounding in such animals, is calculated to excite surprise, and even stubborn incredulity, unless this fact is previously explained. We must further remember, that the wealth of a farmer does not consist in the abundance of his live stock, but in finding a ready market for such commodities. A man may thus, with all the means of acquiring opulence, be, comparatively, poor; or, in other words, be destitute of the necessaries of life, for which he is incapable of bartering the superfluity on his hands. With these explanations, the following passage will not be deemed incredible.

"The country produces all the substantial provisions of life in abundance; particularly mutton, fowls, beef, pork, butter, and cheese. It is common for a farmer to own from a hundred to a hundred and fifty head of cattle, and as many swine; nor ought this to be deemed extraordinary, when it is considered, that the rearing of them is productive of very little expense and trouble. The former in summer subsist on the grass with which the country is covered; and in the winter they retire to the bottoms, where they find plenty of cane and rushes. The latter subsist on the mast found in the woods: and hence both the cattle and swine keep fat most of the year. No hay is necessary, except for such cows and horses as are stabled, and plenty of this is always to be obtained in the proper season from the prairies. The high grounds are seldom so thickly covered with wood as to prevent the growth of grass. They exhibit more the appearance of extensive meadows than of rude and gloomy forests. In 1803 large quantities of beef were sold for three dollars per hundred, and some for fifty cents less; but since that period the price has gradually risen. When a farmer has an inclination to export a quantity of beef and pork, he carries his barrels and salt into the woods, and with his rifle he kills his cattle and swine, and packs away the meat ready for market. The same practice is followed in most other parts of the western country. Considerable quantities of butter and cheese are also made for exportation, though the latter is of an inferior quality. In a country so fertile, and so well adapted to the raising of cattle and swine, the inhabitants have it in their power to live as they please, and to become opulent with little labour. The greatest inconvenience they suffer is from the want of ready markets in their neighbourhood. The custom of exporting the surplus produce to New Orleans is not

general. The raw materials and surplus produce of an interior country most usually pass into the hands of traders and merchants, and are by them exported. This practice has not obtained in Upper Louisiana, where men of this description mostly receive peltries, lead, and salt, in exchange for their goods. Hence the beef and pork, and other surplus items of provisions, as well as raw materials, are mostly conveyed to New Orleans by the original owners."

With regard to the tumuli, or ancient fortifications, which have been a *vexata questio* amongst antiquarians on both sides of the Atlantic, it may probably be found that the facts themselves have not as yet been stated with sufficient perspicuity to admit of conclusive results. Trees are stated, by some accounts, to have grown *within these enclosures*, that indicate these fortifications to have been four hundred years in existence. Before we arrive at a conclusion so broad, the specific character of these trees should be stated. This period may extend beyond the natural life of the tree, and, at all events, their growing *within these fortifications* may only prove, that they were deemed a security to the garrison, and the best mode of defending themselves against a foe accustomed to that species of fighting, if compelled to surrender their outworks. These remarks, however, do not apply to the author of the foregoing sketches, for he broadly states the fact, that in the centre of one of these fortifications is a large mount of a conical figure, nearly seventeen feet high, on the summit of which are five or six large trees. Indeed, he continues, *on the lines* of this extensive fortification (a space including twenty acres) the trees are as large as those of the adjacent forest. We regret, therefore, that the quality of these trees had not been ascertained, and their size more particularly designated, as that would form some probable data in this interesting inquiry. Arguments drawn from the size of these fortifications are too inconclusive to prove that the colony by whom they were raised were numerous, on the presumption that they would require many hands to man the ramparts. The builders may have calculated on the settlement of an extensive colony at these places, and have built their outworks founded on the presumption of their future growth and prosperity. They may have been erected with a view to attempt the civilisation of the Indians, to teach them the modern mode of defending themselves in case of an attack from their savage neighbours, in op-

position to their rambling and excursive mode of assault and defence. This might have been done in the hope that they would thus acquire their confidence and commerce; there might have been several tribes of friendly Indians whom the emigrants thus attempted to teach the art of modern warfare; and the chain of these fortifications might thus be accounted for. The emigrants themselves may have been comparatively few, and have resided with the natives, in the hope that their precept and example might be obeyed and pursued. To connect these with uncertain Welch traditions of the voyage of Madoc, preserved only in the rude, uncouth, and, in all probability, fictitious tales of their bards: or to ascend still higher into antiquity, and from an isolated passage of Diodorus Siculus, importing that a colony of Phœnicians had sailed, and landed somewhere, about the time of Julius Cæsar; both of which events must have happened before the invention of the compass, seem admissions too large for the fact on which they rest. The existence of a salt mountain has excited much discussion, and more ridicule, in our public prints; and some may probably be disposed to pay no better compliment to the present extract. Our respect for the author induces us to believe, that the fact of his having seen specimens of salt of this quality, is not produced as decisive evidence of the existence of the salt prairie that he mentions.

“Near the source of one of the easterly branches of the Arkansas, and in a westerly direction from the Osage villages, is situated what is called the *salt prairie*. This is annually visited by some of our traders. Two of the most respectable characters in the country have repeatedly visited it, and made themselves fully acquainted with every particular concerning it. This prairie, according to them, is about twenty five miles diameter (others say nearly forty) composed of a dark coloured indurated sand, free from herbage; and surrounded by lofty hills. As soon as the heat of the sun begins to exhale the moisture of the sand, a thin coat of salt is gradually formed on the surface. The quantity of salt thus produced wholly depends on the degrees of heat; and frequently during the hottest days in summer, it accumulates to the thickness of nearly an inch and a half. In some places it has the appearance of fine table salt, and may be swept or gathered into heaps; in others it forms an incrustation, and resembles vast sheets of thin ice. The dews dissipate it. The rains occasionally precipitate large bodies of it into the branch alluded to, where part of it concretes, and is deposited along the shores. The author has several times seen salt taken from the prairie and branch. That from the first is free from impurities, very white, and sufficiently fine for table uses. That

from the last is mixed with more or less sand, collected from the bed and sides of the stream, and exhibits the colors of the several strata of earth where it is deposited. No estimate can be made of the quantity of salt, which might be annually obtained from this prairie; but it would yield sufficient to excite our surprise and admiration. The branch, on which it is situated, is navigable at the season of high water. But no benefit can be expected from it at present, as the Indians claim the country, and generally prove troublesome to those of the whites who venture to hunt or to reside in it."

It may remain a question for posterity to determine how far the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri are capable of colonization. These impetuous rivers are continually changing their channels. Their currents set with much velocity against the opposing banks: which are continually giving way, and, with all their trees, precipitating themselves into the channel. These disruptions, fortified as they are, by the trees and underbrush against the current, form innumerable islands, and force the current to explore another passage. Meanwhile the trees, by the continual friction of the stream, project bold and dangerous points to navigation, and form, in some instances, natural palisades around these masses of earth thus torn from their adjoining banks. If we further consider that these waters are endued with petrific properties, it seems to favour the presumption that time will only serve to render this evil more inveterate. The junction of the Mississippi and Missouri is thus poetically described:

"The junction of the two great rivers of Louisiana is in north latitude thirty-eight degrees forty seconds, and forms an interesting spectacle. The two islands in the mouth of the Missouri oblige him to pay his tribute to what is denominated the father of rivers through one large, and two small channels. As if he disdained to unite himself with any other river, however respectable and dignified, he precipitates his waters nearly at right angles across the Mississippi, a distance of more than twenty-five hundred yards. The line of separation between them, owing to the difference of their rapidity and colours, is visible from each shore, and still more so from the adjacent hills. The Mississippi, as if astonished at the boldness of an intruder, for a moment recoils and suspends his current, and views in silent majesty the progress of the stranger. They flow nearly twenty miles before their waters mingle with each other."

The soil is, likewise, to an amazing extent, peculiarly liable to such incursions from the river. It is alluvial, or prone to be

washed away by the stream, having few if any rocks or stones to form a permanent barrier against these assaults.

An alluvial soil cannot be supposed to abound in rock. Neither on the island of Orleans, nor along the immense flat country on the west side of the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Ohio, is even a single pebble to be found."

This is, notwithstanding, abundant, as the following extract will prove:

The lands to the westward of the Chafalia are so situated as to enable the planters to pursue several objects to advantage. In addition to their cotton and sugar-cane, they raise vast numbers of cattle. This is attended with very little expense, as the prairies are covered with grass during the whole of the year. Some persons own several thousand head of cattle. It is common for them to milk from eighty to one hundred and twenty cows, and to mark more than one thousand calves each year. This may seem incredible to some, but nothing is more true. An advantageous market for beef, hides, butter, cheese, and tallow, always exists in New-Orleans; and these articles are transported to that city with facility, and without much expense. It is estimated among the planters, that the stock of a vaccary doubles every four years, and that of a cotton plantation every three years."

With regard to the controverted title of the United States to this country, and the extent of it: in all human probability this question will, ere long, be considered on a more expanded scale. The time appears to be rapidly arriving, when no nation will be suffered to hold provinces which the ocean divides. There is, indeed, a strong principle at work dependant for its success, on so many contingencies, it is impossible to foresee or hazard a conjecture on the probable result. The expedition of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke already seems to have spoken emphatically the language of our government. They may have intended this to claim the whole continent of America, founded partly on the right of the Louisiana purchase, and partly on the discovery of those officers, who have penetrated to the Pacific ocean, as a settlement is begun already at the place where they terminated their researches.

The government of this country formerly united the civil and military powers in the same character, and it may well be presumed, that the change of a free policy for a despotic one, was received, at first, with some jealousy, by a people conver-

sant with nothing else. They could not conceive why their rights were not as secure in the hands of one man as of twelve; and time must undoubtedly be required before they can be made even to apprehend, much less to estimate, the value of the privileges which they now enjoy.

In the narrow precincts allotted to a review, it is difficult to give the precise character of a work embracing such a variety of subjects as the present. We are even fearful of injuring the reputation of the book by selection; for, in so copious a field, and where every subject demands an attention adequate to its importance, the admission of any one seems to disparage the rest.

The style, although it assumes the character of humble narrative, is pure and chaste, and we cordially congratulate him on the hardihood of character he has assumed, for such undoubtedly it is, in the present day, to be so unclassical as to write common sense. He shows himself to be a master of the materials that he manages; and, while conversing with his page, we have found ourselves seated with him by the side of solitary rivers, plunging into the glooms of inextricable wildernesses, or climbing the heights of desert mountains, instead of forgetting all these and admiring the brilliancy of a paragraph. We wished to explore the regions of Louisiana, and, by the light of his lamp, we have explored them.

The author has indulged himself in a train of ardent and patriotic speculation on the future destinies of his country, resulting from this recent acquisition. It is indeed a mighty subject, and such as defies all human scrutiny and foresight; the success or miscarriage of which is dependant on events beyond our control or conjecture. There does not seem any moral impossibility that a whole continent should be united for the purposes of security and defence, more than for seventeen states. It may even be made a question, whether in a country embracing every variety of soil and climate, an expansion of territory does not render the union more secure, by offering to commercial enterprise all the varieties of Asia and of Europe. One thing seems certain, that as population advances westward, something must be done for the preservation of those new colonies. Too weak as yet to defend themselves, they must be either allies or enemies. They would

be at all times dangerous engines in the hands of a foreign power who looks on our rising greatness with a jealous eye. Unable to defend themselves against the incursions of the savages, they would seek, elsewhere, that protection we denied them, and instead of friends, as they might have been, would become dangerous enemies on our borders.

TOUR THROUGH JAMAICA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Blackness, May, 1811.

DEAR W.

AGREEABLY to the promise I made you in a former letter, I now proceed to give you a more extended and accurate account of the negroes of this island. The number of blacks and people of colour here, is estimated at three hundred thousand. Of these, many are creoles of the island. Since the abolition of the slave-trade their number has considerably decreased, and doubtless will continue to decrease, until they change their hue, or become totally extinct. It is related that from the year 1700 to 1786 there were imported into the island of Jamaica, six hundred and ten thousand Africans. So many human beings reduced, in so short a period to a state of slavery is truly horrible, but the fact is undeniable. This system of making Africans slaves has been pursued for many years. It originated from mistaken motives of humanity. The amiable Las Casas, pitying the condition of the poor Indians, who, with frames unnerved by the climate, were compelled to work in the Spanish mines; and in order to relieve their sufferings, suggested the propriety of importing African negroes, who were more capable of enduring fatigue and labour. This was soon discovered; and, from that period, the abominable system of human traffic has been continued with a zeal and perseverance that dishonour civilisation, and cast a stigma on humanity.

The Africans here are of various nations, all differing from each other, in manners, customs, intellect, and figure. The coast of Africa extending from the river Senegal, to the river

Quanza, contains the following variety: 1st. The Koromantyn negroes, who are represented as a haughty and ferocious race. Many instances are related here of their iron fortitude of mind; their contempt of pain, and patient endurance of labour. Death, they regard as an event totally unimportant, and the most imminent danger they encounter without any perceptible fear or trepidation. Some years ago, two Koromantyns, in consequence of a rebellion they had excited, were condemned to be hung alive in chains, and left to perish. They evinced a perfect indifference to the punishment; never uttered a groan, though suffering with pain and hunger; and on the seventh day, while enduring the most poignant agony, it is said, they were heard to laugh obstreperously at the jokes of some of their countrymen, who had come to visit them.

This stoical apathy is evidently the result of education. Accustomed from infancy to the severest toils, and early inured to sufference, they acquire an indifference to affliction, and a contempt of pain that seem to border on perfect insensibility. Their revenge is deep and eternal; to the softening influence of pity they are total strangers, for, as they never spare themselves, they know not how to spare others.

In their religious opinions, they are more rational than many others in a similar state of barbarity. They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, whom they call Accompong, and whom they worship and adore without sacrifices; but they offer fruits to their god *Assaru*, hogs to *Iphoa*, and human sacrifices to their malicious diety, *Obboney*. They have also household gods, whom they believe to have been human like themselves, and to whom they sacrifice cocks or goats on the graves, which are supposed to contain their remains.

2nd. The Mandingoes, who differ from the Koromantyns materially, in figure and disposition. This nation is particularly remarkable for their elevated stature, and their freedom, in a great degree, from that nauseous and fetid smell by which the other Africans are distinguished.

3rd. The Eboes who bear a strong resemblance to the baboon. They are said to be cannibals in their native country, and much

less refined, than any of the other African tribes. They are of so melancholy and desponding a character, that sooner than suffer the fatigues, or undergo the hardships of West-Indian slavery, they will frequently put a period to their existence.

4th. The Whidaws. This nation is distinguished by mildness of temper, and activity of body, which, of consequence, render them the most valuable slaves. They are acquainted with the arts of agriculture in their native country, and have covered their kingdom, with villages and farms. It is said, that among some of the tribes of this nation, circumcision is practised, but this is not universal.

I know nothing sufficiently remarkable in the Congos, Chonchas, and Angolas to merit particular observation. They seem to bear so great an affinity to the nations already mentioned, that any further account of them would be unnecessary.

I shall now proceed to describe some peculiarities and customs that are common to all the Africans. They are extremely susceptible of cold; it is not rare to see them in a morning, which, to an American appears mild and agreeable, folding themselves up in a large blanket, and trembling as if under the influence of an ague; but the most intense degree of heat they bear with delight, and in the warmest day, work without inconvenience. At night, they always sleep, *and not unfrequently wrapt up in blankets*, by the side of a fire which is made in the midst of their cabins.

They are much addicted to superstition, and credulity. They believe in the existence of ghosts, which they call *dappies*, and of which they are under the greatest dread. In a future state of rewards and punishments, many put credence; but their general notions of religion are dark, confused, and dismal. Their funerals are curious, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Irish. A funeral is considered more as a festival than a scene of mourning. They dance, sing, and play on musical instruments, to ameliorate the sorrows of the real mourners, who are the immediate relatives of the deceased. The coffin is borne on the shoulders of the bearers, who stop before every hut where the person who was much disliked by, or had a particular antipathy against the deceased, resides. This is done, they say, because the corps wont suffer them to proceed until they have ex-

pressed their indignation, and thus appeased the wrath of the dead body. The body is then conveyed to its place of interment, where some of the bystanders cast loose dirt into the grave with their backs turned, like cats, to prevent, as they believe, their defunct friend from following them home. After this ceremony is terminated, the survivor is permitted to marry again, as soon as it is convenient, and the period of mourning is then at an end. Grave dirt, they make use of, as an ingredient in their solemn oaths. It is mixed with blood or water in a gourd, or callabash, into which the juror dips his finger, and with it crosses various parts of his body. He then takes the oath, which is, in an eminent degree, solemn and impressive. He swears that he wishes his belly may burst, and his bones rot, if what he says be not true. After which, he swallows the contents of the callabash, and deems the oath sacred and inviolable.

The Africans are much attached to music. Their instruments are the bendor, Koromantyn flute, potanga, dando, and goomba. Their songs are irregular and unsystematic, totally without ryme and imagery, and always the extemporaneous effusions of the moment. Their ear appears to be extremely susceptible of the impressions of harmonious sounds, and, when cultivated, they display great excellence in the science of music. In singing, like our negroes in the United States, one gives out the line in *pianissined* pianissimo, and the chorus, at the conclusion, join in full concert.

The Africans adopt the names of the days of the week on which they were born, *viz.*

<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>	<i>Day.</i>
Cudjoe,	Juba,	Monday,
Cubbenah,	Benebah,	Tuesday,
Quaco,	Cuba,	Wednesday,
Quao,	Abba,	Thursday,
Cuffee,	Phibba,	Friday,
Quamin,	Mimba,	Saturday,
Quashee,	Quasheba,	Sunday.

These names are also adopted by the black creoles of the island.

There exists among these unfortunate beings, a strong and unaccountable predilection for dirt eating. This singular practice,

which invariably produces a premature and dreadful death, is sometimes so general that whole plantations are depopulated, and the habit so irresistible, that when a negro has once yielded to its influence, he is immediately abandoned as irrecoverably lost.

I will now draw your attention to the obeah practice, which has been, and is still so prevalent in this, as in all the other West India islands. This practise is pursued by a certain class of men called obeah men, or conjurers. These people make use of a kind of poison in the exercise of their magic art, which is a species of dog's bane, *Apocynura erectum*, and is deemed one of the most deadly poisons with which we are acquainted. Its symptoms are griping—inclination to vomit—loss of appetite—frequent convulsions—hectic fevers, constant wasting of the body.

That you may more fully comprehend the nature of these men, and the effects of their practices, I will here insert an extract from the report of the agent of Jamaica, to the commissioners appointed for the purpose of examining into the slave trade.

“The trade which these imposters carry on, is extremely lucrative; they manufacture and sell their obies adapted to different cases, and at different prices. A veil of mystery is usually thrown over their incantations, to which the midnight hours are allotted, and every precaution is taken to conceal them from the knowledge, and discovery of the white people. The deluded negroes, who thoroughly believe in their supernatural power, become the willing accomplices of this concealment, and the stoutest among them tremble at the very sight of the ragged bundle, the bottle or the egg-shells, which are stuck in the thatch, or hung over the door of a hut, or upon the branch of a plantain tree to deter marauders. In cases of poison, the natural effects of it are by the ignorant negroes, ascribed entirely to the potent working of obi.

“With minds so firmly prepossessed, they no sooner find obi set for them near the door of their house, or in the path which leads to it, than they give themselves up for lost. When a negro is robbed of a fowl or hog, he applies directly to the obeah man or woman; it is then made known among his fellow blacks, that obi is set for the thief; and as soon as the latter hears the dreadful news, his terrified imagination begins to



work: no resource is left, but in the superior skill of some more eminent obeh man of the neighbourhood, who may counteract the magical operations of the other; but if no one can be found of higher rank and ability, or, if after gaining such an ally, he should still fancy himself affected, he presently falls into a decline under the incessant horror of impending calamities. The slightest painful sensation in the head, the bowels, or any other part, any casual hurt confirms his apprehensions, and he believes himself the devoted victim of an invincible and irresistible agency. Sleep, appetite, and cheerfulness forsake him, his strength decays, his disturbed imagination is haunted without respite, his features wear the settled gloom of despondency; dirt or any other unwholesome substance, become his only food, he contracts a morbid habit of body, and gradually sinks into the grave.

“Those anomalous symptoms, which originate from causes deeply rooted in the mind, such as the terrors of obi, or from poisons, whose operations are slow and intricate, will baffle the skill of the ablest physician.”

The obi is usually composed of a farrago of materials, most of which are enumerated in the Jamaica law, viz. “blood, feathers, parrots’ beaks, dogs’ teeth, alligators’ teeth, broken bottles, grave dirt, rum, and egg-shells.”

Adieu.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The annexed engraving, from a sketch by professor Barrelet, is intended as an illustration of part of Mr. Wilson’s poem called *The Foresters*, originally published in *The Port Folio* in the year 1809, and which will shortly be presented to the public in another form. The incident to which the plate refers occurred in the interior of Pennsylvania, and will be best understood, by the following quotations from the poem itself:

Thus many a tedious mile we travell’d o’er,
Each passing scene more rueful than before;

Till night's dun glooms descending o'er our path,
 We took up lodgings at the *Shades of Death*.^{*}
 The blazing fire, where logs on logs were laid,
 Through the red hut a cheerful radiance spread;
 Large horns of deer the owner's sports reveal;
 The active housewife turns her buzzing wheel;
 Prone on the hearth, and basking in the blaze,
 Three plump but ragged children loitering gaze;
 And all our landlord's odd inquiries o'er,
 He dealt out tales and anecdotes in store,
 Of panthers trapp'd†—of wounded bears enrag'd;
 The wolves and wildcats he had oft engaged;
 The noble bucks his rifle had brought down—
 How living rattle-snakes he took to town.
 His dog's exploits—the glory of his kind!
 Now gash'd by bears, and lame and almost blind.
 Display'd his hat, with bullet holes o'errun,
 To prove the many matches he had won.
 On powder, rifles, locks, and balls enlarg'd
 And a whole broadside on his art discharg'd.
 The mother spun, the children snor'd around,
 And Sock the landlord still fresh stories found;
 Our nodding heads the power of sleep confest,
 And the kind hunter led us to our rest.

^{*} A place in the *Great Swamp*, usually so called, from its low, hollow situation, overgrown with pine and hemlock trees of an enormous size, that almost shut out the light of day.

† Our host made himself very merry by relating to us an anecdote of one of his neighbours living ten or twelve miles off, who having fixed his large steel traps, in the evening, returned to the spot next morning, when, to his terror, he saw two panthers (*F. Cougar*) surrounding a trap in which a very large one was taken by the leg. Afraid to hazard a shot lest the surviving one, who was at liberty, might attack him, he hurried home, loaded another gun and gave it to his wife, an intrepid amazon, who immediately followed him to the scene. Arrived within forty or fifty yards, the hunter presented to take aim, but was so agitated with terror, that he found himself altogether unable. His wife instantly knelt down before him, ordering him to rest the rifle on her shoulder, which he did, and by this expedient succeeded in killing the whole three.

SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In our September number we commenced the publication of an Analysis of the labours of the French Institute, by Cuvier, which presents the most comprehensive sketch of the progress and state of science in France, during the year 1811. This was prepared for our use by one of the most profound scholars of our country, whose valuable notes explained Mr. Curvier's remarks and applied them to our own situation. The following continuation of the Analysis will not, we are persuaded, be less pleasing to our readers.

CONTINUATION OF THE REPORT OF M. CUVIER FOR 1811.

VEGETABLE AND BOTANICAL PHYSIOLOGY.

OUR colleague, M. Palisot de Beauvois, has communicated to the class, the result of an experiment intended to illustrate the course of the sap.

Instead of removing a circular ring of the bark in the common way, he insulated a square portion of the bark by cutting away a strip all round it, so that all communication was intercepted with the surrounding bark. He removed also the inner bark (*liber*) and dried up the nutritive juice (*cambium*) so as to leave untouched the wood only at the bottom of the notch or strip surrounding the square piece. The edges of this insulated square nevertheless pushed out small knobs or lumps, as did the edges of the bark on the other side of the naked strip. The square piece thus insulated, gave birth in some trees to a bud, which by and by became well developed. Nothing can better prove the general communication of all the parts of a vegetable, and how one part can give assistance to another: for the sap of the insulated square, could only reach it through the wood underneath.

In our report for 1806, we stated the Theory of M. de Beauvois on the fecundation of mosses, and also the objections of several botanists to that theory, which consists in regarding as pollen, or fecundating dust, a green powder which fills the urne (*urne*) of mosses, and in regarding as such another powder which M. de Beauvois places in the capsule, which is situated in the axis of the same urne, while Hedwig considers this green powder as the seed, and looks for the pollen among the other organs of the plant: and later botanists will not admit any sex

in this species of plants, and look upon the powder merely as a mass of small bulbs or buds.

This year M. de Beauvois has observed some circumstances that seem to confirm his opinion. Having carefully examined the urne of the *mnium capillare*, he found, 1st, that the green dust of the urne did not adhere to the central capsule, as it ought to do, had it been seed, and had this capsule been a receptacle (*columelle*) as the followers of Hedwig pretend: 2dly, that there were transparent grains larger than those of the green dust, in the capsule: 3dly, that the green dust itself, consisted of two kinds of grains, the one green, opaque, angular, and united by filaments, the others transparent and spherical. Proceeding further to examine the dust of lycopodium, he found that also to consist of two kinds of grains, the one opaque and yellow, the other round and transparent like drops of water, and in number not more than in the proportion of one to thirty of the first kind. The opaque grains he considers as pollen, and the transparent ones intermixed, as a kind of buds or bulbs, proper to furnish new plants: and that such were the plants that germinated in the experiments of Hedwig and other observers, when they sowed the dust of the lycopodium and the mosses: hence those experiments do not militate against M. de Beauvois' opinion.

As to the true grains, they are situated, as he thinks, differently in the lycopodia from the mosses. The angles (*aisselles*) of the leaves of the lower part of the ear (*epi*) conceal in the lycopodia, little capsules, each containing some grains larger than the dust of the capsules of the upper part, which Dillenius considered as seeds, in common with other observers, who, like him, regarded the dust as pollen.

M. Willdenow thinks they are a kind of bulb; an opinion adopted by all those who refuse to admit of sex in the lycopodia, the mosses, and other cryptogamous plants.

But M. de Beauvois finds that these grains have all the characters of organization assigned to seeds by the most exact botanists; and, therefore, they ought so to be considered, though they have not yet been discovered in all the lycopodia. He acknowledges he has not been able to make them grow, but this

he ascribes in his case to their not being sufficiently fresh. Indeed should he make them grow, still the botanists who regard them as bulbs, will not consider themselves as confuted.

In our reports for the two last years we briefly noticed the discussions of our colleagues M. M. de Mirbel and Richard on the internal composition of the grains of certain vegetables. As these discussions tend to shake established opinions, we must give an account of the stage at which the question now rests, and for that purpose we must take it up at an earlier period.

If a grain of French bean, for example, be put in water, it will burst; and where the two lobes that form the greatest part of its mass join, we can observe on one side a small conical fleshy body, and on the other side two small leaves sufficiently distinct. If we have caused the seed to germinate in soil, the conical part will be buried in the earth and put out its root, the two small leaves will be raised above the earth in the air; and between these two parts of the plant, the other parts will be formed. The two large lobes adhering to the point of junction of the two parts just described, after having performed, for a short time, the office of leaves, will dry up and disappear.

The small conical tubercle, is called botanically the *radicle*: the opposite part, which when developed furnishes the entire trunk of the plant, is the *plumule*, and the two lateral lobes are the *cotyledons*.

Many experiments show that the office of the cotyledons, is to furnish the substance necessary to the first development of the plumule, and the radicle, until the young plant is strong enough to derive from the earth and from the air, the juices necessary to its subsequent growth.

Other oft-repeated experiments have taught us that the plants which have two cotyledons, (the most numerous tribe of plants) have a great many characters in common; and that they differ in many details of their organization from plants which have but one cotyledon; and still more from those plants which have no cotyledon at all. Hence botanists have made these varieties of the vegetable embryo, the base of their first division of plants.

M. Des Fontaines, in a memoir of which we have given an analysis heretofore, seemed to have fixed the seal of certainty on this division, by proving that the ligneous trunks of bicotyledonous plants, have a different internal texture and a different mode of growth, from the monocotyledonous, and the acotyledonous plants. But, as in natural history it often happens (especially when the characters deemed fundamental are deduced from empirical observations, whereof the connexion and analogy with other parts of the plant have not been appreciated) it was found, by degrees, that these rules admitted of exceptions. It was found, that the seeds of certain plants, which throughout their structure resembled the bicotyledonous, were either acotyledonous, or had more than two cotyledons. Exceptions of an opposite nature were also observed; hence the seeds of various plants were examined with more care than ever. This examination exposed some plants, whose structure was problematical, and in which the same organ was differently denominated according to the manner in which the examination was conducted. Of these doubtful plants the *nelumbo* was one of the most remarkable. This is an Indian plant, which has a strong analogy to our *neruphar*. The grain conceals a body divided into two lobes, at about two thirds of its height. Between these lobes is a small membranous bag, from whence the first leaves put forth: and the small lateral roots do not shoot out till the stalk that supports the leaves is somewhat lengthened.

M. M. de Mirbel and Poiteau, in conformity to a seeming resemblance, have considered these two lobes as two cotyledons; or that the first leaves form the plumule, and that the bag which encloses them is a kind of sheath: that the radicle remains inactive and undeveloped: and that the fibres that grow out of the small stalk, are analogous to the roots which shoot from the stalks of the creeping plants.

M. de Mirbel, in particular, thinks he has discovered in the interior of the lobes an apparatus of vessels exactly resembling those of the cotyledons of bicotyledonous plants, among which class therefore these botanists have arranged the *nelumbo*.

M. Richard, on the contrary, maintains that this little bag ought to be regarded as the only cotyledon, and that the two lobes belong to the extremity of the radicle. He compares these bodies to such as are observed in other embryos, and to which he has given the name of hypoblasts, being the same which Gærtner has denominated vitellus. This analogy seems to him the more certain, as the lobes in question, as well as other hypoblasts do not commence their growth at the moment of germination, while with the greater part of cotyledons it is otherwise. The lateral production of roots, is the natural and general consequence of the presence of an hypoblast, which prevents the direct elongation of the radicle. Under these impressions M. Richard has considered the *nelumbo* as a monocotyledon.

The discussion then proceeded upon the structure of the hypoblasts themselves. M. de Mirbel compared what M. Richard considered as the hypoblast of grasses (the scutellum of Gærtner) with the cotyledon of asparagus and some other monocotyledonous plants, and concludes that the hypoblast of the gramens is the same with their cotyledon: this ranges on his side of the argument all the analogies of M. Richard. In this also M. Poiteau agrees with M. de Mirbel.

M. Richard replies, that there is more difference between them than M. de Mirbel supposes. That the plumule of asparagus, and the other similar plants is enclosed in the cotyledon, which it breaks through before it can expose itself; that this is a character essential to the plumule of all the monocotyledons: that in the gramens, on the contrary, the plumule is enveloped in a conical coat distinct from the hypoblast, and that this coat is the true cotyledon. M. de Mirbel however, can see nothing in this conical tunic more than an excrescence resulting from the stronger growth of the plumule in the gramens, than in the other monocotyledons.

Auxiliary arguments were then sought for among plants more or less approaching the structure of *nelumbo*.

M. de Mirbel showed that there was a great resemblance between the grains of pepper and of some other plants very distinguishable as bicotyledons, by the structure of their stems,

and the grains of nelumbo. In fact we do not see in the nelumbo or in the nymphæa, those annual woody layers, which distinguish the bicotyledons; but, according to M. de Mirbel, we must attribute this to the laxity of their texture.

M. Richard produced on his side of the question the hydrocharids, and the hydropeltids, to which he imagined the nelumbo and the nymphæa had most resemblance, most of which had thick hypoblasts, in a hollow whereof the plumule might be discovered enclosed in a cotyledonous purse or sac; although these hypoblasts are not so deeply divided as in the nelumbo.

While this controversy was going on, another arose, to which it only became an episode.

M. Richard, two or three years ago, became sensible that the division of plants, by the number of their cotyledons or seminal lobes, was in some cases obscure and insufficient, and therefore proposed a new division, founded on the structure and envelop of the radicle.

In the plants commonly called dicotyledons, the radicle or small conical tubercule, of which we have before spoken, becomes itself, as it lengthens, the root of the vegetable. In the other plants, this conical tubercule is no more than a bag enveloping other tubercules which become roots. Plants formed in the first way, M. Richard denominated *exorhizæ*, those of the second form, *endorhizæ*.

M. de Mirbel is more dissatisfied with this new division than the former one; alleging that although the radicle of the graminens is endorhizæ, yet in the other monocotyledonous plants there is no other appearance of a bag than a small knot at the base of the root just forming; and that this knot is found in plants analogous to the bicotyledons, such as pepper, to which M. Richard had recourse on the controversy respecting the nelumbo.

M. Richard then declared that pepper was a monocotyledon as well as nelumbo: and either the structure of the stems of the piperaceous class must be called in question, or some new modifications must be applied to the general rule respecting the structure of stems (*tiges*) that may render its application more precise, and less subject to exceptions.

It does not become us to decide between botanists so skillful; but their differences of opinion have induced them to lay open the internal structure of the seed, and the germination of many plants that had been but imperfectly studied before. But generally speaking, we are of opinion that no sure reliance can be placed on the constancy of a character, till the reason of its importance be demonstrated by the influence it exerts. For all characters that depend on mere empirical observations, however numerous, may be overturned by a single case of an opposite nature. But the influence of the varieties of form in the constituent parts of a vegetable, is as yet too little known, to allow us to hope, for a considerable time to come, that botanical characters will be settled with the same degree of rational certainty as those of zoology.

We ought however to observe, that the detailed description given by M. Richard, in the course of this discussion, of the family of hydrocharids, has a merit independent of the question in dispute, namely that of determining more exactly, than heretofore, the genera of which this family is composed, which M. Richard now makes to be ten, having added five to the five already known.

M. Desvaux has presented to the class the first fruits of his labours on *ferns*. He has added some observations to those of Messrs. Swartz and Smith; and he proposes to dismember four genera from the number which those learned botanists had established; and he has minutely described several species hitherto hardly known.

M. Lechenault de la Tour, one of the naturalists who sailed with captain Baudin, has presented some details on those trees, of which the natives of Java, Borneo, and Macassar, employ the juice to poison their arrows, and concerning which, under the name of *upas*, such exaggerated accounts have been given. There are two kinds of this poison, the *upas anthiaria* and the *upas thicuta*. The slightest wound with either the one or the other kills in a few minutes, but the last is the most violent. It is the extract of a root of a species of strychnos or nux vomica; a climbing woody plant, of the family of the apocynums, which twines round the branches of the highest trees. The experi-

ments of M. de Lille and Majendie, prove that it affects the spinal marrow, and causes tetanos and asphyxy. The upas anthiaria flows from a large tree which M. Lechenault names anthiara toxicaria, and which is of the family of the nettles. Those who have been wounded with it, are quickly subject to green and frothy evacuations, and die in violent convulsions. The flesh of animals who die of such wounds may be eaten, cutting away the wounded part.

M. Decandolle, correspondent and professor at Montpellier, proposes to publish some new and scarce plants growing in the garden confided to his care, offering, as occasion may require, observations on the genera to which they belong. He has presented to the class some favourable specimens of his labours, a hundred plants are drawn and ready for the engraver.

Our colleague, M. de Beauvois, continues his Flora of Owar and Benin, of which the thirteenth number is complete. In the twelfth he announces a new division of the gramens founded on the reunion and separation of the sexes, the composition of the flower, and the number of its envelopes.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. GIBBON, the historian, is, with some reason, supposed to be partial to the character of Julian, the apostate; and Montaigne seems even more so than Gibbon. But it cannot be denied, that they are warranted by authentic documents in speaking favourably of him as a man. The single testimony of the poet Prudentius, who was a Christian, and lamented the infidelity of Julian, ought certainly to go far in vindication of his fame. He tells us, that when a boy, he remembered him;—that, as a leader of armies, he was brave; as a legislator, celebrated; and, though unfaithful to his God (*perfidus ille Deo*) that with voice and hand, he was devoted to his country. His words are,

*Principibus tamen è cunctis non defuit uaus
Me puero, ut memini, ductor fortissimus armis,
Conditor et legum celeberrimus, ore manuque*

Consultor patriæ, sed non consultor habendæ
 Religionis amans tercentum millia divùm.
 Perfidus ille Deo, quamvis non perfidus orbi.*

From the satirical stroke of Juvenal on Themison, the physician,

Promptius expeditam quot amaverat Hippiæ mechos
 Quot Themison ægros autumnò occiderit uno:

we collect, that autumn was the sickly season at Rome: and from this circumstance, it is also inferable, that the diseases were of the bilious kind, and such as prevail in our climate at that season.

If a man were to be reconciled to death by reflecting on his own insignificance, and the comparative superiority of others, who have trod the path before him, he might find an admirable lesson to the purpose in Lucretius, who puts his eloquence to the stretch on the subject. After telling us that the good Ancus relinquished the light; that the Scipios closed their eyes; and kings and other rulers of nations, *magnis qui gentibus imperitarunt*, he comes to the poets and literary characters of antiquity, concluding with Epicurus, who, according to him, was so very far above the rest of mankind, that he abuses, without moderation or mercy, the superstitious and waking dreamer, who might show any reluctance to dying, after knowing that Epicurus had not been exempted from the common lot. The following is a part of his contemptuous invective.

Tu vero dubitabis, et indignabere obire
 Mortua cui vita est propè jam vivo, atque videnti?
 Qui somno partem majorem conteris ævi?
 Et vigilans stertis, nec somni cernere cesses
 Solicitumque geris cassa formidine mentem?

The reader is affected with a mingled emotion of horror and admiration at the conduct of Vulteius, as described by Lucan.

* Orbi, others read urbi.

Of the same character, though less deliberate, and upon a smaller scale, was the desperate act of valour, displayed by our Somers before Tripoli. Such heroism, however, borders on ferocity, and is not quite to the taste of a polished or a Christian age. This Vulteius, one of Cæsar's officers, with a thousand men under his command, being intercepted by Pompey's party, and unable either to escape or defend himself against the attack which he expected next morning, thus encouraged his soldiers to destroy themselves, which, when about to be overpowered by the enemy, they did accordingly. See Lucan, lib. iv.

Vulteius—*poscens jam fata, &c.*

Is there a gen'rous youth, Vulteius cry'd,
Whose worthy sword may pierce your leader's side?
He said: and at the word, from every part,
An hundred pointed weapons reached his heart;
Dying he prais'd 'em all, but him the chief,
Whose eager duty brought the first relief;
Deep in his breast he plunged the deadly blade,
And with a grateful stroke the friendly gift repaid.
At once, they all at once, to death they fly,
And on each others swords alternate die.

Rowe.

“The fate of the present duke of Grafton,” says the author of the Pursuits of Literature, “is singular. He has been celebrated by the first prose writer and the first poet of the age.” These were Junius and Gray; and his grace would probably have been a gainer by dispensing with the poetical incense of the one, in consideration of being spared the lacerating prose of the other.

What is grandeur? what is power?
Heavier toils! superior pain!
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good:
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees collected treasure sweet;
Sweet music's fall—but sweeter yet,
The still small voice of gratitude.

Thus Gray, in his ode on the installation of the duke, as chancellor of the university of Cambridge; to which Junius alludes in the following passage of one of his many letters to this nobleman: "You will then have reason to be thankful, if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning, which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty, by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dulness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse,* though happy in fiction, will forget your virtues."

Junius, notwithstanding his general elegance, force, and propriety, is not always proof against the test of rigid criticism; although in the passage I am about to advert to, considering he was addressing himself to the multitude, upon whose sensory, the repetition of a plain idea is more effectual than the most lively, insulated figure, perhaps he evinces judgment, however he may incur the imputation of bad taste. His object being to render lord Mansfield odious and suspected, he says—"Who attacks the liberty of the press? Lord Mansfield. Who invades the constitutional power of juries? Lord Mansfield. Who is it makes commissioners of the great seal? Lord Mansfield. Who, &c. &c.? Lord Mansfield." But this figure, as observed by Rollin in the following instance, exactly in point, becomes fatiguing from this kind of burthen of a song ever in the same strain. *Qui sunt qui fœdera sæpe ruperunt? Carthagenienses. Qui sunt*

* Gray had shortly before been patronised by the duke, and complimented with a professorship.

qui in Italia crudele bellum gesserunt? Carthagenienses. Qui sunt, &c. &c.? Carthagenienses.

A writer in the American Review, speaking of the sequel of the letters and reflections of the field marshal prince de Ligne, well observes, that the portrait of Catherine begins in a manner characteristic of the author. Catherine le grand n'est plus. Ces deux mots sont affreux à prononcer. *Je n'aurois pu les écrire hier, &c.* He luckily, however, on the following day, continues the reviewer, recovered sufficient presence of mind, to give us a detailed and curious picture of the empress, &c. &c.

But the presence of mind of the prince was, it seems, less the effect of good luck than of method and good regulation, since the violence of his grief for the death of Joseph the Second, had precisely the same duration as that for the loss of the empress Catherine; witness his letter to her on the demise of the emperor, beginning thus: "He is no more, madam. The prince who did honour to humanity, the man who did most honour to princes, is no more. His ardent genius is gone out like a light.—Yesterday the violence of my grief would have disabled me from writing this account to your imperial majesty." Thus we see, that the *Je n'aurois pu les écrire hier*, was but a kind of formula adopted by the prince, for the annunciation of these overwhelming occurrences.

Pope, it is well known, was latterly on ill terms with his quondam very good friend, lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and the circumstance might be inferred, from his disrespectfully inserting her name in this ludicrous couplet of his Dunciad:

Whenee hapless monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from dutchesses and lady Marys.

The grossness of the allusion, perfectly plain from the context, sufficiently indicates the affront to her ladyship; and though no guilt is imputed her, yet the enchanting gayety of the poetry giving point to the arch though innocuous insinuation, it is by no means a *telum imbellè sine ictu*.

Lord Mohun, who flourished in the time of the duke of Marlborough, and who was denominated the bully of the whig party, appears to have been eminently endowed with the qualities, which, in later times, would have entitled him to the proud distinction of a blood of the first magnitude. In the state trials, we find this gentleman twice figuring at the bar on charges of murder: in one of the cases, for the death of a man, achieved in a midnight enterprise of his lordship, in conjunction with an officer of the army, to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress. His career was characteristically closed in a duel with the duke of Hamilton, in which he was the challenger, and in which both himself and his adversary fell, as appears by bishop Burnet's history of his own time. This it is, to be ravished with the whistling of a name; or, are we rather to assume, that his lordship was a real and *bona fide* lover of fighting, and that, like Achilles, depicted by Agamemnon, " wars and horrors were his savage joy."

The Abbot de St. Real.—The author of our tragedy of Manlius, says Voltaire in writing to some Englishman, took his subject from Otway's *Venice Preserved*; and each from the history of the conspiracy of the marquis of Bedmar, wrote by the Abbot de St. Real; and give me leave to add, that this piece of history, equal, perhaps, to Sallust, is much superior either to your Otway or our Manlius.

Of the merit of Manlius, I have nothing to say; but I should be loth to give up the tender pathetic Otway to the sweeping decision of the French critic. To the eloquence, however, of the historian, I bear willing testimony, and select from him one or two of his best passages. Speaking of the irresolution of Jaffier, he says—" This was the last effort of his dying resolution: it vanished quite, when the face of his friend was turned; and having no longer before his eyes, the only man who was capable, by the consideration he had for him, to keep him firm, he abandoned himself entirely to his uncertainty. The description Renault had given of the night of the execution in the conclusion of his harangue, had struck him to such a degree that he could not moderate his pity. His imagination improved that picture; and represented to him exactly, and in the most live-

ly colours, all the cruelties and injustices which are inevitable on such occasions. From that moment he heard nothing on all sides but the cries of children trampled under foot, the groans of aged men in murdering, and the shrieks of women ravished; he saw nothing but palaces tumbling down, churches on fire, and holy places defiled with blood. Venice, the sad, the deplorable Venice, presented itself every where before his eyes, no longer triumphant, as formerly, over the Ottoman power, and the pride of Spain, but in ashes or in irons, and more drenched in the blood of its inhabitants, than in the waters which encompass it," &c. &c.

From the mollifying influence of these reflections, having, in some degree, recovered his nerves, he is again shaken in his purpose, by the following occurrence, which would naturally affect a man not wholly lost to the social affections. "Jaffier had the curiosity to see the ceremony where the doge espouses the sea, because it was the last time it was to be performed. His compassion revived at the sight of the public rejoicings; the profound tranquillity of the unhappy Venetians gave him a more lively sense of their approaching desolation, and he re-turned more irresolute than ever."

These specimens of the abbot's manner, though they may not, in the opinion of the English or American reader, warrant the conclusion of Voltaire, must yet convince him, that the historical style of the English was far behind that of the French in receiving a polish. Until the time of Hume and Robertson, what historians had the British nation to compare with De St. Real, and the abbe Vertot.

MEMOIR

ON THE RESEARCHES OF LORD ELGIN IN GREECE.

(Concluded.)

"NEAR the Parthenon are three temples, so connected by their structure, and by the rites which were celebrated in them, that they might be almost considered as a triple temple. They

are of small dimensions, and of the Ionic order: one of them dedicated to Neptune and Erectheus; the second to Minerva Polias, the protectress of citadels; the third to the nymph Pandrosos. It was on the spot where these temples stand, that Minerva and Neptune were said to have contended for the honour of naming the city. Athenian superstition long showed the mark of Neptune's trident, and a briny fountain, which attested his having there opened a passage for his horse; and the original olive tree produced by Minerva was venerated in the temple of Pandrosos, as late as the time of the Antonines.

"This temple of Minerva Polias is of the most delicate and elegant proportions of the Ionic order: the capitals and bases of the columns are ornamented with consummate taste; and the sculpture of the frize and cornice is exquisitely rich. It is difficult to conceive how marble has been wrought to such a depth, and brought to so sharp an edge: the palmetti, ovetti, &c. have all the delicacy of works in metal. The vestibule of the temple of Neptune is of more masculine proportions; but its Ionic capitals have great merit. This beautiful vestibule is now used as a powder magazine; and no other access to it could be had but by creeping through an opening in a wall which had been recently built between the columns. Lord Elgin was enabled to keep it open during his operations within; but it was then closed, so that future travellers will be prevented from seeing the inner door of the temple, which is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen in existence of Ionic architecture. Both these temples have been measured; and their plans, elevations, and views, made with the utmost accuracy. All the ornaments have been moulded; some original blocks of the frize and cornice have been obtained from the ruins, as well as a capital and a base.

"The little adjoining chapel of Pandrosos is a most singular specimen of Athenian architecture; instead of Ionic columns to support the architrave, it had seven statues of Caryan women, or Caryatides. The Athenians endeavoured, by this device, to perpetuate the infamy of the inhabitants of Carya, who were the only Peloponnesians who sided with Xerxes in his invasion of Greece. The men had been reduced to the deplorable

state of Helotes; and the women not only condemned to the most servile employments, but those of rank and family forced in this abject condition to wear their ancient dresses and ornaments. In this state they are here exhibited. The drapery is fine, the hair of each figure is braided in a different manner, and a kind of diadem they wear on their head forms the capital. Besides drawings and mouldings of all these particulars, lord Elgin has brought to England one of the original statues. The Lacedæmonians had used a species of vengeance similar to that above mentioned in constructing the Persian portico, which they had erected at Sparta, in honour of their victory over the forces of Mardonius at Platæa: placing statues of Persians in their rich oriental dresses, instead of columns, to support the entablature.

“ The architects have also made a ground plan of the Acropolis, in which they have not only inserted all the existing monuments, but have likewise added those, the position of which could be ascertained, from traces of their foundations. Among these are the Temple and Cave of Pan; to whom the Athenians thought themselves so much indebted for the success of the battle of Marathon as to vow him a temple. All traces of it are now nearly obliterated; as well as of that of Aglauros, who devoted herself to death to save her country. Here the young citizens of Athens received their first armour, enrolled their names, and swore to fight to the last for the liberties of their country. Near this spot the Persians scaled the wall of the citadel, when Themistocles had retired with the remainder of the army, and the whole Athenian navy, to Salamis.

“ The remains of the original wall may still be traced in the midst of the Turkish and Venetian additions, and they are distinguishable by three modes of construction at very remarkable epochs--the Pelagic, the Cecropian, and that of the age of Cimon and Pericles. It was at this last brilliant period, that the Acropolis, in its whole extent, was contemplated with the same veneration as a consecrated temple; consistent with which sublime conception, the Athenians crowned its lofty walls with an entablature of grand proportions, surmounted by a cornice. Some of the

massy trygliphs and motules still remain in their original position, and producing a most imposing effect.

“ The ancient walls of the city of Athens, as they existed in the Peloponnesian war, have been traced by lord Elgin’s artists in their whole extent, as well as the long walls that led to the Munychia and the Piræus. The gates, mentioned in ancient authors, have been ascertained: and every public monument, that could be recognised, has been inserted in a general map, as well as detailed plans given of each. Extensive excavations were necessary for this purpose, particularly at the great theatre of Bacchus, at the Pnyx, where the assemblies of the people were held, where Pericles, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, and Æschines, delivered their orations, and at the theatre built by Herodes Atticus, to the memory of his wife Regilla. The supposed Tumuli of Antiope, Euripides, and others, have also been opened; and from these excavations and various others in the environs of Athens, has been procured a complete and valuable collection of Greek vases. The colonies sent from Athens, Corinth, &c. into Magna Græcia, Sicily, and Etruria, carried with them this art of making vases, from their mother country; and, as the earliest modern collection of vases were made in those colonies, they have improperly acquired the name of Etruscan. Those found by lord Elgin at Athens, Æginæ, Argos, and Corinth, will prove the indubitable claim of the Greeks to the invention and perfection of this art. Few of those in the collections of the king of Naples at Portici, or in that of sir William Hamilton, excel some which lord Elgin has procured, with respect to the elegance of the form, the fineness of the materials, the delicacy of the execution, or the beauty of the subjects delineated on them; and they are, for the most part, in very high preservation. A tumulus, into which an excavation was commenced under lord Elgin’s eye during his residence at Athens, has furnished a most valuable treasure of this kind. It consists of a large marble vase, five feet in circumference, enclosing one of bronze thirteen inches in diameter, of beautiful sculpture, in which was a deposit of burnt bones, and a lachrymatory of alabaster, of exquisite form; and on the bones lay a wreath of myrtle in gold, having, besides leaves, both buds and flowers. This tumulus is

situated on the road which leads from Port Piræus to the Sallaminian ferry and Eleusis. May it not be the tomb of Aspasia?

"From the theatre of Bacchus lord Elgin has obtained the very ancient sun-dial which existed there during the time of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and a large statue of the Indian or bearded Bacchus, dedicated by Thrasyllus in gratitude for his having obtained the prize of tragedy at the Panatheniac festival. A beautiful little temple near it, raised for a similar prize gained by Lysicrates, and commonly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, has also been drawn and modelled with minute attention. It is one of the most exquisite productions of Greek architecture. The elevation, ground-plan, and other details of the octagonal temple raised by Andronicus Cyrrhestes to the winds, have also been executed with care; but the sculpture on its frieze is in so heavy a style, that it was not judged worthy of being modelled in plaster.

"Permission was obtained from the archbishop of Athens to examine the interior of all the churches and convents in Athens and its neighbourhood, in search of antiquities; and his authority was frequently employed, to permit lord Elgin to carry away several curious fragments of antiquity. This search furnished many valuable bas-reliefs, inscriptions, ancient dials, a Gymnasiarch's chair in marble, on the back of which are figures of Harmodius and Aristogiton, with daggers in their hands, and the death of Leæna, who bit out her tongue during the torture, rather than confess what she knew of the conspiracy against the Pisistratidæ. The fountain in the court-yard of the English consul Logotheti's house was decorated with a bas-relief of Bacchantes, in the style called Græco Etruscan: lord Elgin obtained this, as well as a *quadriga* in bas-relief, with a victory hovering over the charioteer, probably an *ex voto* for some victory at the Olympic games. Amongst the funeral cippi found in different places, are some remarkable names, particularly that of Socrates; and in the Ceramicus itself lord Elgin discovered an inscription in elegiac verse, on the Athenians who fell at Potidæa, and whose eulogy was delivered with pathetic eloquence in the funeral oration of Pericles.

"The peasants at Athens generally put into a niche over the door of their cottages any fragment they discover in ploughing the fields. Out of these were selected and purchased many curious antique votive tablets, with sculpture and inscriptions. A complete series has also been formed of capitals, of the only three orders known in Greece, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian; from the earliest dawn of art in Athens, to its zenith under Pericles; and, from thence, through all its degradations, to the dark ages of the lower empire.

"At a convent called Daphne, about half way between Athens and Eleusis, were the remains of an Ionic temple of Venus, equally remarkable for the brilliancy of the marble, the bold style of the ornaments, the delicacy with which they are finished, and their high preservation. Lord Elgin procured from thence two of the capitals, a whole fluted column, and a base.

"Lord Elgin was indebted chiefly to the friendship of the captain pacha for the good fortune of procuring, while at the Dardanelles, in his way to Constantinople, the celebrated Boustrophedon inscription, from the promontory of Sigæum, a monument which several ambassadors from Christian powers to the porte, and even Louis XIV. in the height of his power, had ineffectually endeavoured to obtain. Lord Elgin found it forming a seat or couch at the door of a Greek chapel, and habitually resorted to by persons afflicted with ague, who deriving great relief from remaining reclined upon it, attributed their recovery to the marble, and not to the elevated situation and sea air, of which it procured them the advantage. This ill-fated superstition had already obliterated more than one half of the inscription, and in a few years more it would have become perfectly illegible.

"By the aid of this valuable acquisition, lord Elgin's collection of inscriptions comprehends specimens of every remarkable peculiarity in the variations of the Greek alphabet, throughout the most interesting period of Grecian history.

"A few bronzes, cameos, and intaglios, were also procured: in particular, a cameo of very exquisite beauty, in perfect preservation, and of a peculiarly fine stone: it represents a female centaur suckling a young one. Lord Elgin was equally fortunate

in forming a collection of Greek medals, among which are several that are very rare; others of much historical merit; and many most admirable specimens of art."

The late Dr. Carlyle, professor of the Arabic language at Cambridge, accompanied lord Elgin to Turkey, in the hope of finding some secret treasures of Greek or Arabic literature.—The doctor and another person, attached to the embassy, well qualified for such a task, accordingly obtained permission to examine several collections of manuscripts in the grand seignior's palace. Many of these collections at Constantinople and the adjacent islands, upwards of thirty monasteries on mount Athos, and many other religious establishments in every part of Greece, and in the islands of the Archipelago, were, for this purpose, thoroughly searched. From all these places has been selected a number of such manuscripts as appeared most valuable and interesting, and a particular catalogue and description of those, necessarily left behind, is also given.

In proportion as the plan of lord Elgin advanced, and the means of offering an exact knowledge of Grecian architecture, and sculpture increased, it became a serious inquiry to discover by what method the arts might be most effectually benefited by the treasures in his possession. As to the architectural delineations, he had intended, from the beginning, that they should all be engraved; the plan, elevations, and other details, which appeared of importance, were, therefore, raised upon the ground, and are now in a state of complete preparation.

In addition to this, all the draughts and measurements, taken on the spot, have been preserved, and afford ample materials, were it necessary, for new designs: the intention of lord Elgin then was, as well out of respect to the subjects themselves, as to render them useful to posterity, that the whole should be engraved in the most perfect manner. For this purpose he thought it a practicable and certainly a very desirable object that a fund should be raised either by subscription, or exhibiting them for money, by means of which the engraving might be distributed at a price within the power of every artist.

To a plan for obtaining any important advantages from the marble and plaster figures, more formidable difficulties seemed to present themselves: the first idea of lord Elgin was to have the statues and bas-reliefs put up in a state similar to that they formerly held: for this purpose he went to Rome, in order to consult and employ Conova—the opinion of this illustrious artist was decisive. On examining the specimens presented to him, particularly those from the parthenon, and obtaining an exact knowledge of the whole collection, from the persons employed, Conova declared that, though the devastations of time, and the barbarians, on these antiquities, were truly lamentable, yet it was certain that they had never yet been retouched—they were the production of the ablest artists, under an enlightened patron, and at a period when genius enjoyed the most lavish encouragement, and had arrived at its greatest height. These ornaments had been thought worthy of decorating the most splendid temple of Greece. Though he should enjoy the greatest delight in handling and examining these inestimable fragments, it would, says the enthusiastic artist, be a sort of sacrilege to apply to them the bungling aid of a modern chissel. This opinion has been universally confirmed by public opinion, and all thoughts of such a project laid aside. From its first arrival in England, the whole collection has been open to the inspection of the public, and the opinion, not only of artists, but also of all persons of taste in such subjects, has been collected. At the same time the most distinguished painters and sculptors have assiduously frequented the museum, and testified the most lively admiration and enthusiasm at the perfection to which the art of sculpture must have been carried, and which, before, was known to us only by means of the ancient authors. They have examined them attentively, and found that not only the human figures, but those of the inferior animals, are executed with the most scrupulous anatomical truth. They have been struck with the astonishing exactness, and, at the same time, the commanding effect of the most minute details, so remarkable in the various attitudes and gestures of the figures. The oldest artists expressed the most lively regret at not having had the advantage of studying these models; and many (among others, the most distinguished

artists of the capital) who are well qualified to make the comparison, declare, that, to men of science, no collection should be more precious, however numerous and famed. It may be added that the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, the honour of our theatre, was so struck and agitated by one of the female groups, as almost to shed tears; and the president of the royal academy, no less eminent as an artist, than for his zeal to encourage and protect the arts, in this country, after passing several months in unremitting study of the marbles, and assuring himself of the advantages that might be derived from them, as well to painting as to sculpture, communicated to lord Elgin the astonishing impression they had made upon him.

Two modes, he observes, have been suggested, by which the advantages to be derived from these marble and plaster figures might be increased—the first is, that the plaster representations of the pieces, serving as ornaments to the temples, should be placed at the same height, and in a similar position, to that they anciently held—that the originals should be disposed of in places best adapted for study and observation, and that from time to time a reward be offered for putting the pieces together. This last exercise of ingenuity, however, can be performed only on the plaster figures, and never on the originals; it should be done too in the museum, or repository itself, where the character of the sculpture can be easily studied.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
 And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
 Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
 Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
 But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
 A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;
 A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
 A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

LIFE OF REMBRANDT.

Is any art was capable of being reduced to elementary principles, we should be led to presume it must be the graphic. It

is all imitation; and yet, when these rules are laid down with all due solemnity, nature produces a disciple of her school that excels in every one without so much as knowing of their existence. We may denominate such the meteoric class of painters, governed apparently by no fixed laws, and of these was Rembrandt the most eminent. He was born on the 15th of June, 1606, near the city of Leyden, and is therefore called a pupil of the Flemish school. His father, Herman Gerretsz Van Ryn, was a humble miller, and rented a mill on the borders of the Rhine, and from this circumstance derived his name of Van Ryn. He designed to have brought up his son in his own quiet and unostentatious occupation; but during all this time the boy was unhappy. He wished for some more dazzling employment, and it was to no purpose that the father attempted to restrain his ambition and to convince him that obscurity with competence was far better than splendor without it. Having discovered that his son constantly turned a deaf ear to such remonstrances, he concluded, as many wise parents do, that nature intended the boy for a scholar, because he could not be taught to tend a mill. From such unequivocal testimony of his genius, he rather congratulated himself than lamented the perversity exhibited in the mind of the boy. His hopes and ambition took a different turn, and he felicitated himself in the thought that his child was doomed to rescue the humble and obscure name of Van Ryn from oblivion. Fraught with these ideas he placed his son under the care of a learned pedant, and awaited with anxiety the evidence of those powers that he confidently anticipated unfolding time would develop. He was doomed to encounter a most cruel disappointment. The child discovered no kind of relish for the sciences, and could scarcely be taught to read and write. When he had with many a weary step advanced thus far, and had overcome the elementary principles of science, the prospect before him appeared cheerless and uncomfortable. Mathematics had no charms for him, nor could he perceive that a triangle had superior fascinations to the circle that composed his father's wheel. The grave pedant laboured with the like assiduity to inculcate a knowledge of the other sciences, but with the same success as before; and the boy remained *proof* against

all his threats and entreaties, and he was finally returned to the parent by the pedagogue, who declared that the child had no genius, because he himself had not sufficient to discover any. The father did not take this declaration with that suitable humility and reverence that the master had anticipated. He had himself remarked that the mind of the boy, sluggish and inert as it undoubtedly was, in the pursuit of the sciences, was still active in another way. He had often detected him in drawing designs with his pencil instead of triangles, which induced him to place Rembrandt under the care of Van Zwanenburg, a painter of Amsterdam. His genius under the discipline of this painter, having been so long before smothered, suddenly blazed out and sparkled to the astonishment of his master. That respectable character delighted with his pupil's proficiency, set before him examples and models and instructed him how to copy them; but this labour was all thrown away. Whatever Rembrandt was capable of learning he seemed intellectually, and if a bad metaphor may be pardoned, to devour at one setting. When his preceptor visited him on the day after he had laid down the rules by which his genius was to be guided in its approximation to the model, he would find the work done to his utter astonishment, and the rules all neglected. When Rembrandt was questioned on the manner in which this thing was accomplished, he was as utterly ignorant as his master: all that he could say was, that he had accomplished his task, to his preceptor's astonishment. Wishing to dispose of so troublesome a companion, as one who could without learning practise all his precepts by instinct, Zwanenburg turned his pupil over to the care of Peter Lartman, esteemed an eminent painter. This preceptor found in his hands the same unmanageable instrument; his pupil learned to practise all his precepts before he could understand them, and he put him under the care of Jacob Pinas, a painter still more eminent. Rembrandt remained with both Peter and Jacob for the space of six months, and both of them during that period found that Rembrandt was a character theoretically to learn nothing in the graphic art; but practically to learn every thing. With the same success he was put under the patronage of Schoobn, and was by one and all abandoned, as a person whom

his old friend the pedagogue had declared incapable of learning; or in plainer phraseology, his genius was too great for them to discipline or to teach.

We have now once more to contemplate Rembrandt in his father's mill; but not as formerly attending the wheel. Part of this edifice was turned into a painting room, which he enclosed on all sides effectually to exclude the light, excepting in an aperture from above, which illuminating but one part of his picture only, produced all the effect of chiaroscuro. He was often dissuaded from making this humble mansion the repository of his genius, and in his denial we shall discover a trace of character that tinged all his future works as well as his future manners. He clung rigidly to simple and humble nature, both with regard to his pencil and moral habits, and the same principle that operating professionally taught him to gaze with vacant curiosity on the finest specimens of painting without a solitary wish to emulate them, prompted him to disregard external magnificence and the fastidious splendor of social life. From this humble tenement he was at last summoned by the voice of a friend to try his fortune in Amsterdam, by exhibiting in that city a specimen of his talents. He carried one of his pieces thither and disposed of it for one hundred florins. This sum, immense as he conceived it, widened the arch of his ambition, and taught him the more highly to estimate his own talents. His celebrity extended almost with electric rapidity. His pencil was in constant demand, and the wealthiest citizens of Amsterdam solicited him to undertake the preceptorship of their children in the graphic art. His business was overflowing—he was compelled to hire a warehouse for the accommodation of his pupils, from every one of whom he exacted one hundred florins per annum, as the price of their instruction. As the stars now beamed auspiciously upon him and he was no longer under the apprehension of want, he ventured to marry a young girl of the village of Ramdorp. This new married couple were bound together by the double cord of love and avarice. In proportion as fortune became more auspicious their cupidity increased, and fame was disregarded unless her hand had the power of Midas, to turn whatever she touched into gold. He speculated on his own ce-

lebrity, and adopted almost incredible expedients. After he had disposed of his pictures, he would suffer his son to sell the engravings he had taken of them, and affect a total ignorance of that circumstance, to enhance their value. He would at other times send them to auction—attend himself and bid exorbitantly to tempt others to follow his example. At other times he took impressions of his plates before his pictures were finished, and after they were sold, he would alter the plate, and sell them for new engravings. When the plate was entirely worn out, he made a few trivial alterations and tempted the public to purchase again. Every exertion of his genius was thus paid for by the community three times over.

To those who doubt of the absolute incapacity of genius to acquire opulence when it can once be turned in that direction, let the following anecdote be related: Rembrandt having discovered the uncommon reverence that the world pays to the works of posthumous genius, determined to speculate upon that passion likewise. He counterfeited a sudden death—the widow of a living husband was clad in dismal sable and shed tears of hypocrisy and avarice. The funeral was attended with suitable solemnity. On the return of the widow, among other efforts of her friends to console her, the conversation turned to the inestimable works this child of genius had left behind him. His friends examined, criticised, and discovered inimitable beauties such as never could be seen in the works of a living artist. They were finally exposed to public auction and commanded a most extravagant price. At length Rembrandt arose from the grave and enjoyed the money and the jest.

The opinion that genius cannot command money, is one of those common place maxims which does well enough to constitute materials for a philippic, by those who may please to seek in such resources excuses for their own indolence or imprudence; but is totally unwarranted by fact. If we will not use those talents which nature has given us for our own benefit, is the world to blame? if we cast a diamond upon a dunghill whom shall we censure if a fowl picks it up!

Rembrandt had not this defect so usually attendant on genius; his passion carried him in a contrary direction, and he was

surely as much to blame for the grossness of his impositions on the world, as the world is usually for neglecting the intrinsic worth of genius. It has been said that Rembrandt would have been a perfect painter had he studied the models of the most admired artists. An investigation of this kind will lead us to the peculiar character of his pencil. Whatever was ornamental, brilliant, dazzling, sublime, or awful, beyond what mere external nature presented, he abandoned. To the enlivening charms of fancy, the super-addition of grace, elegance or grandeur, he was an utter stranger, and all these he was incapable of being taught. He had before him specimens of the finest models, and these he contemplated with an easy curiosity and without a single wish to emulate. Such he looked upon as so many departures from that nature that he had studied with so much idolatry, and therefore not a proper subject to excite his emulation or jealousy.

When he wished to paint a character invested with the habiliments of antiquity, any worn out armour, or the delineations found in old tapestry answered for a model, and whether congruous or incongruous were immediately adopted. He totally despised all antiques, and had in his cabinet a number of strange figures dressed in old armour and stuffed with straw, which he jocularly said were all the models of antiquity that he studied. Relinquishing what is called ideal beauty, and following what may be denominated heavy nature, in all her wild, irregular, terrific or beautiful forms, he copied with a spirit and animation second only to hers. For instance, if an aged head was the subject of his pencil, every wrinkle and every separate hair was taken with the most scrupulous exactness, and with such precision, that at a distant view it appeared to sink those smaller characteristics in the general outline, or at a nearer view to preserve those characteristics, and to lose the general outline of age.

When he represented the human body in its nude state, he was, according to those who frame their opinions on the standard of ideal beauty, singularly unfortunate. In other words he delineated the frame with all the irregularities of nature, and cared no more for proportion, elegance, or beauty, than the sovereign

deity whom he worshipped. Conversant with nature alone from his earliest years, his works are touched with inexpressible spirit and fidelity—his portraits exhibit the very semblance of life, his trees are motionless apparently because the zephyr slumbers, and both seem starting from the canvass.

We search in vain for that fairy grace in portraiture, that while we recognise the countenance of a friend, he is brought to us with features more lovely than before; the face on the contrary seems by some strange mechanism transplanted on the canvass. In landscapes also, we see nothing more than the eye has often known: low and disgusting objects for instance, are not banished from his groups, because they tend to weaken the pleasure of the spectator; they are thrown together as by the careless hand of chance, and with singular emphasis may this painter be said *to hold the mirror up to nature*.

His different masses of colours were laid on unusually thick, but he understood their different properties so well, that they never break or confound each other, and he presents them in all their freshness, beauty and lustre. Having been once reproached by a friend for laying on his colours so thick, he tartly replied, *I am a painter and not a dyer*.

Rembrandt exhibited his paintings in a room which admitted light only from above, that, falling on his pictures, brought forth his local colours with incredible force. In short, to sum up the character of this painter, he faithfully copied nature but did not adorn her. He has been compared to Titian, with this difference, that the works of the latter artist must bear a close inspection and the latter a distant one. If such has been the character of Rembrandt's pencil, with what shadow of propriety can it be asserted, that he would have improved by the study of the finest models?

This artist never could be persuaded to renounce the companions of his early life. When his works were the delight of the noble and the opulent, and commanded the most liberal prices, and his society was courted by his munificent patrons, he was deaf to all their intreaties and remonstrances. His friend the burgomaster often attempted to draw him into more polished

society; Rembrandt accepted his invitation to dispose of his pictures and to receive the money, and then turned to his old companions again.

Those who hold with Dr. Johnson, that the character of a man cannot be read in his work, may be answered by the example of Rembrandt. His pencil was a voluntary truant from the schools of the most admired masters, and he renounced the society of gay and polished life. Disgusted with artificial graces and elegance, whether they shone in marble or canvass or the human character, he abandoned them altogether, content with coarse and vulgar nature for the model both for his pencil and his moral habits.

His canvass did but embody his predominant passions and propensities, and gave to the eye of an intelligent critic the history of his life. His etchings have always been exceedingly admired and collected with the greatest care in the different European cabinets. His works are now very scarce, and purchased at an incredible expense.

The first style of Rembrandt is allowed to have been different from his second—the first was finished highly—afterwards his colouring was bold, strong, and of astonishing force. His paintings of Ahasuerus and Esther, St John preaching in the wilderness, and the woman taken in adultery, are in the first manner of this artist: they are exquisitely finished and touched with incomparable spirit. He painted with astonishing expedition and would alter a portrait five or six times, but the force and fidelity of his pencil more than compensated for the delay that he had occasioned. In his vision of the writing on the wall, there is a bloodless and heart appalling hue spread over the features of Beltshazzer, that communicates a contagious chill to every spectator.

Rembrandt died in the year 1674, and in the 68th year of his age. Geniuses now and then appear in the world, attended with such rare and felicitous properties, that they seem sent forth by nature to confound all rules and established systems. This man does not appear to have known any thing, not even the rudiments of his art scientifically, and yet he commanded the whole empire of light and shade. Such minds hold a subtle

and incommunicable intelligence with external nature. If they attempt to reveal the mystery, it appears as dark and confused to them as it does to the astonished inquirer. They appear to exert the properties of a higher power, distinct from and independent of themselves, and of which they seem only to be the humble organs. They feel a strong principle at work within them, with an impulse which they are incapable of resisting, that acts with the infallibility of an oracle.

We have already remarked that the works of Rembrandt are exceedingly scarce. We have to add our regret, that the only sketches from his pencil which we have been able to procure, represent so feebly the powers of his genius, that we have not thought them worthy of being presented to our readers.

FOREIGN LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

London.

Mr. John Barnard Trotter, author of the interesting and valuable Memoirs of the late Mr. Fox, purposes to publish an account of a Tour through Ireland, which he has performed during the present summer.

Mr. Thomas Ashe, the noted author of the fable called the Spirit of the Book, threatens another work of similar character, under the title of the "Claustral Palace, or Memoirs of the Family!" He is so sanguine of great success that he demands ten thousand pounds for his manuscript.

The Travels of Professor Lichtenstein, in Southern Africa, during the years 1803, 4, 5, and 6, are nearly ready for publication. They are translating from the German by Miss Anne Plumtre, and will form one volume in quarto, accompanied by engravings from drawings taken on the spot.

Our readers will lament to learn that two of the proudest ornaments of modern literature have, for some time, been afflicted with total blindness. We allude to Mr. Arthur Young, a philo-

sopher and patriot, whose usefulness has never been exceeded, and never can be exceeded in the annals of Britain; and Dr. John Wolcot, the most original poet of the age of George the Third.

The principal collections of statuary and sculpture in England are, in London—1. Mr. Payne Knight's bronzes. 2. The Towneleian. 3. The Lansdowne. 4. The Elgin, brought from Athens, 5. Mr. T. Hope's.—In Yorkshire, the Earl of Carlisle's, Castle Howard; Lord Grantham's (late Weddell's), at Newby; Mr. Duncombe's, at Duncombe-park; and Lord Fitz-William's, at Wentworth-castle.—In Cheshire, Hon. Smith Barry's, at Malbrook-hall.—Isle of Wight; Sir Richard Worsley's, at Apuldurcombe.—Lancashire, Mr. Blundell's, at Ince-Blundell.—In Sussex; the Earl of Egremont's, at Petworth.—In Glamorgan-shire, Mr. Mansel Talbot's, at Margam.—In Norfolk, Mr. Coke's (Lord Leicester's), at Holkham.

M. Lechenault, the botanist attached to the Expedition of Discovery of the celebrated D'Entrecasteaux, has afforded the first scientific account of the celebrated *Uhas-tree* of Java.

The anthiar, *Fr. Antiaris toxicaria*, forms a new genus in the class Monœcia, Linn.—*Male Flowers*. Many, contained in a common receptacle inverted; open at the apex; situate on a long footstalk. The inside of this receptacle is thickly covered with scales, curved at the top, and enclosing the antheræ, numerous; and which have short filaments and are bilocular.—*Female Flowers*. Calyx imbricated from 10—12, succulent; corolla 0; styles 2, divaricated; the germ forms a drupe of the shape of an acorn, with the styles persistent.—The leaves obtusely ovate, rigid and firm to the touch, and slightly scabrous; the wood of the tree is white; the gum it produces viscous and bitter; of the colour of milk, with occasionally a yellowish tinge, and flows abundantly on incision.

The effluvia was not prejudicial to vegetation, and the same may be affirmed with respect to animals; as some species of lizards and other reptiles were observed on the trunk, and numerous birds frequented the branches. The Javanese proceeded

to prepare the poison, which, after expressing the gum, was by steeping in a copper vessel close stopped, stirring and mixing separately, with a dry wooden stick, the juice of capsicum, powdered ginger, juice of garlick, powdered root of *Kœmpfera*, *Ga-lenga*, *Marantha Malaccensis*, and *Costus Arabicus*. It was necessary to prove the effect of this poison after it was prepared; and, having put some on a sharp instrument, I slightly pricked the thigh muscle of a full-grown fowl, which expired in the course of two minutes. It is well known that the inhabitants of the Molucca islands make use of small arrows of split bamboo, dipped in this poison for the killing small birds, which they blow through a tube. The flesh is in no wise injured for eating, cutting out only the wounded part.

The novel which has recently appeared under the title of *Self-Indulgence*, is the production of a lady of high rank, who, before her marriage, figured as one of the brightest luminaries in the hemisphere of fashion; and since her widowhood, has, amidst the wild scenery of the Highlands, cultivated a taste for literature with much success.

The *Biographical Peerage of the United Kingdom*, vol. IV. containing Ireland, is nearly ready for publication.

Sir James Mackintosh, during his residence in Hindoostan, has compiled a *History of England, since the Revolution*, intended to serve as a continuation of Hume's History. It is expected to form four quarto volumes; and report says, that the booksellers have engaged to give him 6000*l.* for the copy right.

The Rev. Wm. Beloe has completed the sixth volume of his *Anecdotes of Literature*, and it will shortly appear.

The Rev. George Crabbe is preparing a volume of *Tales*, to be printed uniformly with his other works.

In a few days will be published, the *Widower*, a poem, in seven parts.

The literary world will immediately be gratified with the publication of the valuable *Adversaria* of the late professor Porson. They consist of the notes and emendations on the different Greek poets, which were the fruits of the learning and sagacity of the first scholar of his age. At all periods of his life, Porson was in the habit of noting down his restorations of corrupt passages, and the grounds of his opinion, in the margins of books; and in copy books or loose papers. After his death the whole of these precious remains were purchased of his executors by Trinity College, Cambridge. This society anxious to satisfy the public curiosity, as well as to consult the fame of their late illustrious member, by the publication of this collection, committed to professor Monk and Mr. Blomfield the charge of extracting and editing whatever was fit to meet the public eye. These gentlemen have been above two years occupied in this task, and have now completed a volume, containing all that was left by Porson concerning the Greek poets. His observations are digested and arranged by the editors in the mode most convenient to the reader: and an additional value is given to the publication by two copious indexes; one, of the authors emended or illustrated; the other, of the subjects treated. The volume is not a large one, but the matter contained in it, if expanded in the ordinary mode adopted by Casaubon, Bentley, Dawes, Valckenaer, Ruhnken, &c. in their miscellaneous works and *Epistola Critica*, would fill many volumes. In the corrections of the fragments in *Athenaeus*, Porson has given specimens of his critical acuteness, aided by his astonishing memory and learning, that exceed all belief; and a greater number of these interesting remains of the Greek stage, are in this publication restored to their original purity, than has been effected by the whole host of critical scholars that the last two centuries have produced.— This book is beautifully printed at the Cambridge University press, in Greek types, ordered expressly for this purpose, and cast after the models given by the late professor himself.

The prince De Ligne, that Nestor of courtiers, has published two new volumes of Letters. They are written in the same light and sprightly style as those already before the public.

Mr. Pierre Heil, a Bavarian artist, has invented a new instrument of Music, which renders the notes visible by means of colours, and which he has named '*Harmonicon à sons visibles*,' (the visible sounds Harmonicon). A trial was made of the instrument at the court of Munich, in presence of the principal musicians of the chapel, who have expressed their approbation of the invention.

Mr Stephens is preparing a Life of the late John Horne Tooke, with whom he lived in considerable intimacy for many years, and has been furnished with several important documents by his executrix.

New Method of Botanical Arrangement.—In a posthumous work of M. B. Borkhausen, lately published at Darmstadt, the author, it appears, had projected a new system of arranging plants, founded on the mode of insertion, on the resemblances and combination of the stamina, without regarding the number of the sexual parts. He divides plants into two principal classes; that is to say, into *Phenogamia*, and *Cryptogamia*. The first class is subdivided into

1. *Thalamostemonas*; those of which the stamina proceed from the receptacle.

2. *Petalostemonis*; those which derive their origin from the Corolla.

3. *Calycostemonas*; those united to the Calyx.

4. *Pistellostemonas*; those attached to the Pistil.

Each of these four classes is afterwards subdivided into orders, genera, and families.

5. *Cryptostemonas* or *Aphrodites*; those of which the parts of fructification, are not discoverable. This class is divided into four orders, viz.

1. The *Filices*: 2. The *Rhizosperma*; 3. The *Musci*; the *Musci hepatici*.

The author excludes from his system, all the plants of the 24th class of Linnæus; belonging to no sex;—*exsexuales*.

Fourteen plates accompany this work, and present a general sketch of the system:—the volume concludes with a table of species.

Greece.

Schools of literature and philosophy, are actually in existence at Bucharest, at Constantinople, at Cydonia in Ionia, at Mount Athos, and in many other of the populous towns and cities of Greece, philosophic establishments of the nature of schools, where the fine arts, &c. are taught by professors. In that of Smyrna the number of professors is *seven*: that of scholars is *one hundred and fifty*. In that of Bucharest are taught—modern Greek, mathematics, experimental philosophy, chemistry, drawing, metaphysics, logic, ethics, natural history, geography; rhetoric, poetry, history, archaiology with the ancient Greek, the Latin, French, German, and Russian languages.

Besides this school there is in the city of Bucharest, a society formed by the assiduity of Ignatios, metropolitan of Wallachia, who has at length succeeded in uniting the literati of the country, and personages of consequence, and wealth: to this is given the name of the Philological Society. This institution contributes to support (by paying part of the expenses) a periodical work called *Hermes o Logios*, "*Hermes the Instructed*;" which includes—literary notices concerning arts, sciences, the ancient and modern Greek languages, with explanations of the analogies or discrepancies between the ancient and the modern Greek—notices of new works in modern Greek, or in languages which have any affinity or relation to it. The plan embraces also whatever is customary in works of general literature, among modern nations: archaiology, geography, history, chronology, &c. and other branches of science. Of this Journal, each of the Grecian literary schools in Europe and Asia, receives a copy *gratis*. It is published once a fortnight. The number of members composing this society in the year 1811 was 18 ordinary members: and 10 corresponding members in foreign parts.—The editor of the Journal is the learned Anthimos Gazi, author of a history of Greek literature, to the taking of Constantinople, in four volumes 4to. He has also published a map of Greece, on twelve sheets—another of Europe on four sheets—another of Asia on three sheets—a translation into Greek of Voltaire's History of Charles XII. Another translation of Martin's Grammar of philosophical sciences—another of Lalande's

Abridgment of astronomy—and of the chemical philosophy of Fourcroy. But his most learned work is now in course of publication: it is a dictionary of the Hellenistic language, in small folio, in three volumes, nearly 2,000 pages in each volume. It is printed at Venice, by Michael Glykys of Joannina: the basis of this work is the Lexicon of Henry Stephens. It is printed at Venice, because in time of peace the conveyance from that city by water to Constantinople and the rest of Greece, is cheaper and much easier than from Vienna. The first volume of this dictionary includes from A to Θ: the second to Σ. The third has not yet appeared. Anthimos Gazi, is a native of Meliae, in Thessaly, and is at this time archimandrite of the Greek church at Vienna.

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Hungary.

A Literary Society was formed in Hungary in the year 1810, for the encouragement of Sclavonian literature. The sittings are held at Kostolan in the county of Honth. The number of members is at present about *sixteen*. They are mostly Hungarian gentlemen.

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Italy.

The beautiful picture painted *in fresco*, by Daniel da Volterra, on the walls of the church of Santa Trinita del Montie, at Rome, has lately been removed from the wall of the church and transferred to canvas, by M. Palmaroli of Rome. The picture itself has always been deemed by connoisseurs worthy of being associated with the three master pieces of art; that is to say—the *Transfiguration* of Raphael; the *Crucifixion* of Michael Angelo; and the *Communion of St. Jerom* of Domènichino.

Heretofore all endeavours to transfer pictures, were restricted to those painted on cloth, or on wood; but to transfer such as were printed in *fresco*, on walls, appeared to be too bold an undertaking; and even hopeless. M. Palmaroli has, however, proved the contrary; but he preserves his method as a secret. All that is known of it as yet, is that the picture is now actually on cloth; and in the same state as it was formerly seen, and that but lately, on the walls of the church of la Trinita.

Russia.

An extract from the Russian newspapers has recently appeared in several of the German Journals, from which we learn that there are still in the Russian empire 18 colleges, or other establishments for the education of youth, conducted by the Jesuits. The number of persons of that order at present employed, amounts to 347. Father Thaddeus Brzowski has been the general of the brotherhood, since the 2d of September 1805: and Father Cajetan Angiolini general agent. Among the other functionaries are several Frenchmen.

Early last spring; sir Joseph Banks received despatches from governor Maxwell, at Senegal, containing the journal of Isaaco, the native who conducted Mr. Park and his party to the Niger, and who was again sent by colonel Maxwell for the special purpose of procuring farther information respecting them. Isaaco returned to Senegal in autumn last; and, having kept a regular and minute journal of his daily proceedings, there is now, unfortunately, but little room to doubt the correctness of his narrative, from the detail of circumstances it contains; although the certainty of death itself is less afflicting to relatives than the awful contemplation of a life of hopeless servitude among the rudest and most unfeeling barbarians. Isaaco saw at Lansaudin (a few miles on this side of the extreme point of Mr. Park's former journey) the guide who had conducted them down the Niger, beyond Haussa, who, after giving a very distinct account of the perils whilst under his guidance, also stated, that shortly after leaving them he met with the person who had succeeded him as guide, and who acquainted him, that in their progress down that stream, the canoe, in approaching a rapid current, became unmanageable, and was fast proceeding towards danger as well as a hostile shore. In this extremity Europeans and natives leapt overboard, and attempted to save their lives by swimming.—By superior skill, and by keeping to the nearest (although hostile) shore, the guide alone reached the land—all the rest perished! the boat went down, with all their effects, save a buff military belt belonging to lieutenant Martin, of the African corps and which Isaaco has brought to Senegal. The

guide was hardly dealt with by the natives, and said, that had he belonged to a country at enmity with them, he would have lost either his life or liberty. The unfortunate Christians, had they escaped ashore, would most certainly have suffered both.

Paris.

An interesting work has recently appeared at Berlin, under the title of *Travels in the Southern parts of Africa, in 1803, 4, 5 and 6, by Henry Lichtenstein*. The first volume only has yet been published, accompanied with maps and engravings.—It is divided into three sections—the first comprises an account of a journey through the country situated to the west and north of the Cape; the second, an expedition from Roodzand to Zevelendaw, and along the southern coast as far as the bay of Agoa; the third is occupied with a description of the Caffree tribe of Koaab, and a journey by the frontiers of Caffraria to Graaff Requet, &c. &c. The whole book is extremely valuable; it affords some very curious particulars, in relation to the natural history of Africa, and we hope shortly to see it translated into our own language.

We observe in a late German Magazine, the following curious paragraph. “Our celebrated countryman *Kotzebue*, will probably, ere long, find himself shorn of a considerable portion of his glory. It has long been known to theatrical amateurs, that this inexhaustible fountain of dramas was in the habit of purchasing a vast quantity of materials, from obscure students; and minor poets, and then exposing them to sale, with some alteration, as his own productions.—The *German Moliere* however, having squabbled with one of his *workmen*, on the subject of their account, the whole fraternity is in flames, and will probably blow up the parsimonious scribbler.”

A late Prussian traveller in Greece, estimates the population of that country at 1,920,000 persons—of these Macedonia has 700,000.—Thessalia 300,000—Albania 400,000—Livadia 220,000—and the Morea 300,000.

An ingenious gentleman has lately presented the world with a book which he facetiously entitles *L'art de parler sans rien*

dire; "the act of talking without saying any thing." We are afraid that the writer has been forestalled in his undertaking by that great author *nature*, and that he arrogantly professes to teach what the generality of his readers understand equally well with himself; though his pretensions to excellence in this "art," judging from the present publication, are by no means contemptible.

A fifth volume of Mr. Burke's works has appeared, containing various miscellaneous pieces, hitherto unpublished. Among these are, a fourth letter on regicide peace; a letter to the empress of Russia; several letters on the affairs of Ireland; a letter to the hon. C. J. Fox, written in the year 1777; several papers relative to the American war; letters and thoughts on the executions of the rioters in 1780; letter to the right hon. Henry Dundas, with a negro code. Tracts and letters relative to the laws against popery in Ireland; letters and speeches in parliament relating to the test laws, parliamentary reform, libel, marriage, and nullum tempus acts; hints for an essay on the drama; an abridgment of English history, from the Roman invasion to the end of the reign of king John.

The sixth and seventh volumes are printing, and will appear in the course of the next winter. These volumes consist of papers relating to the affairs of the East India company, and contain the ninth and eleventh reports of the select committee in 1783, exhibiting a full and comprehensive view of the commerce, revenues, civil establishment, and general policy of the company; and also various papers relative to the impeachment of Mr. Hastings. The eighth and last volume of Mr. Burke's works is preparing for the press. It will contain a narrative of the life of Mr. Burke, accompanied with such parts of his familiar correspondence, and other productions, as shall be thought fit for publication.

DEATHS.

Professor Willdenow, the celebrated botanist, at Berlin, July 10, 1812.

In France, Sonnini, the famous traveller.

In London, aged 83, the reverend L. Dutens, a distinguished literary character.

In Dublin, Richard Kirwan, esq. the celebrated mineralogist.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROPOSALS are issued for publishing by subscription the

Codes of the French empire: consisting of the code Napoleon, code of civil procedure, code of commerce, code of criminal instruction, code penal. Together with the exposition of the motives, or commentary to each; making in the whole three thick volumes, in royal octavo. Translated from the French by John Rodman, counsellor at law. The price to subscribers will be four dollars a volume, in boards, payable on the delivery of each volume. The first volume will contain the exposition of the motives of the code Napoleon; the second, the code Napoleon itself, that of civil procedure, and the commercial code, with the motives; the third, the code of criminal instruction, and the penal code, with the motives. The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expense of printing.

The fundamental laws of the French empire, which are comprised in the five codes above mentioned, are the result of the united labours of the most learned and profound statesmen and jurists of France.

Unfettered by the rigid rules of antiquated customs, or obsolete edicts and decisions, which previously constituted a great part of the law of that country; free from the prejudices of vulgar habits and local attachments, these liberal and enlightened civilians have endeavoured to embody a system of jurisprudence, at once applicable to the multifarious and diversified relations of human life, in the present improved state of society, and conformable to the dictates of reason, justice, and humanity.

The precepts and provisions of the civil law was the basis of their plan; yet they did not disdain to borrow from the rude and Gothic, though solid and lasting monuments of the common law of England. They earnestly sought, in the jurisprudence of every country, the development of those principles of universal reason and justice, which constitute a rule of action among

men, in order to frame a system of laws adapted to the nature, the duties, and the various pursuits of man in society; to form a code of *ratio scripta*, which should be a chart to direct and regulate his conduct in the checkered affairs of life.

It is not, therefore, the arbitrary edicts of a despotic ruler, as some people in this country imagine, that constitute the codes of the French empire. Though framed under the auspices of the emperor, the laws originated in the wisdom and learning of his counsellors, and were enacted by the legislative body of the nation. The edicts or decrees of the emperor, form no part of this system of jurisprudence; they relate to the political, not to the civil rights and duties of his subjects. Let not then the prejudices of early education, national antipathy, or the undue bias of elementary legal studies, induce us to refuse a just tribute of esteem to the merit of this great national work. Surely we may study its precepts, admire the beautiful, scientific, and lucid arrangement which reign in every part of it, and even borrow some of its provisions, to enrich and improve our own laws, without imbibing a single sentiment derogatory to the dignity of man, injurious to civil liberty, or dangerous to the independence of our country.

Although the civil law, which is the ground-work of the code Napoleon, and of the commercial code, is not in force, as such, in this country; yet a very large proportion of our laws are founded upon its principles and rules. The extensive and important relations of life, which give rise to contracts and obligations, and all the various and multiplied engagements and ramifications of commercial dealings, are borrowed from that splendid monument of Roman jurisprudence, the *PANDECTS* of Justinian.

The French law of contracts and obligations, has long been held in high estimation, even in England; indeed, it is the foundation of the *lex mercatoria* of that country, and, with little variation, is in full force in our own.

This branch of jurisprudence occupies a distinguished place in the Napoleon code, and forms one of its most interesting parts. The *motives*, particularly, which relate to it, exhibit a clear, profound, and masterly investigation of the subject.

The penal code and that of criminal instruction present a system of criminal law, that reflects the greatest honour on the talents, wisdom, and humanity of the framers. What particularly distinguishes the penal code of France from that of every other nation, is the regular gradation of punishments adapted to the nature and extent of every crime; whilst its general tenor of mildness will bear an honourable comparison with our own improved criminal laws.

No English translation has yet appeared of all the codes and *motives*. The *motives* alone, which are a commentary on the matter contained on each code, constitute about one half of the work, and are of a nature highly interesting, being an able, learned, and lucid discussion of the reasons, principles, and object of the laws.

It has appeared to the translator that so important a work as the codes of the French empire, which are now received as law over a great part of the continent of Europe; cannot fail, if well translated, to be a valuable addition to the literature and learning of our country. It must be interesting to every class of society, where there exists a taste for letters, or a desire of knowledge and improvement. It is not merely a professional work, though it will undoubtedly be a most useful acquisition to the library of the judge and the lawyer. The statesman and the legislator (and who in our country is not one or the other?) will find in it a fund of legal information; a profoundness of thought, and an extent of wisdom and learning, whence they may advantageously draw, to promote the happiness and glory of their country. The man of letters surely will not reject a work which is the production of the united wisdom and genius of a nation, and which embraces so many subjects of vital interest and importance to mankind.

Nor will these codes prove useless or uninteresting to the merchant; the great body of mercantile law existing throughout the immense empire of France is doubtless of important consideration to the merchant whose speculations and trade often bring him within the verge of their operation and effect.

Persuaded that in devoting his leisure to a work of this nature, the translator will not uselessly or unprofitably waste his

time, he has undertaken the task with alacrity and zeal, and he only waits the encouragement of the public to present them with the fruits of his labours.

SELECT REVIEWS.

MOSES THOMAS, bookseller, Philadelphia, has purchased this work of the present proprietor—it will, therefore, be published by him, after the present year (at which time a *new series* will be commenced) executed in a superior style; and be edited by WASHINGTON IRVING, esq. of Newyork.

The first number of each volume (two a year) will be ornamented with a vignette title page, elegantly engraved from original drawings; other engravings will be given occasionally as heretofore.

[We take advantage of this occasion to express our decided approbation of the plan and execution of this valuable journal. In a small compass, and at a reduced price, it contains almost all that is curious in the periodical works of Great Britain, and presents a clear and very interesting view of the progress of letters throughout Europe. We cannot err in our anticipation that the acknowledged taste, and elegant leisure of the new editor, will enable him to render the Select Reviews still more attractive.

PORT FOLIO.]

PERPETUAL MOTION.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As Mr. Readheffer, the alleged discoverer of perpetual motion, has not yet obtained a patent from the government, it might be somewhat premature to state, publicly, the principles on which his machine is constructed, and to examine whether it be a discovery or a deception. It may, however, assist some of your readers, in forming their opinions, to know the ideas of the learned, in relation to the obstacles which such a scheme has to encounter, and the practicability of any plan for the discovery of

perpetual motion. I have, therefore, translated, for their use, the following article on that subject, from the French Encyclopedia; premising, that however exceptionable may be the opinions of the compilers of that work, on many points of philosophy, their claim to distinction in every branch of physical science, cannot be contested. S.

“Perpetual motion is a motion which is preserved and renewed continually of itself, without the aid of any external cause; or it is an uninterrupted communication of the same degree of motion, passing from one part of matter to another, either in a circle, or any other curve, returning to itself, so that the same motion returns to the first mover, without being altered. To find perpetual motion, or to construct a machine with such a motion, is a famous problem which has exercised mathematicians for the last two thousand years. We have an infinite number of drawings, figures, plans, machines, and wheels, which have been occasioned by attempting to solve this problem, but as they have all proved abortive, it would be useless to detail them here. It is, in short, rather an insult than a compliment to say of any one that he is seeking the perpetual motion; and the inutility of all attempts hitherto to find it, give but an unfavourable idea of those who apply themselves to it.

“In fact, it appears that we ought scarcely to hope to find it. Among all the properties of matter and motion, we know of none which seems capable of being the principle of such an effect.

“It is agreed, that action and reaction must be equal, and that a body which gives motion to another, must lose as much motion as it communicates. Now, in the present state of things, the resistance of the air, and the friction, must necessarily retard the motion incessantly—so, that in order that any motion should always subsist, it is necessary either that it should be continually kept up by an external cause, which would no longer be what is meant by perpetual motion—or else, that all resistance should be completely annihilated, which is physically impossible.

“By the second law of nature, the changes which happen in the motion of bodies, are always proportioned to the moving force applied to them, and in the direction of that force; so that

a machine cannot receive a greater motion than that residing in the moving force which has been applied to it. Now, on our earth, all motions are made in a resisting fluid, and consequently they must necessarily be retarded. The medium, therefore, must absorb a considerable part of the motion.

“Moreover, no machine can avoid friction, because there are not in nature any surfaces perfectly plain, on account of the manner in which the parts of bodies adhere together, the nature of these parts themselves, and the small proportion which the matter which these bodies contain bears to the volume which they occupy. This friction must consequently diminish little by little the force applied or communicated to the machine, so that the perpetual motion cannot take place, unless the force communicated be much greater than the generating force, and makes up for the diminution which all the other causes produce—but as *nothing can give what it has not*, the generating force cannot give to the machine a degree of motion greater than what it possesses itself, so that the whole question of perpetual motion, in this case, is reduced to finding a weight heavier than itself, or an elastic force greater than itself. Or, in the third and last place, a method must be found of regaining, by the disposition and combination of mechanical powers, a force equal to that which is lost. It is to this last point that those who wish to solve this problem give their principal attention.

“But how, or by what means can such a force be regained? It is certain that the multiplication of forces or powers cannot effect it, for what is gained in power is lost in time, so that the quantity of motion remains always the same. No mechanism can ever make a small power equal to a greater—twenty-five pounds equal to one hundred for instance; and if a smaller power seems equal to a greater, it is an error of our senses. The equilibrium is not really between twenty-five and one hundred pounds, but between one hundred pounds moving, or tending to move with a certain quickness, and twenty-five pounds moving, or tending to move with four times the velocity of the one hundred pounds.

“When we consider the twenty-five and one hundred pounds weights as fixed and immovable, we may at first believe that the

twenty-five pounds alone prevent a much greater weight from rising, but we shall be easily undeceived if we consider them both in motion; for we will see that the twenty-five pounds can raise the one hundred pounds only by going over four times as great a space in the same time, so that the virtual quantities of motion of the two weights will be the same; and consequently there will be nothing surprising in the equilibrium. A power of ten pounds, therefore, being moved, or tending to move with ten times the velocity of a power of one hundred, may make an equilibrium with it, and the same may be said of all products equal to one hundred. In short, the product on both sides must always be one hundred, in whatever way they are taken—if the mass be diminished the velocity must be proportionally increased.

“This inviolable law of nature leaves nothing to art except the choice between different combinations which may produce the same effect.

“M. de Maupertius in one of his letters on different subjects of philosophy, makes the following reflections on perpetual motion: Those who seek after this motion exclude from the forces which must produce it, not only air and water, but also some other agents which might be employed, so that they do not consider as a perpetual motion that which might be produced by the vicissitudes of the atmosphere, or by those of heat and cold. They confine themselves to two agents—*vis inertia* and *gravitation*, and reduce the question to this, whether the velocity of the motion can be prolonged either by the first of these means, that is, by transmitting the motion, by shocks, from one body to another—or by the second, that is, making bodies ascend by the descent of other bodies, which will then reascend while the others descend. In the latter case, it is demonstrated that the sum total of the bodies, each multiplied by the height from which it descends, is equal to that of the same bodies, each multiplied by the height to which it can reascend. It would be therefore necessary, in order to produce perpetual motion, in this way, that the bodies which fall and rise should preserve absolutely all the motion which gravitation gives them, without losing any of it by friction or the resistance of the air, which is impossible.

If we employ the *vis inertiae* it must be remarked, 1st, That motion is lost in the shock of hard bodies—2d, That if the bodies are elastic, the force is preserved it is true, but besides that, there are no bodies perfectly elastic, the friction and the resistance of the air are still to be subtracted. Whence he concludes that we cannot hope to find perpetual motion by means of either *vis inertiae* or gravitation, and that this motion is therefore impossible.

THE DRAMA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek; or else the Comic Muse
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises, sly, the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil show'd.

Letter from a gentleman on a visit in Philadelphia, to his friend in Boston

DEAR S.

You have so often seen the drama in perfection, that you will not perhaps feel great curiosity upon the subject of one comparatively in its infancy. Yet I should do great injustice to the merits of the Philadelphia stage, and not less to my own feelings which have been highly gratified by its representations, were I to omit the theatre in giving you an account of the different objects of curiosity and interest here. A stranger naturally seeks amusement in public places; and my curiosity at first, and satisfaction afterwards, have frequently led me to pass an evening at what they call the "New Theatre." The term is not very appropriate to a house of near twenty years' standing, but is intended I believe, in a comparative sense, to distinguish it from an old red ruin in the lower part of the town, which would serve as an apt representation of Noah's ark, or the original barn of the first strolling company. In a letter from poor Cooke to Incledon, which was published in England, and afterwards in our newspapers, he expressed an agreeable surprize at the ad-

vancement of theatricals in America. I suspect most foreigners would feel similar sentiments, although they might not have the honesty to avow them, on visiting the theatre in this city. The company is sufficiently large to fill, with good effect, most of the plays now in vogue, and is certainly selected with a judgment and employed with a discrimination equally creditable to the managers and the actors. There are indeed no Cookes—and I have enthusiasm enough on that subject to believe that there are not many even within the limits of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. But whoever goes to the play with a rational expectation of amusement and instruction, will, nine times in ten, not be disappointed. As you have witnessed the earlier efforts of some of the company, I will inform you, so far as my observation has enabled me to judge, of their respective merits and reputation.

Messrs. Warren and Wood, who, if we may estimate their exertions by the good order and discipline of their corps, are unwearied in their efforts to conduct the machine with satisfaction to the public and credit to themselves, are no less eminently successful in their professional departments. The former of these gentlemen is, in a pretty extensive range of parts, an excellent actor. A grave, deep-toned, and sonorous voice, a lively sensibility, and a uniform correctness of perception, give him many advantages in the representation of *tragic* characters of an advanced age; but his old gentlemen in comedy,—his Baron Duberlys, Sir Peter Teazles, and Sir Abel Handys, I am told are inimitable: and from the specimens I have seen, I do not doubt the fact. His fellow manager, Mr. Wood, is also a greater favourite of the comic than the tragic Muse: for although uniformly respectable, yet there are so many people without intrinsic merit, who can bustle through a hero's ravings with ten times more noise than he, that half the world, having no standard, would conclude them to be better actors. But to play the gentleman, is so difficult a task, because it is an object always in view, that when it is well done, and universally applauded, it must have great merit. In this, Mr. Wood particularly excels;—an easy, natural deportment, neither too stiff, nor too forward, distinguishes the performances of this gentle-

man from those of every other I have seen. Great actors generally play the hero, even in the drawing-room, instead of exhibiting an unaffected politeness, which is at open war with strut and rant. A young man named Duff, has excited much attention and applause: he has a fine, full, excellent voice, which has great compass, melody, and strength. In imitation he is most powerful: but is without the charms of grace and ease. He is now the subject of curiosity and observation; and merits, from his continued exertions and unwearied attention to business, much praise, but will never, I think, make a great actor. Mr. Duff is almost the only male performer who appears to have a greater predilection and predisposition for tragedy than comedy. The rest of the company are all greater favourites, and appear to more advantage in the sock than the buskin. In Jefferson, the public are possessed of a never-failing fund of drollery. He unites perhaps as many requisites for a comic actor, as any man living;—is active—witty—intelligent—correct—and has a store of spirits and humour that seems incapable of being exhausted. Blisset and Francis, you must remember to have seen many years ago. Time has not shorn them of a beam of merit, nor age diminished their inclination to please. Of the female department, gallantry would have prompted me to speak first; but the fair sex is, you know, the never-failing but-end of a string of toasts, and if it be true that wine opens the heart, they enjoy, at least, the most cordial situation; and though last, are not least in love. Mrs. Whitlock, whom you must remember, has just closed an engagement, which she fulfilled with undiminished reputation, and with all that ardour and spirit, for which I am told she was formerly so remarkable. Mrs. Wood is an excellent actress. Without great power, or extreme sweetness of voice, she reads with a correctness, and performs with a spirit which justly entitle her to a distinguished reputation. I have seen Mrs. Mason only in comedy; and the liveliness with which she contrives to fill every part she undertakes, her perpetual animation and charming affability, prevent me from wishing to see her in any thing else. There is an affectionate playfulness in her manner that is delightful: and the ease of her deportment peculiarly adapts her for a most interesting and difficult depart-

ment of the drama, the delivery of an epilogue. In this Mrs. Mason is eminently successful; and the man who can listen to her on such an occasion, without more emotion than usual, has feelings that I should not be disposed to covet. Mrs. Duff is extremely handsome, but not sufficiently possessed of herself on the stage to seem perfectly easy. Mrs. Green's personal attractions are also considerable; and her performances, though not of the highest order, are by no means indifferent.

I have thus run over the names of the most conspicuous of the Philadelphia *dramatis personæ*: and I think you would agree with me in saying, that although they may not rival a London company, yet for an audience of moderate expectations, sufficient merit is found among them, to "hold the mirror up to nature."

The friend and correspondent to whom we owe the above communication, is so well qualified by taste and education to appreciate the merits of the drama, that if his letters were longer, both ourselves and the public would be spared the attempt to fill up his vigorous though rapid outline. But the exertions of the players have contributed so often to our amusement, that we should deem ourselves deficient in gratitude if we did not bear a willing testimony, in favour of an establishment, which though often unkindly assailed by its enemies and denounced as poisoning the public morals, is in our deliberate estimation, the most harmless if not the most useful of all the modes of public amusement.

The theatre for the present winter is on a very respectable footing.—We doubt indeed whether at this moment there is so good a company in Great Britain except on the London stage, and the comparison might be extended advantageously to nearly all the provincial theatres of the continent. But their theatrical corps is chiefly devoted to the service of the laughing muse. For the higher purposes of tragedy they possess fewer materials, they have most of the gods and goddesses but no Jupiter; no one who can wield the thunders of the stage—and on the first emergency the property man may safely sell out all the daggers, and the whole machinery of storms, and nail up the trap doors for

the winter. The managers would probably be gainers by such a sacrifice, for the few who might be disposed to regret it would be easily reclaimed from their sober sadness by the merriment of the company, which is really strong in comic powers. Of Warren who is almost the *doyen* of American actors, we cheerfully repeat the praise so justly awarded by our correspondent—and we may add, what is certainly no ordinary eulogium, and what we are not disposed to say of either Cooke or Kemble, that we never saw him perform badly—Mr. Wood has long been a favourite of ours, and we have always lamented to see him when the thinness of his ranks has obliged him to volunteer on services to which nature has not destined him. He was never made for tragedy, and though he may sometimes succeed in characters of that description when judgment and correctness, and discrimination are alone wanting, yet he has not a tragic frame nor tragic lungs to bear him through the boisterous declamation of Rolla, and personages of that class. His proper sphere is the higher departments of gay and genteel comedy; a wide and ample circuit which he always treads with satisfaction. The career which he should mark for himself ought to be like that of the veteran Lewis, who has left, we believe, no legitimate successor on the English stage—and whom Mr. Wood follows, we will not say at a long distance, though much remains to be done before the resemblance can be complete. It is no small merit of this actor that he always dresses with great taste and propriety, and though we have sometimes observed a small remnant of stiffness when in full dress, yet we have rarely seen a better representation of a man of fashion in his morning or negligent costume. To characters like these we should wish to see him devoted. His part is that of a gay, lively, well bred gentleman, which we have often seen him perform with success, and which his friends assert, it requires no change to assume.

Of the stranger, Mr. Duff, from our limited opportunities of observation, we had formed more auspicious omens than our correspondent. He has obviously much of ease and elegance to acquire. Of the three Singles we imagine his sir Pertinax cost him by far the least labour—and our American ears are not yet

completely satisfied with his accent. But he is bounteously gifted by nature—his person, voice, and features are of a high cast for the stage; and when experience shall have given more flexibility to his figure, and softened his austere and measured intonations, he need not despair of attaining the highest theatrical honours. We are the more willing to trust our hopes of his future eminence, since he has outgrown our disappointment on his first appearance, and is, we think, already visibly improved since the last winter.

There is one of the performers whose career we have regarded with considerable interest. We allude to Mr. Barret. It was his misfortune to have been "beroscious'd" at an early age, and to have excited expectations which even far higher powers could not have realized, so that his admirers should reproach themselves rather than him if they are disappointed in his advancement. There was an altar we believe at Athens to Impudence. We wish that Mr. Barret could be persuaded to worship at such a shrine. There is a diffidence in his manner—a kind of conviction that the eyes of the audience are upon him, which prevents the full expansion of his talents, and will be fatal to his improvement unless he conquers it totally. It is this sentiment which makes him appear desirous of getting off the stage so soon, and gives to all his actions a boyishness quite inconsistent with his own character and that which he personates. In the part of sir Frederick Fellamore, for instance, instead of the dashing impudence of a hardened seducer, which the occasion required, Mr. Barret showed almost the innocent timidity and hesitation of sixteen. We do not exhort him to be "bloody, bold, and resolute;" but we seriously wish that he would take more upon himself and come out, as the phrase is, and instead of acting in profile, as heretofore, take a stronger hold of the character, and not be prevented from occupying the stage at his ease, by an apprehension of criticism. If he will only do himself justice—the public will do him honour.

Our correspondent has not overrated the merit of Jefferson. We sometimes recollect with surprise, that the actor whose

comic powers struck us more forcibly than any we have ever seen was a German, an individual of a nation to which we do not willingly allow a large share of humour. But we might safely put Jefferson by the side of Brunet, the hero of the Montansier, and the delight of the laughing world in France—or Liston and Matthews, who divide the applause of London. Of these two last, Liston's vein of humour is, we think, the best—there is a rich dryness about it—and he has a fine command over all the gradations of folly from silliness to stupidity, which is exquisite.—Jefferson attempts almost every species of humour, and scarcely ever fails, except when he endeavours to give a broadness and burlesque to a few characters which require more delicate discrimination. For instance, we were disappointed in his Tony Lumpkin, from which we had anticipated great entertainment: but the finesse of the character seemed to have escaped him. This however rarely happens—and if he would confine himself more to his text, and above all, if he would indulge less in oaths, he would leave us little to wish in any department within his sphere.

This last remark applies to another of the actors, Mr. Francis, with much greater force. Whatever be his character, grave or gay, magistrate or clown, he seems to think swearing essential to his success. Now this is at best a poor resource—and in his case quite superfluous, for he is a very good performer and does not require such aid to excite a great deal of merriment.

There is a vein of drollery which lies very low underground, but which is admirably rich when discovered. It belongs to Blisset. It is seen in Launcelot Gobbo and Apollo Belvi; but is most apparent in exquisite representations of the lower classes of the French.—He has a fine French accent which colours the deception, and we are often tempted by his characteristic drollery to tell him as Voltaire did the poetical barber through a whole letter. *Faites des perruques, faites des perruques*,—to be always a French barber, or a valet de chambre.

To our correspondent's remarks on the engaging sweetness of Mrs. Wood, and the charming vivacity of Mrs. Mason, we add our hearty assent, nor should we deny to Mrs. Francis, in a dif-

ferent line, great applause, for the spirit and humour with which, if we may venture the expression, she has *so long* entertained the town.

In the decorations of the theatre, the management of scenes, and the general machinery of the stage, it is not surprising if we are more deficient than the older and richer cities of Europe. In these matters London is about fifty years behind Paris, and we may be content to be some distance from those who have more means than ourselves. This difference is not however very remarkable or very distressing. If, as will sometimes happen, half a house encounters half a forest, they are soon amicably separated; and if in the midst of a palace two dirty scenshifters are seen each laying down his board, it is only an agreeable incongruity, which might as well be spared.

We have often indulged ourselves with observing that the audience acted their part as well as the performers. There is, generally speaking, a great spirit of decency presiding over the public assemblages of this country. We remember that a foolish traveller abuses the people of America for disorderly behaviour at theatres; and cites, with much reprobation, the conduct of a particular disturber of the peace. This individual, for whom the nation was rebuked for its insubordination and ill manners, happened to be a countryman of the very traveller himself—so it is nine times out of ten, with similar reproaches. If it were indeed possible to make those most hostile to theatres, witnesses of the decorum which prevails in our own, it might disarm their resentment, and teach them how much better it is, that the leisure of a great city should be thus amused, than wasted in follies, or disgraced by vices of a far more offensive character.

We trust therefore that the managers may meet with the success which their exertions merit. The talents of the company will sufficiently direct their selection of pieces to comedies of sterling humour, and these with a rare tragedy for those who insist on a right to cry, and an occasional horse or two for the use and behoof of the gallery, will not fail to amuse the town and enrich the performers.

Σ.

THE SHOT MANUFACTORY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE shot tower, of which an engraving is annexed, is the property of Mr. Paul Beck, of Philadelphia, a merchant of the first respectability, to whose enterprise and public spirit the city is indebted, for one of its most distinguished ornaments, as well as an important and valuable addition to our domestic manufactures. It is situated near the bank of the Schuylkill, between Arch and Race streets.

Its height, from the foundation, is one hundred and seventy-six feet, and, above the foundation, one hundred and sixty six feet. Its width, thirty-four feet square at the bottom, and twenty one feet at the top. The thickness of the wall, at the foundation, is nine feet, and, at the top, two feet. The drop of the shot is one hundred and fifty-six feet from the upper floor, and seventy-five feet from the middle floor. The stone foundation, and the rest of the structure, which is of brick, are of superior workmanship. The whole was completed between the first of May and the first of November, 1808.

Besides its public utility, this shot tower supplies, in part, what is justly considered a defect in the views of Philadelphia, the want of steeples, and other prominent points, on which the eye can rest on approaching the city. From all the neighbouring country seats, it forms a beautiful object, which requires nothing but the hand of time, to make it equal to the obelisks deemed so ornamental to European cities; while, on its top, may be enjoyed the most comprehensive view of the city, and all the surrounding scenery.

VARIETY.**GALVANISM.**

In a late debate in the House of Commons it was asserted, that porter tasted better out of a pewter vessel than any other, which occasioned a smile among some of the members. Professor Davy has explained this on galvanic principles. This

peculiarity arises from pewter being formed of dissimilar metals, which are known to communicate the influence of the galvanic fluid,—Water has also a different taste in a pewter vessel from what it has in glass or earthenware. Volta found, that if a cup made of tin, or what is still better, zinc, be filled with water, and placed upon a silver stand, and the point of the tongue applied to the water, it is found quite insipid, till we lay hold of the silver support with the hand well moistened, when a distinct and strong acid taste will be perceived. From the same cause, professor Robinson found that snuff taken from a box of tin plate, which has long been in use, so that the tin coating has been removed in many places, is extremely different from that snuff taken from a new box, or one lined with tin foil.

BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES.

THE celebrated Charles Yorke told Dr. Warburton, that if Blackstone's Commentaries had been published when he began to study the law, it would have saved him the reading of twelve hours in the day. This emphatic declaration may be contrasted with the recent expressions of contempt against this work indulged in by lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords, when lord Holland brought forward his motion about *ex-officio informations*.

MADemoiselle RAUCOUR.

Mademoiselle Raucour, a celebrated French actress, was one day taking the diversion of shooting with the marquis de Bievre, who was remarkable for his puns and bon-mots. She took aim at a crow, which she missed, and at the same time got entangled among some bushes: *Vous comptiez prendre Corneille*, said the marquis; *mais vous avez pris Racine*.

THE DISTRESSED POET.

A poet lately sent a production of his to a magazine, written in pencil; with a note apologizing to the editor for this circumstance, by stating that he was rather unhappily married, and that his wife, who was not very poetically inclined, was however so addicted to cleanliness, that she would not allow him to use ink,

lest he should spatter it about; and therefore, rather than renounce the muses, he gave up his ink, took to the pencil, and wrote his sonnets in peace.

—
THE ANGLER.

A poor simple fellow was lately angling in some water belonging to a neighbouring squire not much famed for his urbanity, who, happening to pass that way, strutted up to the poor fisherman, and exclaimed, "Pray, sir, do you know that you are fishing in *my manor*?" The other very innocently replied, "I humbly beg your pardon sir, if I am; but, upon my word, sir, I thought that I was fishing in *my own manner*."

—
The following Epitaph is copied from a tomb-stone, placed in Martin's burying-ground, Stamford, to the memory of the well-known Daniel Lambert:—

"In remembrance of that prodigy in nature,

DANIEL LAMBERT,

A native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed fifty-two stone, eleven pounds (per stone of fourteen pounds). He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged thirty-nine years.—As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends in Leicester."

—
PURITY OF ELECTIONS.

During the late memorable and bloody contest for Bristol, 1812, Mr. Hart Davis, the banker, polled upwards of 1900 votes, and Mr. Henry Hunt, 235. The number of voters are above 7000. We have been told that the expenses on one side exceeded 34,000*l*. A petition has been presented by Mr. Hunt against the return of Mr. Davis, founded on the alleged employment of 700 bludgeon men, the introduction of the military, and acts of bribery and corruption.

—
MODES OF SALUTATION IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

Greenlanders have none, and laugh at the idea of one person being inferior to another.

Islanders, near the Phillippines, take a person's hand or foot, and rub it over their face.

Laplanders apply their noses strongly against the person they salute.

In New Guinea, they place leaves upon the head of those they salute.

In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person they salute, passing it gently over the right leg, and thence over the face.

The inhabitants of the Phillippines bend very low, placing their hands on their cheeks, and raise one foot in the air, with the knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about him, so as to leave his friend almost naked.

Two female Otaheitans placed themselves naked before sir Joseph Banks.

The Japanese take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house, when they salute.

Two negro kings on the coast of Africa salute by snapping the middle finger three times.

The inhabitants of Carmene, when they would show a particular attachment, open a vein, and present the blood to their friend as a beverage.

If the Chinese meet, after a long separation, they fall on their knees, bend their face to the earth two or three times, and use many other affected modes.

The Chinese have also a kind of ritual, or academy of compliments, by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflections, and words to be spoken upon any occasion.

Ambassadors practise forty days these ceremonies, before they appear at court.—(*D^rIsraeli's Curio. Lit.*)

In Otaheite they rub their noses together in saluting.—(*Bligh's Narrative.*)

The Dutch, who are considered as great eaters, have a morning salutation, which is common amongst all ranks, "*Smaakelyk eeteten?*"—"May you eat a hearty dinner."—Another universal salutation amongst this people is, "*Hoe vaart awc.*"—"How

do you sail?" adopted, no doubt, in the early periods of the republic, when they were all navigators and fishermen.

The usual salutation at Cairo is, "*How do you sweat?*" a dry hot skin being a sure indication of a destructive epidemical fever. I think some author has observed, in contrasting the laughty Spaniard with the frivolous Frenchman, that the proud steady gait and inflexible solemnity of the former, were expressed in his mode of salutation, "*Come sta?*"—"How do you stand?"—"whilst "*the Comment vous portez vous?*"—"How do you carry yourself?"—was equally expressive of the gay motion and incessant action of the latter.

The common salutation in the southern provinces of China, amongst the lower orders is, "*Ya Fan?*"—"Have you eaten your rice?"—(*Barrow's Travels in China.*)

A young woman (his intended bride) brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before him, desired him to wash his hands; when he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eyes, drank the water; this being considered as the greatest proof she could give him of her fidelity and attachment.—(*Parke's Travels in Africa.*)

HINTS FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

When you choose a husband, be sure you do it in direct opposition to your parent's wish; it will show you are capable of choosing for yourself, and that you are above vulgar prejudices; let every opposition on their part only stimulate your exertion to gain the man of your choice; you will then have a fine opportunity of telling the world how cruelly you are used; that fathers have flinty hearts: and, by reading novels of the new school, you will find many a heroine to keep you in countenance. Should your parents, however, wearied by your continued complaints, at length give their consent, you may give up your lover.

In selecting your partner for life, be sure you fix not on a steady moral character, or an every-day man, but choose some dashing fellow of spirit; a little volatility will ensure you happiness; if he coquets under your nose with your waiting woman, this can make no difference; such low wretches are beneath your no-

tice; should you be fortunate enough to gain a man who has seduced his friend's wife, and afterwards killed her husband in a duel, you will be an enviable woman; as you will then have a certain proof both of his gallantry and his courage.

While you are *cooing* you may be as agreeable as possible; but pray alter your conduct after matrimony; you must then sing when he speaks to you, and dance when he wants you to accompany him in a duet.

If by some *sad mistake* you should marry a man of merit, laugh him out of countenance; you may call him hypocrite; and, if he be at all religious, say you hate a methodist; this will no doubt often bring on much *edifying* conversation; in the course of which, if you have no religion yourself, you may thank God that your opinions are more liberal than his are.

If your *deary* is fond of reading, tell him he had much better take care of his family than lay out his money in musty books; if he has a taste for the arts, tell him he is always *fooling* away his fortune in pictures; if he is fond of country sports, say you hate your mere country squires; and if he drinks ever so moderately, say that you can't bear a drunken beast; but this last expression must only be uttered when you are quite alone. Like every thing he dislikes, and condemn every thing he praises; contradict him before company, and rail at his awkwardness at table, if he be unused to company; conjure your friends to pity you, and you certainly will gain their commiseration at his expense.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PLEASURES OF VARIETY, A POETICAL ESSAY.

THE Power, enliv'ning, whose unbounded reign
Spreads, ever varying, whereso'er the sun—
Or with his rising, or his setting beam—
Wide, glancing, gilds this universal round;
The Muse, excursive, now presumes to sing.

High on the summit of yon eastern hill,
That bath'd with ceaseless dews, or whelm'd in snows,

Lifts to the stars his dauntless brow sublime,
Fancy her station takes; and, casting o'er
The wide horizon round, her ardent gaze,
Dwells with delight upon the various scene.
Here winds, illusive, the retiring vale
Bosom'd in willows: there green hills ascend:
The mountain yonder verges to the skies,
Leaving the hills behind; whose bosom's swell,
Seems from th' exalted promontory's top
(Such the vast distance to the tow'ring point)
A *flattened* surface, level with the plain.
Here, charg'd with plenty, groan the burthen'd plains—
Fruit of unwearied toil. Full many a sun,
Circling, had smil'd on man's assiduous care,
Ere the kind earth, with generous return,
Had spread her golden lap. The farmer views,
Joyful, the favours of th' All-bounteous Hand,
And, grateful, breathes his orisons to Heaven!
Beneath the foot of yonder branching elm,
Whose dim-seen form scarce strikes the straining eye,
First springs the infant wave. See how it swells;
Increasing still, as still the volume rolls;
From each o'ertaken stream, gathering new force;
Till, spurning all control of shore or mound
Opposing, wide it breaks upon the land,
With force resistless, roaring to the main.
O! too descriptive of the angry mind!
Urged by inhuman passions, rage and hate,
Revenge and jealousy, the wildered soul,
That should have cherished other feelings far,
And felt restraint from Virtue's frown severe,
Swells like the torrent, blasting every joy!
Here, too, with freshest verdure, glows the lawn;
Oft on this spot, in frolic mirth, are seen,
Happy, and reckless of impending fate,
The shepherd's fleecy pride. Bounding they roam,
In gay confusion, round th' encircling hill;
Now browsing silent here, or there engaged

In sport fantastic, variegate the scene.
 'Tis Nature's pleasure to delight with change.
 Where'er we bend our view, incessant rise
 Objects innumerable, various in their form
 And nature; some by Providence designed,
 Man's wants, imperious, to supply; and, some,
 No higher honour claiming, than to please.
 Nor is thine influence, fair Variety!
 Alone employed, to decorate and charm
 This lovely scene exterior. Day and night,
 By ceaseless revolution of our sphere
 Diurnal, bring with light, or softer shade
 (To rouse to action, or to lull to peace)
 Alternate pleasures, and serene repose!
 O! sweet the approach of Evening's presence mild,
 Slow rising in the East. Veil'd in a robe
 Of sable hue, the rayless goddess walks
 The dun expanse ethereal, and allures,
 With the soft music of the tuneful spheres,
 Lone Contemplation from her hermit cell.

The scene is stillness all, and fit for thought,
 Composure's choicest gift! Hush'd each soft note
 Of tuneful bird, that all the livelong day,
 Mid flowering umbrage, or on soaring wing,
 Descanted amorous;* nor is ever heard
 Beneath these western skies, the tender strain
 (That, sympathetic, wakes each bosom's thrill)
 Of lovely Philomela, Evening's pride!

Hence let me haste to share the tranquil hour,
 And pierce yon deep'ning wood. Ye dusky clouds,
 That wave your heavy pinions through the skies,
 On whose soft down descends the dewy eve,
 Spread all your darkness round. I love your gloom,
 That gives sweet intimation of release
 From studious toil. Now, o'er the busy mind,
 Continual flitting, Fancy kindles up

* Amorous descant.—*Milton*.

Her magic forms, and spreads the fairy feast.
Life's rugged surface, now, to the fond eye,
Sweetly delusive, fair Elysium seems,
Where Peace perennial reigns. No jarring sounds
Discordant rise, nor Pain her horrent crest
And tortured visage dares presume to rear.
No ruthless passion, o'er the placid scene,
Bears her destructive sway—insatiate Strife,
Injustice foul, Oppression's iron power,
Deceit ungenerous, and the countless ills
That vex mankind, can find no entrance here,
Where all is sweet serenity and joy!
Thus to the willing soul, in musing lost,
Does Fancy picture scenes of future bliss:
She, pleased with the enchantment, courts the fond
Though vain illusion, nor conceives the thought,
That all the lovely picture, blooming gay,
Is but the penciling of an idle dream.
Now themes of other import lure the mind,
Freed from the wild delusions Fancy framed.
Vigorous and bold she prunes her ardent wing,
And darting back through ages, whose dull toll
Funereal, long has ceas'd, and over shades
Of fallen empires, glorious once in war,
In wisdom fam'd, her eye wide-roving flings.
And now alighting where the Roman arm,
Invincible, o'er all the Ausonian realms
Bore unresisted sway; or, farther still,
Where once Achaia's sons, renowned race,
When Happiness primeval blest the world,
Pass'd their unblemish'd lives; incessant throng
Around the musing mind, innumerable thoughts
Of ancient virtue, ancient valour, truth
Inflexible, of manners pure and free,
And all the glories of those "prime of days;"
Till with th' attractive scene delighted, charm'd,
We dwell upon the view, and much lament
Its alter'd state; but more the fatal cause

That hurled its glories down, and midst the wreck
Of general ruin, not a vestige leaves,
That Hope may gild with her reviving rays.
Thus glide the evening hours. The mind refresh'd
From the hard toil of the industrious day
(Whatever occupation claim'd its care)
Freed and released, with the first matin note
Rising, again th' unwearied course renews,
Variety imparting all the charm.
Familiarized to scenes where youth has pass'd
Its pleasing moments, charm'd no longer now
With objects whose accustomed forms present
The same unvaried view, the traveller,
In quest of novelty, in other climes,
Resigns his home and traverses the globe.
Now, on his captivated vision rise
Scenes, where 'tis Nature's pleasure to display,
Wond'rous, the efforts of her mighty hand;
Or, tranquillizing every sense to joy,
Lavishes beauty on the landscape round.
Perhaps, the fierce volcano now allures
His wandering steps. What wild commotions thrill
His agitated bosom, when aloft
On some high cliff, far from the burning scene
Terrific, seated, bursts the flaming cloud.
Sulphureous, darting swift its upward flight,
Then rolling off, sway'd by some wind sea risen,
Shakes o'er the nations terror and dismay!
While down the ravag'd side incessant roll
Torrents of sulphurous lava, rocks and trees,
Commingling, o'er the devastated realm!
Caught from the view horrific, fairer scenes
Luxuriant smile; of cultivated fields,
Vineyards wide blushing, gardens, olive groves,
And every flower, that loads the heathful gale,
With odoriferous freshness. A soft calm
Steals o'er his bosom, recompensing sweet,
For the wild terrors of the thund'rous roar,

With gay complacence and enliven'd joy.
 Or, should he, venturous, seek those regions, where
 Whelm'd in perennial snows, or bound in frost,
 Drear *Iceland* floats upon the polar main;
 There, too, are objects that sublime* the soul—
 There *Giesar*† roars—Fierce as volcanic flames
 From Etna or Vesuvius bursting wild,
 The fire-vexed fountain, from encavern'd rock,
 Hurls his hot streams against a frozen sky.
 Meantime, loud bellowing o'er the troubled scene,
 Bursts on the astounded ear the roaring swell
 Of mingling sounds beneath, resembling most
 The dashing of some distant torrent's fall,
 Impetuous raging down stupendous rocks,
 Hurl'd from some height sublime. The traveller hears
 The wildering noise, amazed; while, on his eye,
 Enormous swells the horrid prospect round.
 The city's thronging multitudes, perhaps,
 Next strike his roving eye. Around him swell,
 Boasting superior excellence and strength,
 High towering castles, palaces, and fanes,
 Built by some ancient master of renown.
 Innumerable objects on his busied mind
 Press endless. Now the constituted forms,
 Perhaps, of government his thoughts direct,
 T' observe their various tendencies, to mark
 Their virtues and defects, and thence educe
 Whate'er may profit or adorn his own.
 Or, now, with closer observation, loves
 Their customs, arts, and manners to review;
 To trace their progress, or their difference mark
 From those of other countries; and in all

* Objects that excite sublime ideas in the mind. This word has been used by Dr. Beattie, in a sense similar to this.

† *Giesar*, or *Geysar*, is a boiling fountain in *Iceland*, which, upon a medium supposition between the various conjectures of different voyagers, may be ninety feet in height; the column of water being nineteen feet in diameter. The flow of this boiling spring is not regular; but is performed by occasional starts, rising to different heights at different times.

Finds a variety that recommends
 Each novel object, trivial or sublime,
 And fills his bosom with increas'd delight.
 Thus, from thine influence, sweet Variety!
 Our numerous pleasures spring. Thou lead'st us on,
 As roams from flow'r to flow'r th' industrious bee,
 Sate with one, to other scenes of joy,
 And bid'st us range them all. By thy kind hand
 Guided, inquisitive, the florist roams
 Through Nature's boundless garden, pleasing task!
 To cull her endless beauties. Led by thee
 Th' observing naturalist new wonders finds
 In all her works. The ingenious chemist, too,
 Who loves to penetrate her secret depths
 Discovering all her treasured stores; and he
 Whose *optic search*, beyond this lower sphere
 Terrestrial, soaring midst celestial worlds,
 Not heav'n's immense circuitry confines.
 Wak'd by thy presence, things indiff'rent else,
 And sure to be unnotic'd, or, perhaps,
 Rejected in disdain, possess a charm,
 That renders them to all acceptable,
 And objects of delight: by thee adorn'd
 Things in themselves unpleasing often please;
 Deprived of thee, pleasures soon please no more!

—
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES, ADDRESSED TO A CLASSMATE, FORMERLY OF
 HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Now cruel Time would hide from view
 The joys, our early youth has known,
 And quench the flame of friendship true,
 Which ever in that youth had grown.

But memory still adorns with flowers
 Those classic scenes, and studious hours;
 And every breeze that blows, shall raise
 The flame of friendship, 'till it blaze.

And God forefend, my fickle heart
Should e'er so false and faithless be,
As I should meet, or I should part,
Unfeeling, with a friend like thee.

No, as I meet thee, so above
May I be met by heavenly love:
And as I quit thy sight so dear
Flow on my urn the funeral tear!

Our early friendship no alloy
Polluted with a selfish care,
No bargain leagu'd us, boy to boy,
No chains of wealth or rank were there.

But as in Learning's path we toil'd,
Coy Science on our efforts smiled,
Nor Envy marred our honors won,
Both were content, for both were one.

O days of innocence and ease!
Too early fled, like dews of morn,
My curdling heart seems now to freeze,
To think you never can return.

Then truth was truth in guise sincere,
No hollow smile conceal'd a tear.
Then spoke the heart when spoke the tongue,
And all were pure, for all were young.

In academic shades retir'd
Flow all the joys, that mortals know,
There by no mad ambition fir'd
Nor steeped by hopeless love in wo.

The Muses, seldom woo'd in vain,
There prompt the lover's ardent strain;
And, toiling up the heights of Truth,
Is seen a band of noble youth.

O! C———, ling'ring with delight,
Still Memory dwells on thy career,

Like that of Phœbus, full of light,
And, as his sister Luna, fair!

For, as without a toil or pain
Her height each Science saw thee gain;
So all thy honours, meekly held,
Made friends of those, by thee excell'd

How swells my heart with honest pride,
That I unto thy heart was dear,
And how it hope's life's ebbing tide
May leave the soft impression there.

Our youth, in social pleasures past,
Shall ever in remembrance last;
And all the joys, which then we knew,
May earth preserve, and Heaven renew.

CAROLINIENSIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To Miss E. and C. W. of Georgetown—on their presenting the author with two
flowers of the sweetscented shrub, in May 1812.

Two sweet little flowers, that grew on a stem,
And mingled, delightful, their odorous breath,
So kiss'd and embrac'd, that a star-water'd gem,
Bright sparkling between, form'd a beautiful wreath.

These fresh little blooms, in the garland of May,
Had blush'd on the morning, and bask'd in the sun,
Till the tyrant of noon, was inflaming the day,
And fierce blazing heat flash'd the flowrets upon.

When two sister angels, their pleasures the same,
To watch o'er the paradise-children they find,
To rescue distress from the feverish flame,
And raise the weak-hearted, and heal the hurt mind;

When two lovely sisters, more sweet than the flow'rs,
And chaste as the dew-drop that glitter'd between,
Resolving to snatch them from fi'ry-wing'd hours,
And save from the fate of a sun-glowing scene;

Compassionate cull'd, from the parent-stem, faint,
 The sweet-scented blossoms, all languishing there,
 And gave them, reviv'd, to the song-breathing saint,
 To cherish their lustres with kindness and care.

And he will forever, when glasses go round,
 With sparkles of rapture, and health from above,
 Immerse the wreath'd flow'rs in a goblet profound,
 And hallow his wine with remembrance and love. O. L.

MORTUARY.

Died on Sunday morning the 15th Nov. in the fiftieth year of his age, JOHN KEMP, L. L. D. F. R. S. E., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Columbia College.

In the death of this gentleman, the literary world, and especially COLUMBIA COLLEGE, has sustained a loss of no ordinary magnitude.

He was born at *Achlossan*, in *Aberdeenshire*, North Britain, April 10th, 1763. His early studies were prosecuted with so much ardour and success, that he received in the spring of 1781, at the age of eighteen, the degree of Master of Arts in *Marischal College*, Aberdeen; and, after a contest which lasted two days, with unprecedented severity, bore away from competitors of high attainment, the prize of the Mathematical Bursary, founded by Dr. Liddell.—Before he had reached his twenty-first year, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Thus enriched with the treasures, and laden with the honours of science, at a period of life when others have, for the most part, acquired only the elements; and wearing the wreath of victory over antagonists by whom defeat would have been no disgrace, he came to the United States about the termination of the war for independence. His first settlement was at Dumfries, in Virginia. After a short residence in that place, where he had charge of the academy, he came to New York, and was immediately employed in Columbia College. His first appointment, on the 4th of April, 1785, was to teach the mathematics for one year. At the expiration of the year, viz. on the 17th of April, 1786, he was chosen professor of that branch of study,

and engaged, *pro tempore*, to instruct the youth in Natural Philosophy. His perfect and undisputed acquaintance with these departments of science, soon led to their combination in him, although originally designed for two professorships. As soon as the news of his appointment arrived in Britain, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him unsolicited, by King's College, Aberdeen: He was also chosen a member of the Agricultural Society in the State of Newyork, at the constitution of that body.

His occupations were now sufficiently extensive and laborious; but, notwithstanding, he accepted on the 8th of May, 1795, the additional charge of Professor of Geography, History and Chronology, the functions of which new trust he continued to exercise, without relaxing his other academical labours, until he found his strength unequal to efforts from which his inclination never shrunk. His duties, as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, he performed until his fatal sickness, with an alacrity of zeal, and a patience of labour, seldom equalled, never surpassed. His course of instruction requiring constant modification from the discoveries and improvements continually making in physical science, demanded and received, a rigour of application, which he carried to every practicable, and to many an imprudent length. His indefatigable industry, unaccompanied with suitable precaution for the preservation of his health, probably laid the foundation of that disease which took him from us, and accelerated the termination of his valuable life. His place cannot easily be supplied. Good Mathematicians are few, experimental philosophers are fewer: but the union of both in the same individual is rare and unfrequent.

With the full sense of their loss, the trustees of the College cannot but find some consolation in the benefit which has redounded to the institution and the community, from his uninterrupted services from his twenty second to his fiftieth year; i. e. the whole of that active life which it pleased God to grant to him. Many a sufferer will bear a tearful testimony to the doctor's benevolence; his other social virtues are known to his friends. We have only to express our unfeigned regret at parting with him in the vigour of his faculties and the height of his usefulness.

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